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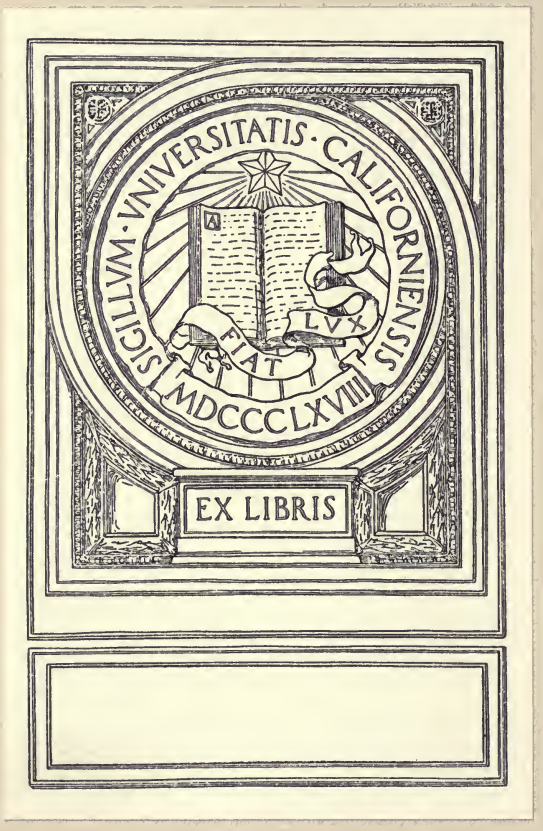
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MILITARY ESSAYS AND RECOLLECTIONS

VOL. III.

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CHARLES WILDER DAVIS,

Late Lieut.-Colonel 51st Ill. Inf., U. S. Vols.

Eleven years Recorder of the Commandery of the State of Illinois
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Commander, May, 1898.

Died, December 15, 1898.

MILITARY ESSAYS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL

"Sweetness, gentleness, and true manliness were never more beautifully combined in one man than in Charles Wilder Davis, whose death was announced in yesterday's papers. Underneath the button of the Loyal Legion, which was never absent from his breast, there beat a heart as tender as a woman's, as true as truth, as brave as the occasion. There was not a coarse fibre in the nature or physique of this man of delicate mould and strong will. His career in the army and since has been a striking exemplification of the sentiment that

'The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.'

His memory will be cherished by all who know him, but especially by the survivors of the Loyal Legion, of which for years he was the most ardent supporter and Recorder, and of which at the time of his death he was Commander."

—THE TIMES-HERALD, Chicago, Dec. 16, 1898.

CHICAGO
THE DIAL PRESS
1899

MILITARY ESSAYS

AND

RECOLLECTIONS

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

VOL. III.

Published by order of the Commandery

CHICAGO
THE DIAL PRESS
1899

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Copyright,

For the Commandery of the State of Illinois,

By Roswell H. Mason, *Recorder,*

A. D. 1899.

NOTE.

THE Committee on whom was imposed the duty of preparing and publishing Volume III. of "Military Essays and Recollections," containing selected papers read before the Commandery of the State of Illinois, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, have the honor of presenting the present volume to the indulgent criticism of their companions of the Commandery — trusting that it will be received with the same favor accorded to the volumes previously issued.

WILLIAM ELIOT FURNESS,
ROSWELL H. MASON,
MASON BROSS,
} *Committee.*

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

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MILITARY ESSAYS AND RECOLLECTIONS

WAR MEMORIES.

By THOMAS B. BRYAN.

[Read November 14, 1889.]

THE War of the Rebellion was a contest such as was never before chronicled, because never before paralleled, either in the intensity of the struggle or in the absence of justification. In no record of that eventful period do we find a clearer or more truthful presentation of the underlying principle of the so-called Confederacy, or of the alleged provocation to the unrighteous rebellion, than in the speech of that misguided but master-mind of the South, Alexander H. Stephens, in which he frankly declared as follows: "The new constitution has put at rest forever all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions — African slavery as it exists among us — the proper status of the negro in our form of civilization." This, he added, was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Then, in reviewing and criticising the anti-slavery views of Jefferson, he said: "The prevailing ideas entertained by him, and by most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, morally and politically. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption

of the equality of the races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it was wrong — when the storm came, and the wind blew, it fell." "Our new government," he continued, "is founded upon exactly the opposite ideas; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This, our new government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."

In this brief extract is condensed all the false assumption and self-deluding sophistry of the rebel chiefs that involved this nation in its terrific struggle for self-preservation, which culminated in the emancipation of all the millions of those slaves whose thralldom the rebellion was designed to perpetuate.

The last time it was my privilege to meet that Southern oracle was in 1877, twelve years after the close of the war, when he was wheeled to my house by his faithful valet in the well-known invalid chair that rolled about Washington, and even into the halls of Congress. He called to urge personally the appointment of a friend to office, of which he had written the day before in the letter now before me. Despite his emaciated body, which was gradually wasting away, his eye was as keen as ever, beaming with the brightness of that intellect, still unimpaired, which had long caused him to be called "the Brain of the South." Apart from his radically unsound views already quoted, he was a statesman of more than ordinary ability, and of unimpeachable probity. His earnest manner, quickness of thought and utterance, as well as humane promptings, contrasted strangely with the skeleton frame that was painful to behold, as apparently too frail a support for so ponderous a brain. And yet he survived by twenty odd years our own Illinois statesman, Stephen A. Douglas. Horticulturists tell us that many old trees, quite decayed with inward hollowness, bear full burdens.

At the opening of the war Stephens seemed composed only

of skin, bone, and brains, whilst Douglas was seemingly blessed with robustness both of body and mind. The contrast in the course of the two men at that critical juncture was equally striking. In fact, each reversed his own position, but each in the opposite direction from the other, and so radically as to present a startling illustration of the changes the human mind undergoes as influenced by the circumstances of one's environment.

Addressing the Georgia Legislature, Mr. Stephens argued at great length, and with stirring eloquence, to the effect that the people of the South would not be justified in seceding from the Union because of the election of Mr. Lincoln; and again before the Secession Convention at Milledgeville, in January, 1861, he protested with great vehemence against the threatened secession. Yet in a few weeks afterward he was addressing large assemblies in precisely the opposite strain, as for instance in these words: "We fight for our homes, our fathers and mothers, our wives, brothers and sisters, sons and daughters and neighbors; they (the Northerners), for money. The hirelings and mercenaries of the North are all hand to hand against you. As I told you when I addressed you a few days ago, Lincoln may bring his 75,000 soldiers against us; but seven times 75,000 men can never conquer us."

On the other hand, Mr. Douglas, as late as January and February of the same year, in his patriotic effort to avert the horrors of war, again and again addressed the Senate with the most solemn warnings, such as this: "It is my solemn conviction that war means disunion — final, irrevocable, eternal separation"; and again, later, "The use of the sword is war, disunion and separation, now and forever." And yet, in a few weeks afterward, prompted by the same lofty patriotism, with the added inspiration of sustaining the loyal hosts then rallying to fight for the national flag, he declared himself, with equal fervor of eloquence, in favor of the most vigorous prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union. And still later, when on May first ten thousand Chicago citizens, irrespective of party, assem-

bled in the great Wigwam to do him honor for having cast off the shackles of the partisan for the loyalty of the patriot, he responded to my brief address of welcome in such emphatic words as these: "The Government must be maintained, its enemies overthrown; and the more stupendous our preparations the less the bloodshed and the shorter the struggle." This was his last public utterance, for alas! his own final struggle was at hand. He whispered, "I am far from well," and having been escorted to the hotel, he never left it till borne away to lie in state and receive the sorrowful homage of more than a hundred thousand of his admiring countrymen.

Another, and, perhaps, equally with Mr. Stephens, an earnest opponent to secession in its inception, was General Robert E. Lee. To my certain knowledge, he not only deplored the supposed necessity of Virginia seceding, but sought in vain to avert it. He, too, was swept on by the seemingly resistless current of popular excitement, and by states' rights dogmas into the whirlpool of rebellion. I never shall forget the sudden change of his voice and manner from almost jovial cheerfulness to deep tone and impressive gravity, as he remarked at Arlington not very long before the outbreak, when pointing to the Capitol: "That beautiful feature in our landscape has ceased to charm me as much as formerly. I fear the mischief that is brewing there." This was my last glimpse of him, except by photograph, which, with the accompanying letter, has some historic interest, as dated during the war.

However much we may deplore the strange infatuation of supposed duty to his state, as paramount to his higher duty to the Union of all the states, the narrower obligation finally prevailing over the broader patriotism in the struggle for ascendancy, it is none the less true that the judgment of mankind generally accords to General Lee a high rank among the great captains of the age. In that judgment President Lincoln and General Grant heartily concurred. Potomac's shores present vivid historic pictures to the mind's eye. As Mt. Vernon, with

its hallowed associations, so on the same bank, not very remote, rests that once famous seat of elegant hospitality where dwelt the courtly gentleman who was both the father-in-law of General Lee and the adopted son of General Washington. That lovely home, so well remembered by those of us native to the neighboring soil as the abode of all that was graceful in social life, is now of ten-fold sacredness as the final home of the patriot dead.

Not far off occurred one of the earliest tragedies of the war. Let a truthful chronicler recount the circumstances. A letter addressed to me from Alexandria, May 24, 1861, was in these words (omitting only references to myself):

"Before this reaches Chicago the double tragedy of this morning will have been told you by the wires, now that the wires can be made to tell the truth. The coming of the Zouaves was hailed with inexpressible delight by those of us who love the old flag. But the assassination of the brave Colonel cast a deep shadow over our handful of Unionists, with but little relief even from the righteous killing of the murderer. He first lied, in denying all knowledge of the secession flag, and in claiming to be a mere lodger at the hotel. Then, secreting himself, he fired the fatal shot, trusting to the ambuscade for his escape, but promptly receiving a like leaden dose to that he had given. But what a worthless for so precious a life!

"Of course all this intensifies the bitterness among the mad people here — although the town is nearly depopulated of our former social friends. Those remaining scowl because I continue to be loyal. The secession rag shall never float over my home, for I would rather wrap the true flag around me, even if taking a bullet through it, as poor Ellsworth did through the other, which I suppose he was bearing down that way in triumph.

"Now, my son, I write at once for fear this morning's exciting event may cause you uneasiness for your mother and myself. Do not be concerned. Although included with Mr. Lathrop and Mr. Wylie in the intimations that our absence would be better than our company, no such message comes, except by second-hand, and it shall be in any event disregarded by me. I tell them that if I dared announce what they call abolition sen-

timents when in the Senate, I can certainly repeat them here quietly at home. Nothing annoys the fire-eaters more than my quoting to them the words of Washington himself, and madness has not yet reached the point of execrating his memory. He declared: 'There is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of slavery.' But these teachers of a new system of politics and of morals are wiser than their fathers, and are travelling fast down the Webster road."

The "Webster road" he referred to was an allusion to an incident that occurred during an argument of Mr. Webster when he unguardedly commenced a simile that he was unable to complete. It was on the occasion of a debate before a committee of legislators, and involved the rights of some road company. "Mr. Chairman, the orator exclaimed, "there is no road without end, except," — then pausing to recall some exception, he repeated, "there is no road without end, except,"— and again pausing, at a loss for an exception, he was relieved by his opponent (I think Rufus Choate), who called out, "except the road to perdition." Whereupon Mr. Webster quickly responded with his stentorian voice: "Mr. Chairman, there is no road without end, except the road to perdition, and may my honored friend cease to travel that road!"

Three great names always present themselves to my mind when thinking of the war, probably because of their intimate association both with one another, and with Illinois: Lincoln and Grant and Sheridan. Of the last, — the late beloved Commander-in-Chief of this order, — I had last year occasion to say that he was as true in his friendship, and as noble in all the attributes of manhood, as he was illustrious as a soldier. His identification with the growth and greatness of our giant young city, his unselfish and active services in the advancement of its best interests, and especially at the moment of its direst calamity, justly endeared him to its citizens. In the lurid glare of the greatest fire that ever visited any city of the earth, he arose in our midst as a tower of strength, and with characteris-

tic promptitude and vigor suppressed all disorder, and restored confidence to an affrighted and afflicted people.

It was ever thus in his wonderful career. Amid the lightning of impending disaster, terrifying to less heroic souls, the play of his mind was as quick and bright as was the flashing of his sword in the sunlight. Inspired by the very magnitude of the emergency, his dauntless spirit flamed with a zeal that expended itself in instant and masterful execution. The events of his life, from its exceedingly humble origin to the exalted station held at its close, was a series of triumphs, just as the list of his battles was a record of victories. In one only of the usual accompaniments of greatness he seemed to be lacking,— in those personal enmities, usually born of envy and fed upon detraction. In his own great soul no petty jealousies could find lodgment.

But if one trait of his character loomed up above the rest as specially distinctive, it was that simplicity which, though often associated with true greatness, was, in his instance, of supreme excellence, and was unaffected by the ever-increasing admiration of his countrymen, as rapid and merited promotions added brilliancy to his military career. Do I not hear some tribute like this from you, his companions in arms? We loved him for that beautiful simplicity of character; we loved him for the fervor of his domestic affection; we loved him for that loyalty and dauntless courage with which his nature was all aglow; we loved him for his friendship, his genial temperament, his generosity and gentleness.

In thus glancing at a few of the leading heroes of the war who have passed from life into history, the transition is natural in the ascending scale from Sheridan to Grant. Of his military achievements I shall be silent, their mention coming with more grace from *your* lips, and with greater profit to *my* ears. So great a soldier should be judged by soldiers. Socially General Grant was a remarkable figure. History furnishes no parallel to that wonderful journey throughout which he re-

ceived, with manly bearing and respect-compelling dignity, the homage of all peoples, and the gracious courtesies of the proudest potentates of the earth. It was, indeed, a triumphal march, but not of a monarch with attending hosts, nor bedizzened with the gaudy trappings of royalty. It was a tour of observation by the greatest warrior of his age, emblazoned only by the halo of his own career. The plaudits of the world were a just tribute, freely extended to America's most distinguished citizen, and received by him with a quiet grace and self-possession reflecting credit alike upon himself and his country.

Many of you doubtless recall the simple majesty of his self-command during repeated ovations to him in this city. On the occasion of his attendance at the Chicago Sanitary Fair,—which was before he had reached the speech-making period,—tens of thousands of eager admirers, in and out of the great building that covered Dearborn Park, were shouting themselves hoarse in calling for a speech. The sturdy soldier stood all the while looking down from the gallery, as unmoved and seemingly as imperturbable as if another than himself were the object of the magnificent ovation. The clamorous multitude at last changed the call, and above the general din ringing voices were heard crying: "General Grant, if you wont speak, make Sherman do it." Advancing to the railing of the balcony, General Grant delivered his first Chicago speech in these impressive words of reproof and wisdom: "It is my invariable rule never to require another to do that which, under like circumstances, I would be unwilling to do myself." On his entering the huge building, so immense was the concourse, and so surging the mass of people, that the General was compelled, at last, to climb over the booths in order to reach the steps to the balcony. Toward the close of the exercises, to my suggestion that his exit would be easier through a private door under the gallery, he smilingly replied: "Oh, no! I have been in tight places so often I rather like being squeezed." Although taciturn by habit and preference, he was by no means unduly silent when among those of his own profession, or of his own household.

Of this I could only judge by report, scarcely knowing him at all. Once at a private party in Washington the elder company was separated by a silken cord from the younger in an adjoining room to the salon, to secure space for the dancers, among whom was Miss Nellie. General Sheridan, who was making merry with the young people, called out: "Mr. President, you are a privileged character, come in and join us!" General Grant responded merely by putting his foot directly under the cord, and saying: "No, General, I have long since learned to toe the mark!" At that same party General Sherman was also present, and was the gayest of the illustrious trio. He amused himself and everybody else (if I may repeat my own words) by his frolicsome snatching of kisses from young women, whose ringing laugh attested their willing tribute to his age and distinction. If all his enemies had but one neck, Nero would have severed it at one stroke. If all the fair of our land had but one pair of lips, and our greatest surviving general were anywhere in reach, terrific would be the concussion.

General Grant's fame has in no wise suffered from his single venture in authorship. Few annals of the great, certainly none in this country, have ever met with a heartier or more universal acceptance than have his "Memoirs." The simplicity and truthfulness of the author's character pervade those volumes so thoroughly and so transparently as to constitute their chief charm. The only two attacks they have elicited, one by Badeau, and the other by Matthew Arnold, one claiming joint authorship, and the other hypercritically assailing the grammar of the work, only served to bring into still greater prominence its distinguishing merits.

Badeau's ambitious claim reminds one of Lamb's account of the chimney-sweep who had snugly esconced himself between the snow-white sheets of the Ducal bed in Arundel Castle, from which he was summarily ejected. Some men ingratiate themselves with their superiors, become inmates of their homes, recipients of their bounty, and then turn ingrates, and, to gratify an undue and unholy ambition, will, like chimney-sweeps,

"crawl through dark and foul places until they become—*black*."

Admirable was the reply of Clemens to the grammatical criticisms of Mr. Arnold. "People," he says, "may hunt out what microscopic motes they please, but after all, the fact remains, and cannot be dislodged, that General Grant's book is a great (and in its peculiar department) unique and unapproachable literary masterpiece. In their line there is no higher literature than those modest, simple 'Memoirs.' Their style is at least flawless, and no man can improve upon it; and great books are weighed and measured by their style and matter, not by the trimmings and shadings of their grammar. There is about the sun that which makes us forget the spots; and when we think of General Grant our pulses quicken, and his grammar vanishes. We only remember that this is the simple soldier, who, all untrained of the silken phrase-makers, linked words together with an art surpassing the art of the schools, and put into them a something which will still bring to American ears, as long as America shall last, the roll of his vanished drums and the tread of his marching hosts."

In a niche higher still, if possible, of the American Valhalla, rests that loftiest type of nature's noblemen, Abraham Lincoln. No emasculated Americanism coursed through his veins. He was the embodiment, the very personification, of loyalty to his country and of loyalty to the right. Socially, Mr. Lincoln was one of the most delightful of men. His repertoire of anecdote was as inexhaustible as his memory was retentive, and his aptitude of illustration unexcelled. The ceaseless flow from that inner fountain of humor contributed in a large measure to that buoyancy of spirit which alone sustained him under the awful load of care that weighed upon him during his official life. Much concerning this happy faculty was told of him by Healy, the artist, who went to Springfield to paint the President-elect for my collection. Observing Healy's haste one morning to get into the painting room some time before the sitter, Mr. Lincoln checked the artist's haste, and contributed to his mirth by recounting to him the reproof administered by a condemned

criminal on his way to the gallows, to boys who were running past him to the place of execution. "Hold on boys! hold on!" he cried, "what's the use of hurrying, *the fun can't commence till I get there!*" Less lugubrious, and equally mirth-provoking, was an incident that occurred during one of the sittings. The mail was handed in, and letter after letter glanced over and laid aside. At last a wee note attracted Mr. Lincoln's attention, followed by a convulsive shout of laughter that told how it had struck his humorous vein. Again and again he yielded to the comical assault upon his risibles of the young woman's frank message to the effect that for the first time she had seen the face of the newly elected President in a good-sized photograph, and really, it was "so disappointingly ugly," she prayed him "for Heaven's sake to raise side-whiskers to fill out the lantern jaws." "If ever that girl," said Mr. Lincoln, "applies for office, I'll appoint her to run a barber-shop in the dead-letter office. The saucy hussy," and again he shouted. "Why, Healy, she may be right after all, but go ahead, and paint me now as I am. Some of these days, when the whiskers have sprouted, you can come to the White House, and beard the lion in his den!"

Mr. Lincoln was exceedingly fond of poetry. On one occasion the conversation turned on drafting and on those who dodged the draft. "By the way," Mr. Lincoln asked, "do you remember the epitaph on Miser Dodge?" "No," was the answer, "not by that name, unless this was intended for him:

> 'Here lies old Thirty-Three and a Third per cent,
> The more he got the more he lent,
> The more he lent the more he craved.
> Good Lord! can such a man be saved?'"

"Pretty good!" exclaimed the President, "but I know a better, and you can get it chiselled on the draft-dodgers' tombs:

> 'Here lies old Dodge, who dodged all good,
> And never dodged an evil;
> And after dodging all he could,
> He could not dodge the Devil.'"

* * * * *

Beautifully blended with the humorous vein was the pensive tendency of Mr. Lincoln's mind, furnishing another illustration of the oft-discovered close alliance between mirth and melancholy. Every lineament of his noble countenance, when at rest, betrayed it. A strain of gentle and subdued sorrow pervades all of those rare productions, — such as the two great inaugurals, and the Gettysburg speech, — which of themselves would have rendered their author immortal.

At Gettysburg he was preceded by that polished orator, Edward Everett, in an oration occupying in its delivery two hours and four minutes, the President's being of the same length, — less the hours. And yet their representative merit is in the inverse ratio, Mr. Lincoln's four-minutes speech having become a classic in many tongues. Among the simplest, the most chaste and touchingly beautiful of human utterances, those tender words are fondly enshrined in the memories of men.

Who that ever heard his appreciative and beautiful rendering of his favorite poem, especially the first and last verses, could fail to discover in the plaintive strain a premonition of his tragic end:

> "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
> Like a fast-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
> A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
> He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
> 'T is the twink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
> From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
> From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
> Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

From the gilded hall he did pass in "the twink of an eye to the bier and the shroud." But hallowed is his memory! His deeds, though not on the field of battle, were, none the less, deeds of the loftiest patriotism. His thoughts, and words, and acts, were consecrated to the service of his country, and sanctified in their dedication to liberty. Such were the ruling spirits in state and field during the terrific war, — that grand drama, in which you also took part. As Taylor said of the like: "These

are kingly successes, that it takes half the world to crown. These are they to whom the broad age turns, as wax to the seal, and bears an image and superscription greater than Cæsar's. These are they who maintain the right of the human race, despite all wrongs and weaknesses, to stand firmly upon that round of the ladder of being, where God placed them at the first, 'a little lower than the angels,' and within speaking distance of His throne."

At the close of the mightiest war that ever afflicted the sons of men its beloved Commander-in-Chief was gathered to his fathers, and the heart of the world pulsated with profoundest sorrow. But the blessed martyr was at rest. How at rest let him tell whose thoughts were music, and whose words were attuned to voice the solemnity of the Nation's loss.

"Your sorrows, O people, are *his* peace! Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in *his* ear. Wail and weep *here;* God makes its echo joy and triumph *there.* Pass on!

"Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

"In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr, whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty."

THE FIRST SABRE CHARGE OF THE WAR

By JULIUS WHITE.

[Read January 12, 1888.]

Introductory.

I HAVE called the paper which is now to be read the *first* sabre charge of the war. Something in the way of explanation may be due to the participants in cavalry charges which antedated the event of which I write. They were worthy of special notice and prominence as gallant achievements,— notably the charge of Zagonyi with the "Fremont Guard," through the streets of Springfield, Missouri, on the twenty-fifth of October, 1861. This, however, was not distinctly a battle with the sabre, and although a daring attack on superior numbers, was ultimately repulsed with considerable loss. There was a charge with drawn sabres by the Ninth Illinois Cavalry, Colonel Albert G. Brackett, in Arkansas, in the month of June, 1862, supported, however, by infantry and artillery; it was successful,— the enemy being driven from the field.

There may have been other cavalry battles at dates prior to that of the one under consideration which, like those above mentioned, were highly creditable to the participants, and I must not be understood as instituting invidious comparison between them, and the one of which I write.

All that the title of this paper is intended to signify is the priority of the fight of which it treats as a charge, an actual personal conflict under an order, given in the midst of a battle with firearms, to discard them, and attack a largely superior force with the sabre only.

AFTER the campaign east of the Blue Ridge in the summer of 1862, which was closed by the second battle of Bull Run, the

theatre of military operations was transferred to Maryland by Lee's invasion of that state, and the Shenandoah Valley, down to the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, as well as the region directly in front of Washington, was evacuated by the Union troops.

An attempt was made, however, to hold the railroad, as it was a very important means of communication with the West.

At Martinsburg, West Virginia, there were stationed the Sixty-fifth Illinois Infantry, Colonel Daniel Cameron, the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, Colonel George Willard, the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, Colonel Arno Voss, and Battery M, Second Illinois Artillery, Captain J. C. Phillips, in all about 2,200 men under command of the writer.

There were left in the valley by the enemy some unassigned cavalry, consisting of Ashby's regiment, the Seventeenth Battalion Virginia Cavalry, and two or three companies of mounted men known as the Third Maryland Line,— all under the general command of Colonel Ashby, who had, with his regiment, acquired quite a reputation for activity, enterprise and fighting qualities. These troops were not slow in making their appearance in front of our outposts, and there were frequent skirmishes at and near the opposing lines.

On the third day of September, 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, was stationed at an outpost on the Winchester turnpike, about three miles south of Martinsburg, with a force of ninety-five men. This force was distributed as pickets and videttes in front and on either flank, so that there remained at the principal post with Colonel Davis only about twenty men, principally of Companies F and G. Some skirmishing occurred on the sixth, resulting in the capture of six of the enemy. On the seventh, Colonel Davis's videttes on the pike were driven in at daybreak. Lieutenant Logan of Company G was ordered forward with eighteen men, to reconnoitre, and, if possible, develope the strength and position of the enemy.

This service was so thoroughly performed that the brave lieutenant found himself completely surrounded, and was compelled to fight his way back, being himself seriously wounded, but suffering no other loss in his command.

Upon receiving Logan's report, Lieutenant-Colonel Davis sent to Colonel Voss, his regimental commander at Martinsburg, for reënforcements. Company A, Twelfth Illinois Cavalry, under Captain Thomas W. Grosvenor, was immediately mounted and ordered to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Davis with all possible dispatch. Two other companies of the Twelfth, four companies of the Sixty-fifth Illinois Infantry, under Major Wood, and a section of Phillips's battery were ordered to the front immediately, but, as will be seen, were not permitted to participate in the fighting, eager as they were to do so, and prompt as they were in reaching the field.

When Company A reported to Colonel Davis, he found himself in immediate command of fifty-eight men, including officers, ready for action.

Forming them in column of fours, Company A in advance, headed by Captain T. W. Grosvenor, with Lieutenant Wm. M. Luff in charge of the leading platoon, a rapid march was begun, which, as the column neared the advanced picket post of the enemy, was increased to a gallop. Striking this post of the enemy, one of them was engaged and twice wounded with the sabre by Lieutenant Luff, and was killed by another person with the carbine. One other rebel was here captured. The remainder had rapidly retreated, and gave timely notice, so that, although the delay had been brief, the main body of the enemy were in line of battle at a small town called Darkesville, about a mile farther on, upon a street crossing the pike at a right angle, when Davis came thundering into the place at a gallop. "Front into line!" was the order, and his little force in an instant found itself confronting a force five or six times greater than its own, with less than one hundred yards of distance between the lines, and, before completing the formation, received

the first volley from the enemy. At this fire, Captain Grosvenor and Private Charles D. Clark, who had been unable to check the speed of their horses, fell in close proximity to the enemy's line, and were made targets for subsequent firing. Clark, being very near the enemy, held up his hand in token of surrender, but this was unheeded, and while lying on the ground asking quarter he was again shot through the body.

Lieutenant Luff, whose horse succumbed to the fourth bullet, being dismounted, addressed himself to the business of removing his captain, Grosvenor, to the rear, which he accomplished amidst a shower of bullets.

For a short time the firing was rapid and destructive, the enemy suffering most, but it soon became evident to Colonel Davis that such a contest could ultimately end only in disaster to his command, because of the great preponderance in numbers of the enemy. With the quickness of perception which ever characterized him, he saw that he must force the fighting or make a rapid retreat, leaving his wounded to the tender mercy of the enemy. He went there to *fight*, and in less time than is required to write it his purpose was determined.

"Drop carbines!" "Draw sabres!" "Charge!" were the commands swiftly following one another, and Davis, with his heroic following, swept down upon the foe in a veritable tempest of war.

The result fully justified the daring but deliberate act, and after some desultory firing by the enemy, their line was ridden down and broken, the rapid and continuous cut of the sabre resounding upon the heads and arms of the resisting, while most of them were soon in rapid retreat.

This was not the kind of fighting which the famous "Black Horse Cavalry" had been accustomed to, and its effect was simply paralyzing.

The pursuit was kept up for ten or twelve miles, and prisoners were taken at frequent intervals. Three of the enemy were pursued by Private Chris. Ward into a small lot sur-

rounded by a high fence. Bringing his carbine to bear upon them, he ordered them to throw down their arms, which was done, when Ward deliberately proceeded to load his empty piece and then march his prisoners to the rear.

Private Theron Hollenbeck of Company A was charged upon by a rebel officer who approached very near and fired at Hollenbeck's head. The bullet struck the stock of Hollenbeck's gun, and threw off a splinter which wounded him in the face. This did not disturb his equanimity; his piece was discharged and the rebel fell dead from his horse.

When his comrades would have halted to relieve Private Charles D. Clark from his perilous and suffering condition, he besought them to leave him and go for the enemy.

There were other instances of individual bravery well worthy of commemoration, but time will not permit me to recount them. It is sufficient to say that in this action there were no reserves nor ambulances, nor was there any movement to the rear, except by the enemy.

The loss of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry was as follows:

Privates, Noah Mitchell, Company A, and Valentine Kinline, Company G, mortally wounded.

Captain Thomas W. Grosvenor, Assistant Surgeon John McCarthy, Lieutenant Joseph Logan, and Private Charles D. Clark, severely wounded.

Privates Geo. Banghardt, George W. Griffin, Theron Hollenbeck, W. H. Schermerhorn, James K. Simpson, and John S. Lee, wounded, most of them not seriously.

Of the enemy, forty-one were made prisoners with their horses and equipments. Their number of killed, and of wounded who were able to leave the field, we were not able to determine accurately, but from information derived from residents at and near the battlefield, it is believed that not less than twenty were buried.

Among their mortally wounded was Lieutenant Albert Carroll of the Maryland Line, said to have been a grandson of

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His body was forwarded by us to his relatives in Baltimore.

On the day of the fight a dispatch was sent by the writer to Major-General John E. Wool, commanding the department at Baltimore, informing him of the event and its results. This information was forwarded by General Wool to Washington, and on the next day the following was received:

"9:15 P. M.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WHITE,
MARTINSBURG:

Your success this afternoon is very gratifying and highly creditable. It is expected that no post will be surrendered, but that every officer and man shall fight as if the fate of the government depended upon *him*.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Sec'y of War."

Of course this well deserved commendation from the distinguished secretary, although addressed to the officer commanding the post, applied only to Lieutenant-Colonel Davis and the gallant little band who made the fight.

It is not my purpose to relate the subsequent history of the Twelfth Illinois Cavalry; it is enough to say that it performed distinguished service on many other fields, being retained in the service until August, 1865. When its first term of service had expired, it was, by direct order from the War Department, permitted to reorganize as veterans, "for brilliant services in the field."

Of the men who participated in the battle I have attempted to describe, many have long since answered the last roll-call.

There are still living, Lieutenant — now our genial companion — Major Wm. M. Luff; Lieutenant Logan; Private C. D. Clark, a highly esteemed physician of Minneapolis, Kansas; George Black, an attorney; Jesse J. Cook, Daniel S. Lee, and probably others, now residing in this city, honorable men and good citizens.

Captain, afterward Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas W. Grosvenor, after recovering from his severe wound, served with his regiment through the war, and at its close returned to Chicago. His tragic death, a few days after the great fire in October, 1871, was deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Passing along the street near his residence in the evening, he was challenged by a sentry, — the streets then being patrolled. Giving a curt answer to a demand for the countersign, a bullet from the musket of the boy patrol ended the life of the brave soldier, who had faced death in the field for years, only to meet his fate within a few hundred feet of his own threshold.

Assistant Surgeon John McCarthy, who accompanied the detachment in the charge, in which he nearly lost his life, returned to Chicago at the close of the war. He was for some years county physician. He died in April, 1882, never having recovered from the injuries received in the fight. He was a brave soldier as well as a capable surgeon.

Hasbrouck Davis was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the nineteenth day of April, 1827. He was the son of John Davis, a senator in Congress, and the colleague of Daniel Webster. His mother was a sister of the distinguished historian, George Bancroft.

His education was acquired in the schools of his native town, at Williams College, where he was graduated in the class of 1845, and at Heidelberg in Germany. He was educated for the bar in Boston, and was admitted to practice in 1854. He shortly afterward removed to Chicago, and soon became well established as a lawyer. With a broad, comprehensive, and thoroughly analytical mind, enriched with the fruits of years of diligent study, he was a most delightful companion, and was soon identified with prominent social and literary circles. In scholarship he had few superiors in Chicago, though his acquirements were never ostentatiously paraded.

Living during the years in which the differences between the North and South, which culminated in war, were the subject

of daily discussion, Colonel Davis, with a full comprehension of the subject, and aglow with honest indignation at the unreasoning, fratricidal act of the South in precipitating the assault upon the life of the nation, entered the list of its defenders in the first year of the war; was mustered into service as Lieutenant-Colonel November 18, 1861; promoted to Colonel January 5, 1864; was in command of a brigade of cavalry during the last year of the war, promoted to Brigadier-General March 13, 1865, and resigned August 1, 1865, having served nearly four years. His entire military history was creditable, and some of his achievements, aside from that now under consideration, were very daring, and evinced the distinguishing traits of the true soldier. He was one of the leading spirits who took the cavalry out of Harper's Ferry when that post was besieged, making their way into the Union lines, and capturing by the way an ammunition train of the enemy consisting of ninety-seven wagons with their guard of 400 men.

With 300 men of the Twelfth Illinois, he made one of the earliest raids in the rear of the enemy shortly before the battle of Chancellorsville, cutting the railroad communications of General Lee, destroying two trains of cars with their locomotives, burning two bridges, capturing and paroling a number of the enemy greater than his own force, and, after penetrating to within sight of Richmond, made his way to the Union lines at Gloucester Point, with a loss of but two officers and thirty-three enlisted men. These incidents prove that General Davis lacked only the opportunity and the command of greater forces to have accomplished far greater achievements.

In October, 1870, being then a resident of Chicago, General Davis sailed for Europe on the steamer *Cambria* in company with his friend Captain Haydon, also an officer of the Twelfth Illinois. Striking a rock off the Irish coast that vessel went down, only one of the whole ship's company being saved, thus closing the mortal career of one of nature's noblemen.

His personality is thus described by a near relative:

"He was gifted in an unusual degree with bodily and mental vigor. Tall (over six feet), well proportioned, fair in complexion, with light-brown or auburn hair, and blue eyes with a tinge of gray in them, he might be said to possess a more than common share of manly beauty. His voice was soft and gentle in conversation, but full and sonorous in public."

With such an admirable physique, with mental powers far above the ordinary, imbued with love of his country, daring yet considerate, we cannot fail to recognize him as the knightly soldier that he was; nor can we wonder that as he rode at the head of his column in the charge upon Ashby's forces, his impatience to reach the foe found expression in the repeated command, "Faster with the first platoon! faster!! faster!!!" The enthusiasm which inspired *him* electrified and unified his little command in determined purpose, and hurled it upon the enemy with a will and momentum *not to be successfully resisted.*

If this paper seems to attach undue importance to a battle wherein the numbers engaged were small, and the results consequently trifling, it may be said in reply, that while, in comparison with the greater battles of the war, it occupies an almost unnoticed place in history, yet it possessed a great significance, — so great as to call forth from the Secretary of War himself immediate and strong commendation, fully justified by the facts. Small as were the numbers of Colonel Davis's command, it killed, wounded, and captured a number of the enemy greater than his entire force.

It was among the earlier battles which demonstrated the fact that capable leaders were to be found in men whose previous avocations were those of peace. It demonstrated further the fact that, under capable leadership, the rank and file of the volunteer army would readily respond to any call upon their manhood in the country's defense. It thus clearly foreshadowed the inevitable result of the greatest war of all time, fought by men who learned the business of war amidst its horrors, and

proved conclusively that this country has no need of a large standing army.

The *history* of war, though the most important part, is not *all* of its literature. It has its poetry also, distinctive in character, which, presenting as it does the true nobility of human nature in the deeds it commemorates, sometimes rises to the most exalted spheres which the intellect of man may attain in the realm of thought.

No description in prose of the battle of Waterloo, not even that master-piece of battle description from the pen of Victor Hugo, conveys such profound impression as the stately grandeur of that by Lord Byron in "Childe Harold."

The apotheosis of the Six Hundred of Balaklava, by Tennyson, who has been called England's *official* poet as well as Laureate, immortalized and constituted their act a brighter page in the annals of heroism than any purely historical account, however elaborate and eloquent, could have secured.

The United States, alas! have no official poet, — no one whose special duty it is to sound abroad the glory of American arms. Should we ever have one, he would probably be chosen as are other officials, whose duties are supposed to require the possession and exercise of some intellectual power, as, for instance, our elective judiciary. The machinery of the caucus would have to be invoked, party lines would be drawn, and the result would not be known until the returns were in from Bungtown, Seven-Mule Gulch, and the Confederate Cross-roads. Or, if he were chosen as are our senators in Congress, it might be necessary to advertise for six weeks, and await the opening of sealed proposals from millionaires.

In the absence of such an important personage, or for some other reason, it is certain that, down to this time, the events of our civil war have inspired very little poetry befitting the themes presented.

"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," replete as it is with

soul-stirring sentiment and poetic fire, was not written in commemoration of heroic deeds already accomplished, but is in the nature of an invocation to patriotism.

"Sheridan's Ride from Winchester," though by no means devoid of merit, and very popular with elocutionists and their audiences as a recitative, hardly rises to the dignity of heroic verse,— its popularity being perhaps, in a degree, attributable to the high esteem in which the subject himself is held.

But in all the ages there have been achievements in the great field of human endeavor, and especially in war, whose lustre, undimmed by lapse of time, has sooner or later elicited the choicest expression of poetic thought. The graves of the patriotic dead are engarlanded with these flowers of perennial beauty and fragrance, none the less realistic in significance because metaphorical.

The great contest for liberty and free government in America has furnished abundant material for such expression, and the time will come, — it may not be in our day, — but there will come a time when Sheridan's dash over the enemy's works at Five Forks, and Farnsworth's ride into "the valley of death" at Gettysburg, and Davis's charge at Darkesville, and Cushing's destruction of the ram *Albemarle*, and many other deeds of knightly emprise and personal daring, will have their place in song as in story; and when the loftiest strains evoked by the glories of Flodden Field, or Warsaw, or Hohenlinden, or Trafalgar, or Balaklava, shall have response from Gettysburg, and Franklin, and Chattanooga, and Antietam, and Mobile Bay, and a hundred other American land and naval battles, echoing back to the Orient in words as glowing and rhythm as grand, the undying anthem of triumphant patriotism, which has kept time with the march of civilization from the days of Marathon and Thermopylæ down to Appomattox.

THE BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

By SAMUEL APPLETON.

[Read June 7, 1882.]

ON June 25, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, under the immediate command of General McClellan, reported 115,102 men present for duty, including sixty batteries of field artillery with 343 guns. It extended for three miles from the White Oak Swamp, on the extreme left of the army, to the right bank of the Chickahominy. The right wing of the army, consisting of the corps of Porter and the division of McCall, were on the left bank of the Chickahominy, protecting the York River, the base of supplies of the Army of the Potomac. Communication between the two wings of the army was maintained by four military bridges, the railroad bridge, and the old bridge known as Bottom's bridge. McClellan reported to the Secretary of War on the 25th of June that the Army of Northern Virginia, in his front, was then 200,000 strong. It is probable that 100,000 men is a fair estimate of the army at that time under command of General Robert E. Lee. On that date McClellan began what he considered to be a forward movement on Richmond by advancing a strong skirmish line on his extreme left; but at about noon on the 26th of June, General Lee attacked in force the extreme right wing of the Army of the Potomac, and on the evening of the same day the advance on Richmond was abandoned, and the celebrated seven days' retreat and change of base to the James River was begun. The morning of July 1, 1862, found the whole Army of the Potomac posted on and about Malvern Hill. This hill, on the north bank of the James, gradually rising from the north to the south, was about a mile and a half long with a level plateau half a mile deep on the summit. The line of the army was in

the form of a semi-circle. The right curved around the hill and rested on the James River near Haxall's, the general front being towards the north. Sykes, with his regular division and Morell, formed the extreme left, which rested on a small stream running into the James, and was protected by the gun-boats which commanded the approaches from Richmond. The corps of Porter was on Sykes's right; Couch's division was on Porter's right; then came Heintzelman's corps, next Sumner's corps, and finally, on the extreme right, was Keyes with Peck's division, facing almost eastward, with his back toward Sykes on the extreme left. McCall's division was in reserve, and in the rear of Couch and Porter. On the left and centre the reserve artillery of some sixty guns was placed, under Colonel Hunt, prepared to protect, by a converging fire, any attack on Porter's lines.

The Confederate line was formed with Whitney on its left, then a brigade of Ewell, then D. H. Hill with his division, then Huger, with Magruder on his right, forming the extreme right of the Confederate right wing. Jackson formed the reserve on the left and Ewell and A. P. Hill on the right. For six days the Army of the Potomac had made a series of forced marches, encumbered with an immense train, and had fought fiercely contested battles daily with an enemy nearly equal in numbers, and encouraged by the victory of Gaines's Mill and the prospect of the entire overthrow of that great army, whose guns for thirty days had thundered at the very gates of Richmond.

It was evident on the morning of the 1st of July that General Lee had determined to strike one more blow at the army which had just concluded one of the most able flank movements ever made in war. I was serving on the staff of General Abercrombie, commanding a brigade of Couch's division, which, with the right of Porter's division, did all the fighting that day. During the entire morning there had been constant artillery practice, but no serious infantry firing. On the rebel side the orders were to advance and storm Malvern Hill

when Armistead's brigade should lead the attack with a yell.

Occasionally during the morning small detachments would emerge from the woods which concealed the rebel line and move within musket-shot of our artillery, only to be promptly dispersed. The order of attack issued by General Lee is as follows:

"Batteries have been established to rake the enemy's line. If it is broken, as is probable, Armistead, who can witness the effect of the fire, has been ordered to charge with a yell; do the same.

By order General Lee,
R. H. Chilton, Asst. Adjt. Gen."

Armistead arrived about four o'clock in front of Porter's position, and immediately placed Purcell's guns in position; but the fire of Porter's artillery soon crushed that battery and Letcher's artillery which came to its assistance. General Armistead, finding that the raking fire did n't break the enemy's line, failed to charge with the desired yell, but advanced three regiments on Porter's right which were promptly repulsed. Meantime the wind had changed to the east and the sound of Armistead's fighting was not borne to the ears of his companions, who trusted too confidently to that unreliable messenger. After Armistead had made his demonstration, Magruder made three several and determined assaults on Couch's left and Porter's right, but was met each time by such a shower of grape and musketry that his command recoiled, broken and disordered, leaving the ground strewn with dead and wounded.

Later in the afternoon General D. H. Hill, hearing shouting and musketry fire at his right, attacked Couch's right. Gordon, Garland, and Toombs, commanding brigades in his corps, gallantly advanced to the assault. They approached the crest on which the reserve artillery, supported by Couch's division, was posted, but tried in vain to reach the coveted prize and were soon streaming wildly to the cover of the woods. Ransom, who was quickly sent to the aid of Hill, only swelled the disorganized mass.

Just after Hill's repulse, Magruder, impatient at the delay and chafing under the reproaches which had been put upon him for not having reached Glendale the day before in time for the battle, again hurled the brigades of Ransom, Jones, Barksdale, and Law on the Union lines, only to recoil once more before the fire of the artillery and the musketry of Porter and Couch. The assaults of Magruder and Hill were most gallant. The men advanced from the cover of the woods to cross a plain swept by sixty pieces of artillery and a galling musketry fire, but they came forward with that courage and dash which ever characterized the assaults of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The fighting on Couch's front was desperate. Forming their lines under a heavy fire the rebels advanced to within two hundred feet of the guns, which held the centre and key of the Union line; but never for one instant was that line broken, and never was there danger that the guns would be lost. But once was there any disorder in our lines. That was caused by the counter-charge of Abercrombie's brigade at the time of Hill's assault, and was not the discouraging disorder of the retreat, but the irregularity of the impetuous advance. Ransom, of Magruder's division, brought his brigade into line within two hundred yards of the Union artillery, and claims to have advanced to within twenty yards of the guns; then the line wavered and fell back under a fire whose intensity was beyond description. Ransom, in the short time he was engaged, lost 500 men out of about 2,800 in action. Mahone's and Toombs's brigades charged with the same courage, only to waver and fall back under the destructive artillery and infantry fire. At no one time was there probably more than three of the rebel brigades in action.

The struggle continued until nine o'clock at night, Magruder, Huger, and Hill having at different times, and with no concert of action, assaulted the Union lines, only to be driven back in disorder. Neither Longstreet, Hill, Ewell, nor Jackson were engaged.

The assaults had been violent and determined, the resistance steady and tenacious. But even while the battle was raging most violently, there was, as Lee admits in his official report, "no proper concert of action." This he ascribes to the extreme difficulty of the ground, the skill and force of the Federal artillery, and the inability to bring the Confederate artillery into action until late in the afternoon.

The demoralization of the rebel army was great. General Garland says that there was great confusion, and, to use his own words, there were those "who strayed from the field of duty." General Trimble reports that on the morning of the 2d he "found the whole army in disastrous confusion." General Early, who advanced to Magruder's assistance, reports "great confusion produced by immense bodies of men retiring in disorder," and adds that his own brigade became separated from various causes. Toombs speaks of the "streams of fugitives."

During the night the Army of the Potomac was withdrawn to Harrison's Landing, seven miles distant. The last men to fall back were at an outpost on the Turkey Bend Road on the extreme left, commanded on that occasion by one of our number. Our loss was about 1,500 killed and wounded, the Confederate loss about 5,000. But few prisoners were taken on either side. The division of D. H. Hill lost 2,162 men and Magruder reported his loss at 2,900 out of about 15,000 men engaged. The loss of the Army of the Potomac in the Seven Days' Battles was 15,249,— 1,582 killed, 7,700 wounded, and 5,900 missing; the rebel loss, 20,000 killed and wounded.

The battle of Malvern Hill is of interest not for what was then accomplished, but for a great opportunity neglected. It was the last battle of a short and sanguinary campaign. It was a victory for the Union troops which was particularly important in that it showed to the Confederate forces that the army, which they had considered for a week to be in full flight, was ready, after six days of fierce fighting under the most discouraging circumstances, to strike a blow which shattered two of

the best divisions of Lee's army and depressed and discouraged everyone, from the Commander-in-Chief to the simple private.

On the other hand, after the battle of July 1 the spirits of the Army of the Potomac were never better. Only two of their divisions had been engaged; and the rest of the army was fresh and encouraged by the defeat and heavy loss of the portion of the rebel army engaged. Everyone eagerly anticipated an advance. The opportunity was there, but the man was wanting. On the heights, flushed with victory, stood the Army of the Potomac, waiting for the order to advance. On the plain below and in the swamps were the disordered masses of the rebel army in inextricable confusion. Like an avalanche the Army of the Potomac might have been hurled down the slopes of Malvern Hill upon the demoralized right wing of the rebel army, and the result could not have been doubtful.

The forte of McClellan was organization. It was owing to that organization, begun after the battle of Bull Run, that the Army of the Potomac was not utterly destroyed during the seven days' march. That organization was the work of McClellan, and was aided by that powerful magnetism in the man, which gave him, to a most remarkable degree, the affection and confidence of both officers and men. The name of "Little Mac" is yet a name to conjure with among the soldiers who served under him on the Peninsula. They recognize the fact that neglected opportunities deprived them more than once of well-earned fruits of victory; they realize the fact that the brilliant dash which characterized some of the later distinguished commanders of the war was wanting in McClellan; but they remember that the war was then young. They see that when McClellan telegraphed to Halleck from the James River, after reaching Harrison's Landing, "Here, directly in front of this army, is the heart of the rebellion. It is here on the banks of the James that the fate of the Union should be decided,"— he stated a fact which Grant learned by hard pounding from Fredericksburg to the James. They remember that whenever the

rebels attacked the army while under his command they found that there were blows to receive as heavy as any they were ready to give. They recognized that McClellan tried to avoid the least injury to his own men in dealing whatever destruction he might to the enemy; and they know that while his lack of dash rendered a campaign like that of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley improbable under him, his regard for the lives of his men made a slaughter like that of Cold Harbor impossible.

ON TO RICHMOND IN 1862.

By ISRAEL N. STILES.

[Read March 10, 1887.]

THE Battle of Malvern Hill was the last of McClellan's seven days' battles in front of Richmond. It took place on the 1st of July, 1862. On the afternoon of the 1st, the Adjutant of the Twentieth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, then a prisoner of war, in company with a rebel sergeant, was trudging along a dirty road towards the capital of Virginia, only a few miles away. Two mounted citizens of that city were coming toward us from the opposite direction on their way toward the battlefield. When opposite to us one of them extended his arm in my direction, and with his clenched fist almost under my nose bawled out, "You are on the road to Richmond, are you, G—— d—— you! on the road to Richmond. Well, I reckon you'll get there a good while before your d—— Yankee army." "That man is not a soldier," said I, after he had passed. "No," said the sergeant, "nor a gentleman either. I know him; he lives in Richmond. He is a forage contractor." Not long afterwards there came riding in a buggy toward us two gentlemen, one of whom I recognized from his resemblance to the pictures I had seen of him, before the sergeant remarked, "There comes our President." It was Mr. Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy. An hour or two later we passed the inner line of fortifications of the city of Richmond.

At the end of our weary march the sergeant and I had formed a great respect for each other. At the start he was mounted and I on foot. I had, in the way of baggage, an overcoat, a canteen, a haversack, a pair of riding boots, and a leather case, which I had carried behind my saddle, containing a change of underclothing and a few other things. We had not gone far

when the sergeant offered to relieve me of my traps, and tied them onto his saddle. I was now in good marching order. A few miles further on and he invited me to take his place in the saddle, which I did, and from thence to the end of our journey he insisted upon my riding a full half of the time. The sergeant was a man of much intelligence, a printer by trade, and had that range of information upon general subjects so often found among type-setters. His home was in Richmond, where also his relatives lived, and he was much elated at the prospect of meeting some of them for the first time since the war began. Along the way we discussed the right of secession, the probable length of the war, its results, etc. His point in favor of the right of secession was the constitutional one. That under our national constitution our union was a union of separate sovereign states, in the nature of a partnership, from which union or partnership any one or more states had, at any time, the right to withdraw. But his strongest point was the impossibility, as he maintained, of our ever being able to subdue the South. Each of us, I think, realized the wisdom of conducting our discussion without abuse or heat, and although we commenced it as Reb and Yank, we ended it as Confederate and Union.

The cry of "On to Richmond!" had been kept up pretty continuously by the newspapers of the North since the fall of 1861. McClellan had been assigned to the command of Washington and the troops in its vicinity on July 27 of that year, shortly after the battle of Bull Run. He had had a thorough military education and some experience as a lieutenant in the Mexican War. Something like 100,000 officers and men were now under his command. Among this number probably not more than one in a thousand had had a military education or ever been under fire, except those who had been at Bull Run, and in the three months West Virginia campaign. They wore the uniform of the army, and had guns in their hands, but they were not soldiers, nor did they become soldiers until many months afterwards. There had been a few well-drilled

companies and regiments in the North, notably the Chicago Light Guards and the famous Seventh Regiment of New York; but the mimic soldier, even, was comparatively a scarce article throughout all the Northern States. Throughout the New England and Middle States but few knew how to handle fire-arms. In the Western and Northwestern States and Territories the state of things in this respect was somewhat different; while throughout the South nearly every white man had been used to the handling of arms of all kinds from his boyhood. Nearly every Southerner was a good horseback rider. In all the larger cities of the South, and in nearly all of the towns, there were one or more well-drilled, well-equipped, and well-officered military companies. As some of us still remember, majors and colonels were as common at the South before the "wah" as generals are among us now. (I think they had no captains.)

Probably no general of our army realized to a greater extent the need of making his troops over into soldiers before commencing operations, and certainly no one put forth greater individual efforts to accomplish this, than General McClellan. Throughout the fall of 1861 and the winter following, he showed himself to be a great drill-master. And the drill went beyond the manual of arms and field movements. From the general of the army down to the regimental commanders came injunctions of obedience to the laws of hygiene, suggestions as to the preparation of our food, the proper care of our persons, etc., all to the end that we might be found and kept in the best possible condition for fighting purposes. This disposition to care for the details in the life of the private soldier manifested by the general of the army, and by him impressed upon his subordinate officers, gradually came to the knowledge of the men in the ranks. It was in a great degree the cause of that strong affection which the army showed for General McClellan, and which those of us who served under him still feel for his memory.

The spring of 1862 approached with an increasing cry on the part of the people at home of "On to Richmond!" This

demand was echoed by nearly all of the President's cabinet, and two of its members, Stanton and Chase, as early as March 1 urged the President to issue a peremptory order to McClellan to move at once.*

Mr. Lincoln was satisfied with McClellan's explanation of the causes of his delay, and he alone was of opinion that the judgment of the commanding general upon that matter, as well as upon many others, was better than his own. The actual movement of the Army of the Potomac under McClellan upon Richmond was commenced April 1, 1862. He had for this movement under his command 85,000 men, with the promise of reinforcements when needed. There were left behind at Washington, and at various points from which they could be rallied to defense of the capital, 134,000 men. Two days later, April 3, the War Department issued an order to stop recruiting, and for the sale of all public property belonging to the volunteer recruiting service. Of this order McClellan, in his story lately published, says: "Common sense and the experience of all wars prove that when an army takes the field every possible effort should be made at home to collect recruits and establish depots where the inevitable daily losses may be made good with instructed men as fast as they occur, so that the fighting force

* "WASHINGTON, April 12, 1862.

"Maj. Gen. G. B. McClellan: —

"My dear Sir: — There is a prodigious cry of 'On to Richmond!' among the carpet-knights of our city, who will not shed their blood to get there. I am one of those who wish to see you lead a triumph in the capital of the Old Dominion, but am not so eager as to hazard it by hurrying on too fast. The veterans of Waterloo filled the trenches of Gen. Jackson at New Orleans with their bodies and their blood. If you can accomplish your object of reaching Richmond by a slower process than storming redoubts and batteries in earthworks, the country will applaud the achievement which gives success to its arms with greatest parsimony of the blood of its children. The envious Charles Lee denounced his superior, Washington, as gifted too much with that 'rascally virtue, prudence.' Exert it and deserve his fame. Your friend,

"F. P. BLAIR,
"Silver Springs."

may be kept up to their normal strength. Failure to do this proves either a desire for failure of the campaign or entire incompetence. Between the horns of this dilemma the friends of Mr. Stanton must take their choice."

I should occupy more time than is allowed me if I were to enlarge upon the failure of the War Department to coöperate with McClellan in his plan for the capture of Richmond. Like Stonewall Jackson, McClellan was a praying man and relied much on the help of Providence; but, like Napoleon, he also believed that Providence was generally found on the side of the heaviest battalions. From the time he had established his army in front of and threatening the rebel capital, McClellan clamored for the promised reinforcements. None reached him until he had retreated to Harrison's Landing; they were needed, it was said, for the defense of Washington. The fears of the Washington authorities for the safety of the capital led to the rejection of McClellan's proposed line of movement and supplies, the James River, and he was obliged to make use of the Pamunkey. This situation so exposed his base of supplies that he was obliged to occupy with his army both sides of the Chickahominy. Thus situated, McClellan renewed his request for reinforcements in the strongest possible terms. On the 26th of June Stonewall Jackson attacked that portion of McClellan's army on the left band of the Chickahominy, and at noon of that day McClellan notified the Secretary of War to that effect, saying that the great battle had probably commenced. At six o'clock the same day McClellan received the following from the Secretary: "Arrangements are being made as rapidly as possible to send you 5,000 men as fast as they can be brought from Manassas to Alexandria and embarked, which can be done sooner than wait for transportation at Fredericksburg. They will be followed by more if needed. McDowell, Banks, and Fremont's forces will be consolidated as the Army of Virginia, and will operate promptly in your aid by land. Nothing will be spared to sustain you, and I have undoubted faith in your suc-

cess. Keep me advised fully of your condition." Encouraging words. But McDowell came not, nor Banks, nor Fremont. In anticipation of a necessity which now soon arose, McClellan had, on the 18th, more than a week before, ordered transports with forage and provisions sent up the James River under a convoy of gunboats to Harrison's Landing. It became plain to McClellan during the day of the 26th that he could not hold his then position without having his base of supplies cut off, and on the 27th he issued the necessary orders for a change of base.

In that part of the army to which my regiment belonged, Kearney's division of Heintzelman's corps, the orders for this new movement produced no new fears on the part of the men and but little surprise on the part of the officers. Kearney's division was already known as a fighting division, and so far had met with no defeat. This division became the rear guard of the retreating army. Its commander at that time gave promise of becoming one of the greatest field generals of the war. He was to those of us who served under him a wonderful man. He had, when a very young man, served in the Mexican War, where he lost his sword arm. He had spent several years in active service as a captain in the French army, and still wore the French cap and cape. This cape he wore habitually, even in the warmest weather. One of his staff told me that he did this to conceal the loss of his arm, a matter concerning which, for some unknown reason, he was very sensitive. His form, voice, and everything about him betokened him the typical soldier that he was. In every lineament of his face was written, "This man was born to fight and to command." What a rider he was! Corporal McGrimm said of General Burnside at the battle of Bull Run that "he came riding across the field, he did, like the divil was after him." Kearney always rode that way. His coming was always like a tornado, and he had the oddest way of suddenly appearing at the most unexpected times and places. During a fight he would suddenly appear and call out, "What regiment is this?" and

upon being told, would reply, "Ah, you are the boys I can depend upon," or some such equivalent remark. No man whom I have ever known could inspire his troops with that fighting enthusiasm which Phil Kearney could arouse. Our living Phil may have been his equal,— I cannot believe he was his superior in that respect. He had a habit of taking a mounted officer with him and riding along in full view of the enemy's skirmish line, trusting to the furious speed at which he rode to escape the bullets which would be sent after him. In this way he lost his life at Chantilly. He rode out alone beyond our skirmish line to see for himself the situation of the enemy. A squad of rebels suddenly confronted him with levelled muskets and called upon him to surrender. "Go to hell!" said Kearney, suddenly wheeling and throwing himself on the side of his horse like a Comanche Indian. One of the shots struck him, and he fell within the enemy's lines. An hour or two later his body was brought to us under a flag of truce. He is beyond my praise or blame. His memory is still precious, but I can never excuse him for so exposing his life,— a life so valuable to his country.

The movement for a change of base had commenced. All day troops had been marching past our division. The question was, when our turn would come to join the column. Our anxiety upon this question increased as the enemy commenced feeling for us with his shells. Suddenly came the order to form a hollow square. The movement ended, and through an opening left for that purpose rode Kearney like a storm-cloud, his staff and orderlies stretching away to the rear. He stopped in the centre with a suddenness which nearly threw his horse upon his haunches. Dropping his bridle reins as we came to a present, with his only hand he lifted his cap and, in a voice which rang out like a trumpet, said, "The division which I have the honor to command has been selected as the rear division of the retreating army. Your position will be one of danger, but remember, the post of danger is always the post of honor."

Who would not fight with such a leader? The days which followed were those of great peril and anxiety. The enemy harried us by night and by day. We scarcely slept. Yet there was but little demoralization among the troops and no approach to anything like a panic. The Army of the Potomac outfought the enemy in every engagement during those seven days' battles with one exception, that of Gaines's Mill. And when our army made its final stand at Malvern Hill it gave the enemy a tremendous thrashing. The necessity for making this movement under the circumstances which surrounded McClellan is coming to be better understood than formerly, but it is doubtful if in this generation, at least, the generalship which he displayed during its progress will be properly understood or appreciated. What he would have accomplished had his own plans for the capture of Richmond been approved, and had he received that support from Washington which was afterwards given so freely to Grant, cannot now be told. It was a period of the war when politics and politicians determined largely the latitude allowed generals in the field. McClellan was not a politician, nor had he any sympathy with their methods. Probably not one of our great soldiers had less toleration for those compromises with honesty which go under the name of practical politics than he. But the authorities at Washington, Mr. Lincoln excepted, could not understand how he could be without political ambition. I think it is shown clearly in McClellan's own story that Stanton plotted and worked for his overthrow almost from the start. Although McClellan was possessed of very many of the elements of a great soldier, he did not show himself to be one. And yet, under his command the Army of the Potomac fought the swiftest and most brilliant campaign that was ever fought by that army, that of driving Lee out of Maryland, by the battles of South Mountain and Antietam.

Where was his equal in technical knowledge of the needs of a great army, in his power of organization, his ability to secure the affection and confidence of his troops? Where his superior in un-

selfish and exalted patriotism? Who from the first better understood the situation and its needs from a military point of view?

The afternoon of June 30, 1862, found Kearney's division across White Oak Swamp, with General Slocum's division on our right and rear, and General McCall's division of 6,000 men on our left, and further on to his left General Hooker's division. All were then of Heintzelman's Corps. At about three o'clock the divisions of Longstreet and A. P. Hill made a fierce attack upon McCall, but were driven back by the storm of cannister poured into them by our batteries. The charge was made across an open field which formed a part of Nelson's farm. The enemy's left did not extend far enough to engage our division, and the charges already made, and those which followed, were in our full view. It was a grand sight. Again the rebels formed and charged, and again they were repulsed. The enemy were now reinforced, and formed in three lines for the third and final charge. Captain Roundall, a young wealthy Rhode Islander, who had raised and at his own expense equipped a full battery, begged that the fire of our infantry be reserved to the last moment. On came the gray lines, and our batteries met them as before. Great gaps were opened in their ranks, but on they came and kept coming, a perfect torrent of gray warriors. It was plain to us on-lookers that our forces must now give way. Two of our batteries retired, but the brave Rhode Islander held his ground until his horses were killed and his guns were captured. Why it was that one division was not faced to the left and allowed to turn the tide in our favor, as it seemed to us we could easily do, was no doubt plain to those who understood the whole situation, but was by no means understood by us. A counter-charge by our troops drove the enemy so easily from the field that it seemed as if it was no part of his plan to hold it. This has been called by the Confederates the Battle of Nelson's Farm, and by us the Battle of Glendale. At midnight our forces again retired. Shortly after dark I was sent to the front with a force to

strengthen the picket line. We marched out through a gap in our line. A sharp fire was suddenly opened upon us, my horse was killed, which rendered my escape impossible, and thirteen of us became prisoners. We were in very thick timber, and the night grew very dark, but I knew the precise direction of my command, and could now and then hear the sharp voice of my colonel. I felt certain that I could escape during the night, but my loss of sleep had been too great. It must have been but a few minutes before old Morpheus had me in his grasp, which he never relaxed till a rebel sergeant shook me at daylight and said, "I am very sorry to wake you, sir, but we must move."

Even at this early hour the Confederates were in line of battle. The Sixteenth Georgia Infantry was nearest us, and to its colonel the sergeant offered to turn over his prisoner. The colonel was dismounted and carried a heavy cavalry sabre. This he, in the politest manner, offered to exchange with me for my light infantry sword. After a few moments' conversation he directed the sergeant to report with his prisoner to General Magruder. With this officer I had an extended conversation. He had known and served with General Kearney in the Mexican War, and spoke of him in terms of great praise. I, in turn, had many things to say to him concerning his relations, whose acquaintance I had made the winter before at Hampton near Fort Monroe. His manner was very kind and I remember that he expressed his great regret that he could not offer me a drink of whisky. Said he, "There has n't been a damned drop of it in our army for the last three weeks, or I should have found it." He directed one of his staff officers to see that I had breakfast, and asked if there was anything else he could do for me. At my request he directed the sergeant to see to it that I was allowed to retain all my traps.

I have referred already to my experience with the sergeant up to the time when we reached the line of fortifications at Richmond. At this point a horse-car stood at the end of the line. The sergeant suggested to me that I take this car, while

he switched off and called upon some of his friends, and joined me later at the corner of some street up-town which he named. I took the car, left it at the street named by him, and awaited his coming. I was soon surrounded by an inquisitive crowd of rebels who soon made me feel that my position was not only unpleasant but not altogether safe. Soon a Confederate lieutenant, with a brand new uniform, appeared, and something like the following conversation occurred: "Where did you come from, sah?" "I was taken prisoner last night." "What has become of your guard, sah?" "He left me to take the car at the foot of this street, and will no doubt join me in a few minutes." "He deserves to be punished for leaving you, sah, and I have no doubt will be. You will come with me, sah." I replied that I hoped he would not prevent me from keeping my promise to the sergeant to wait for him. The sergeant now appeared and was duly reprimanded by the brave lieutenant, who started with me in the direction of the Guy Street Prison. On the way he took a great fancy to my long boots and my canteen, although the sergeant had told him what General Magruder had said about my being allowed to retain them and other things. The boots were fine ones and the canteen was quite sound at that time. He wanted them in his business very much, and offered me an enormous price for them. I would not sell for any price. He expressed his great surprise at this, I being a Yankee; "but you are an Indianian," said he, "and they are more like us." At the door of the prison I gave him the canteen, which he accepted, but with no little embarrassment.

The Guy Street Prison, like the former Libby, to which we were afterwards removed, had been a tobacco warehouse. It was now filled full, from top to bottom, with Yankee officers. But I was let in. I had no other place to stay. From day to day for a long time others were received. The prison proved to be as capacious as a West Side street-car. It was much crowded, so that when we lay upon the floor for sleep there was scarcely a square foot of floor surface that was not occu-

pied. The supply of food was scanty and of poor quality. For the most part it consisted of boiled fresh beef and bread, with soup made of the water in which the beef had been boiled, and sometimes an addition of vegetables. The meat was poor and tough, and the bread was made of poor flour and generally heavy or sour and often both. We had no salt, the thing we most wished for in the way of food, although we were a long way from starvation. There was no whisky, but plenty of tobacco. The officers, who ranged from sergeant to major-general, were mostly of the volunteers, but with us was quite a sprinkling of regulars. Among these were General John F. Reynolds, afterwards killed at Gettysburg, General McCall, Major Kingsbury, and many others whose names I have now forgotten. They kept themselves aloof from the volunteers, although this required much pains, as we were so closely packed together. Most of them assumed a very high-toned air, and were haughty and exclusive, while most of the volunteers were ill-bred, noisy, and vulgar. The former took no pains to make the best of the situation, and the latter made no effort to act as gentlemen. The regulars expressed disgust at the unnecessary amount of patriotic talk by the volunteers, and the volunteers their contempt for the total lack of it on the part of the regulars.

Neither class at that time properly understood or appreciated the other, and both appeared to very bad advantage. With a tone of lofty authority the regulars forbade the proposed celebration of the glorious Fourth after the plan proposed by the volunteers, with patriotic songs and speeches, and argued that it would thereby be offering an unnecessary insult to the Confederates. The volunteers responded in a tone of unmistakable defiance that the Fourth of July was still the common property of the whole country, that although in prison, they proposed to celebrate its anniversary in the usual way, barring the burning of powder and the drinking of rum, and that the regulars and Confederates could go to hell. It was so ordered and so celebrated, and no trouble came of it. All the regulars were soon

afterwards exchanged, but our lot was still destined not to be a happy one. Religious differences arose, or differences arose which were religious on one side and irreligious on the other. Those religiously inclined insisted upon services being had in the morning according to the forms of the Episcopal Church, and in the evening according to those of John Wesley. This variety of forms was to adjust the difference in views as to the proper mode of worship. The irreligious were disposed (inexcusably) to treat these services with ridicule, and during their progress to continue their games of brag and poker, the playing of which they kept up most of the time. I should mention also that the religiously disposed were very loud in their denunciation of gambling at any time. But a compromise was agreed upon, by the terms of which a respectful silence was maintained during the services by all who bore no part in them, while at other times gambling games were allowed to proceed without protest. It must not be understood that all belonged to one or the other of these two sides, for there were those who neither prayed nor gambled.

A few days after I entered the prison a man of my name called for me and was anxious to ascertain if I was a relative of his. He claimed as among his ancestors Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College during the Revolution; this made it certain that he was among my kin, at which he expressed himself as "damned sorry for it." He talked in a very obscene way for a Vermont gentleman, which he claimed to be, but made up largely for it afterwards by his kindness in furnishing me and others with reading-matter.

As the weeks passed, time hung heavily on our hands, and we resorted to all sorts of expedients for amusement. We had readings and declamations, speeches and song-singing, while old stories were told over and over. The second week a plan for escape was formed, and four of our number left the prison. Their absence remained undiscovered by the prison authorities for nearly two days. The roll of prisoners was called three

time each day. Four of us answered for the absentees as well as for ourselves. I answered for Lieutenant-Colonel Hatch of the Fourth New Jersey. Some of the regulars insisted that this conduct on our part was dishonorable. Our answer was that as it is, under the laws of war, honorable to escape, it must be equally honorable to conceal the fact of escape.

Under a promise to return I was one day permitted to go outside the prison walls. I wore a gray jacket and a Confederate hat, and roamed about the city for two or three hours. I was careful to hold converse with no one, fearing my Northern accent would betray me. I ventured, however, to ask some questions of an ancient negro, who soon enquired if I was not "one of dem Yankee prisoners at the Libby." He gave it as his opinion that my life would be in danger if I should be discovered, and advised me to return to the prison at once, which I did. I obtained a good deal of information from the old darky as to the situation of the armies, some of which proved afterwards to be unreliable, but which, for the time being, cheered my fellow-prisoners greatly. His understanding was that McClellan had been reinforced, had crossed the James, and was now moving rapidly upon Richmond from the other side. There was much rejoicing in the prison when I announced my information, and the guards and others were greatly puzzled as to the cause of it.

After we were removed to the Libby there came a time when our supply of food was quite limited, and when very many commissioned officers, in their struggles to get what they claimed was their share, "showed up" very badly. I am glad that I do not remember their names. Their conduct was very like that of other animals under like circumstances. The close confinement (we had no opportunity whatever for exercise), poor food, and other things, told upon the health of some of us and we were removed to the prison hospital. Here our treatment was much better, and but for the conduct of some of our own surgeons would have been as good as the circumstances admitted. Milk and brandy were furnished by the Confederates in liberal quan-

tities, together with a fair supply of suitable food. The milk and brandy for the most part was drunk by four of the five of our surgeons who were on duty there, and a large part of the delicacies were consumed by them also. Such a statement would not be made if the fact was not within my personal knowledge.

Toward the last of August the report came to us that our exchange had been agreed upon, and such of us as were able to be removed would be taken to the flag-of-truce boat the next day. The improvement among the patients during the next twenty-four hours was very marked, although one of our number died on the way to the point of exchange.

Once upon the flag-of-truce boat a good Christian Commission woman accosted me and inquired what she could do for my comfort. I asked for a complete suit of clean clothing, which she obtained for me. I threw those which I had worn into the James River and donned those which she had brought, and from thence was no longer obliged to fight vermin. In the gray of the next morning our boat passed the spot where the *Cumberland* had sunk in her fight with the *Merrimac* in the month of March previous. A portion of her top-mast was still visible, and from it still waved the old flag.

Many years after the close of the war I was one day at the Sherman house introduced to Colonel Foster. The Colonel spoke with a marked Southern accent, and in the course of the conversation which followed I enquired if he had borne a part in the late war. He replied that he was colonel of the Sixteenth Georgia Infantry. "Do you remember exchanging swords with a Union lieutenant who was at the time a prisoner?" "Very well, very well. And are you that lieutenant? I am very sorry, sah, that I do not remember what became of that sword, for nothing would give me greater pleasure now than to return it to you."

SIGEL'S FIGHT AT NEW MARKET, VA.

By CHARLES FITZ-SIMONS.

[Read January 4, 1882.]

I SHALL try this evening to recall some of the incidents of Sigel's fight at New Market, Virginia, in 1864. While I do not expect to be able to make a retrospect of disaster interesting reading, I hope to point out a moral which may be of advantage to us. It is said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." Viewing this action in that light, we may derive some benefit.

In the winter of '63 and '64 the Shenandoah Valley was used as a sort of training-ground for superfluous generals. Its nearness to Washington gave the opportunity for intrigues more political than warlike, and these resulted in a number of independent commanders, between whom there was very little, if any, concert of action, except, perhaps, the uniformity with which they submitted to the exactions of Mosby. It became proverbial that the guerrilla chief needed neither quartermaster nor commissary, and yet he was well served in both of these departments. Rosser, Imboden, and sometimes Early also, took a hand in supplying themselves from the various depots of Federal supplies, getting safely away over the mountains, before a combination for anything like effective pursuit could be made among the various commanders.

Those of my readers who were so fortunate as to serve in one of the grand divisions of the army, where, if not always identified with celebrated victories, they had at least the satisfaction of being connected with memorable defeats, can hardly realize how disagreeable it was to serve in the Shenandoah Valley during the period I have named.

When, in April, 1864, it was disclosed that a strong moving

column was to be made up from the various posts, you may be sure the announcement was hailed with joy, — considerably modified, however, when it was found out that Sigel was to assume command; for "fighting mit Sigel" was not as popular a pastime as formerly. "The hero of Pea Ridge" was by this time suspected of having practised his retreating tactics too frequently. Nevertheless, it was with a good deal of pomp and circumstance that preparations were made for the campaign, the object of which was no less pretentious than an attack upon Richmond from the southwest; the sequel proved how very far short of this goal we attained.

Sigel, on assuming command, displayed great fondness for pageantry and parade. Military etiquette and discipline appeared to prevail, but only lasted while the enemy was at a distance.

On the 1st of May Sigel set out from Winchester with 13,000 men of all arms, a splendid column for its size. The quota of artillery was ample, well organized and well equipped; the cavalry comprised at least a third of the whole force, and was well mounted and armed, and many of the regiments were familiar with the country from previous service. The first day out Kernstown was made by the whole command, and in doing this the cavalry had scoured the whole country between North Mountain and the Blue Ridge. Although it was well known that there was no force of the enemy in our front, Sigel developed in this advance a peculiar idiosyncrasy in the matter of cavalry scouting; day and night he kept his cavalry in motion, detailing them in parties of from fifty to a hundred men, and sending them out in all directions, east, west, north, and south, with no definite instructions or apparent object. Indeed, the casualties to the numerous detachments, resulting from their mistaking one another for the enemy, were the most serious losses sustained. The whole might have been considered harmless amusement had it not been for its effect upon the men and animals, both being used up when the time came for service. It might be thought from this energetic shaking-up of horses

and riders that the movements of the enemy were well known to our sapient commander. The sequel shows the contrary was the fact.

On the morning of May 15, at ten o'clock, the leading regiment of Sigel's advance, having reached the foot of the hill that hides the hamlet of New Market from those going southward, was ordered to bivouac on the right of the road. While the men were preparing to dismount a cannon-shot from over the hill gave them the first intimation of the presence of an enemy, and revealed to the cavalry the proximity of the people they had been looking for during the past fifteen weary days and nights. The discovery was rather too sudden to be as pleasant as the long search might indicate. It was a surprise party, with rather too much bass music. Sigel, on coming up shortly afterwards, seemed both surprised and bewildered. Fully one-half of his command was at this time halted at the crossing of the Shenandoah, five or six miles to the rear. The character of the ground that intervened between him and the enemy offered a singularly favorable position to form a line and await an attack; to the left of the road was a nearly level plain slightly descending to Massanutten Creek, which skirted the mountain of that name, while west of the road the ground rose rather abruptly to the foot-hills of the Shenandoah Mountains. It was cut up into fan-shaped ravines or gullies, the apex in each case towards the mountains. There they were deep and narrow, but became shallow and broad when they debouched upon the road. This was the character of the ground for the whole distance from the Shenandoah Bridge to a point a little north of New Market, where a series of gulches ran clear across the Valley. Sigel formed his line on a ridge between two of these continuous ravines. He posted his artillery on the extreme right where the ground was the roughest. His infantry occupied the centre, mostly to the right of the road, and the cavalry was placed in line to the left, where the ground in front was as steep and impracticable as the "Hollow way of Ohain."

Nolan, in his "History of Cavalry and its Uses," asserts that cavalry, unless posted where an advance can be made, is almost certain to break for the rear. This instance proved Nolan's assertion correct; set up as a conspicuous target for Breckenridge's well-served artillery, the long line of troopers soon assumed a very irregular formation, uniform in nothing but a general scrambling towards the rear. The infantry, being better posted, made a very creditable stand, and twice gallantly repulsed the onset of the foe. It was in the second advance of the rebel line that the Lexington Cadets suffered so much. In advance of the main line they came dashing up to the very muzzles of our guns, their impetus carrying them, in many instances, over and beyond us. In the retreat they served to supply the place of cavalry, in which, fortunately for us, Breckenridge was deficient. These striplings numbered about five hundred, and two-thirds of them added to their soldier's baptism of blood and fire the last scene in a soldier's career. The beginning and the end was for them in one short day, and while we cannot help admiring their bravery, I think my readers will not blame General Hunter, who, a fortnight later, burned to the ground the school in which these young "Hotspurs" were trained. For our side to encourage such schools would have been a suicidal policy.

At the beginning of the fight a terrific thunder and rain storm began which lasted all the afternoon. The mingling of the crashing thunder with the sounds of the rebel guns and the exploding shells made dodging the fire a very uncertain and perplexing operation. The writer pleads guilty to several useless genuflections. Heaven and the foe made most of the loud noises, for Sigel's guns were scarcely heard from and were either captured or abandoned early in the melee. The nature of the ground made their withdrawal impossible when our centre was once pushed back, as it was continually at every new attempt to make a stand.

Every gun of the enemy was made effective by his use of the

smooth ground, and by rapid manœuvring an enfilading fire was kept up most of the time. After the first stampede, the retreat was dogged and sullen enough but always hopeless, as at no time, first or last, were our numbers equal to those of the enemy actually engaged. While Sigel's whole force was certainly double the Confederate numbers, and while time and place were favorable to bringing up at least an equal number of our troops and having a fair fight, we were allowed to be beaten in detail. In the beginning of the fight and before the storm, all the available cavalry on the Southern side were sent to secure the passage of the Massanutten Gap. Sigel foolishly believed it was an attempt to get in his rear and cut off his retreat down the Valley. It was really only part of Breckenridge's programme to keep his road open through Page and Luray Valleys so that he might join Lee at Richmond, when he had sufficiently pulverized Sigel; a programme which he carried out with great precision. The pursuit ended at Mount Jackson Bridge which we destroyed just at nightfall, but our retreat was maintained all night long. The North Star was our beacon of safety if not of glory. About midnight, while Sigel and his staff were trying to pass by the wreck of overturned wagons and ambulances, a bearer of dispatches from Washington reached him. He communicated the news to Colonel Strother ("Porte Crayon") in about this way: "Oh, Colonel; I have glorious news from General Averill. He is down in Wythe County doing great damage to the rebels, tearing up the railroads," etc. Strother answered: "What a remarkable coincidence: General Averill is in Wythe County tearing up the railroads, while we are in Shenandoah County tearing down the turnpike." Sigel was too obtuse to see the joke. In fact, it was a great mistake to put such a man in command of intelligent American soldiers. They could have no respect for him; his stupidity was too conspicuous. An officer, to command successfully, must have the respect and admiration of his men, for without this they cannot, even if they will, obey him with that enthusiasm which

begets bravery. The genius to command is the highest of inspirations. Something of the feeling that possessed the Crusaders of old must pervade. We are told that "They imagined they saw heavenly men in armor, upon the hill-tops of Palestine, waving silken flags and beckoning them on." Sigel, however, saw only Southern horsemen upon the mountain-tops, seeking to cut off his retreat.

It was not until noon the next day, the 16th, that a safe position was attained, and in this selection Sigel is worthy of great commendation. He chose Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, made famous later as the scene of events directed by a general whose genius spread a halo around them, which time cannot dim. In this selection Sigel might in charity be called the forerunner of one whose shoe-latchet he was not worthy to unloose; a general, the sublime height and depth of whose inspiration Sigel could not fathom in forty years.

Harper's "History of the War" makes light of this affair, and claims Sigel was outnumbered. This is not true unless one takes into account his custom of always presenting a minority of his force in actual combat. The defeat of Sigel was the more disastrous because whatever troops Breckinridge took with him to Richmond counted against us there; while, in addition, a large part of our column was so badly demoralized as to be useless for the time being. It is within bounds to say that it made a difference to General Grant in the Battle of the Wilderness, then approaching, of over twenty thousand men, — no inconsiderable item at a critical moment.

When, in addition, we consider the lives of the brave men who were needlessly sacrificed, the responsibility of appointing such a commander is shown to be most serious, and the writer has no apology to offer for what, at this late day, may seem severe criticism. Time cannot obliterate the horrible recollections of a month later, when I found and decently buried many brave men and officers of my regiment. The heaps of slain,

piled in the ravines, with but a scanty covering of earth thrown over them, can neither be forgotten nor soon forgiven.

"Not a time-wasted cross, nor a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their fame or their pride;
One grass-cover'd mound told the traveller alone
Where thousands had sunk in their anguish and died!
Oh, Glory! behold thy famed guerdon's extent,
For this toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot —
A name like the mist, when night's beacons are spent,
A grave with its tenants unwept and forgot!"

THE BATTLES OF GROVETON AND SECOND BULL RUN.

By RICHARD ROBINS.

[Read November 7, 1883.]

IN discussing the movements of Pope's army on the 29th and 30th of August, 1862, I am aware that I am treating a subject that has caused more bad feeling and mis-statement than any other campaign since that of Waterloo. This seemingly undue prominence is the result of the trial and condemnation of one of the most prominent actors in the battles of the two days mentioned. It is certainly out of place here and contrary to the spirit and intent of our Order to begin a controversy regarding the rights and wrongs of either of the parties principally interested in the case; but I have found so much misunderstanding among my friends in the Commandery regarding the operations of the Federal and Confederate armies on those days, that I have thought it would be of interest to give you an account of the movements which culminated in the battle known to the rebels as Manassas and to us as the Second Bull Run. The action of the 29th was the Battle of Groveton.

Major-General Fitz-John Porter, commanding the Fifth corps of the Army of the Potomac, and temporarily attached to the Army of Virginia under the command of Major-General John Pope, was, in the early part of 1863, convicted by court-martial under numerous charges and specifications of disobedience of orders and misbehavior in the face of the enemy, and

NOTE. — I am indebted principally to the "Records of the Court Martial," to the "Records of the Board of Investigation," to Ropes's "Army under Pope," to Gordon's "Army of Northern Virginia," to Colonel William H. Powell in the "Century Magazine," and to personal correspondence with General Fitz-John Porter, for the information on which I base this article.

was cashiered from the army.* Early in 1878, President Hayes granted him a re-hearing, which Porter had sought continually from the time of his conviction, and appointed as a Board of Inquiry, Major-General J. H. Schofield, Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General Alfred H. Terry, and Colonel and Brevet Major-General George W. Getty, all of the Regular Army. Much has been written and published regarding the case; it has been discussed in Congress and by individuals; much bitterness has entered into these discussions, and lately it has been brought into politics. I shall criticize no one, since everyone has his own point of view and a right to his own opinions of the case. I shall, however, endeavor to give you a plain, detailed account of the movements on August 29, that being the day when General Porter laid himself liable to the most important charges of misconduct. I pass by the night march of Porter, ordered at 11 P.M., August 27, as of minor importance only, for even if he were then guilty of disobedience as alleged, the punishment could have only amounted at the most to a severe reprimand. I do not believe Pope really placed any weight on the circumstances at the time, as he still continued Porter in command of his corps and did not even reprimand him. This charge was only brought forward in connection with others, and has always, I believe, been considered of slight importance.

The positions of the Union and Rebel armies on the morning of August 29 were as follows: General Stonewall Jackson, commanding three divisions of infantry of the rebel army, under A. P. Hill, Ewell, and Taliaferro, and a body of cavalry under Stuart (in all about 20,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry), being detached from Lee's army, on the further side of the Rappahannock River on the 25th of August, had marched around Pope's right flank, gained his rear, cut his communications with Washington, fought Hooker at Bristow Station, and destroyed a huge

* Since reading this paper General Porter has been restored to the Regular Army with his full rank of Colonel, and placed on the retired list, voluntarily giving up the whole of his accumulated back-pay.

depot of supplies at Manassas Junction. He had then played hide and seek with Pope and his lieutenants, — McDowell, Sigel, Heintzelman, and Buford, — who were sent to meet him. On August 28 he had taken a position on the old battlefield of Bull Run to await the arrival of Lee, who, with the balance of his army, was marching through Thoroughfare Gap to join him. He was posted in a fine defensive position on the line of an unfinished railroad, with his left under Hill at Sudley Springs, and his right near the Warrenton Turnpike. Hill held the extreme left, while the old Stonewall division under Stark (Taliaferro having been wounded the evening before) held the right. Longstreet's corps, the balance of Lee's army, was then marching through Thoroughfare Gap, two divisions having passed through by the evening of the 28th.

The Union army was much scattered. Sigel's corps, with Reynolds's division of McDowell's corps and Milroy's independent brigade, passed the night of the 28th and 29th just south of the Warrenton Pike. Reynolds was on the left near New Market, while Sigel's two divisions with Milroy's brigade were near the junction of the Sudley Springs Road. Kearney was at Centreville with three brigades, while Heintzelman was with Hooker at or near Bull Run. Porter with his corps was at Bristow, where he had remained under orders, although asking for permission to march since the morning of the 28th. Of McDowell's corps, we have seen that Reynolds was with Sigel, while the two remaining divisions under King and Ricketts had, on the 28th, been acting independently. Ricketts had been sent by McDowell from Gainesville to Thoroughfare Gap, there to contest Longstreet's passage, while King had been ordered to Centreville from Warrenton. King, on his way to Centreville, had met with Taliaferro and Ewell near Groveton, and a severe engagement had followed. After dark, Ricketts was near him at Gainesville, having disobeyed orders and retired from Thoroughfare Gap on the approach of Longstreet's column. Ricketts, hearing that King was retiring to Manassas, marched

to Bristow on the morning of the 29th, the worst move that either could have made. If they had remained in position they would have materially aided Pope by keeping Longstreet from going into position, as they were on Jackson's right and rear. Banks, with his corps, guarded the army trains near Bristow.

The night of August 28th and 29th was a hopeful one for Pope. He supposed that Jackson was in full retreat towards Thoroughfare Gap, and he had heard with thankfulness the guns of King's engagement on the afternoon of the 28th. He felt that Jackson was being checked, and that he could now hurl the corps of Sigel, Heintzelman, and Porter on him from the east, while the divisions of King and Ricketts, under McDowell, blocked his line of retreat through Thoroughfare Gap. In Pope's mind there was no escape for Jackson, except a bare possibility of his slipping through to the north. At last he felt certain that he had checkmated his wily adversary, and that before sunset of the next day Jackson would be defeated and his army captured or destroyed long before Longstreet and Lee could join him. How different was the actual condition of affairs! Not only was Jackson not retreating, but, owing to the retirement of Ricketts and King, his line of communication with Longstreet was open. Longstreet's heads of columns were actually through the Gap, and two divisions had bivouaced east of the mountains, within easy supporting distance of Jackson, and with no Union troops between to molest them. Considering his knowledge of the position of his army and the rebel forces, Pope's subsequent orders were correct and his action vigorous and timely. At 9 P. M. of the 28th he ordered Kearney to move at one o'clock the next morning, saying, "Jackson cannot escape — move, even if you carry with you no more than two thousand men. . . . Advance cautiously and drive in the enemy's pickets to-night, and at early dawn attack him vigorously." At ten o'clock he ordered Heintzelman to send Hooker to act as a reserve to Kearney. At 3 A. M. of the 29th he sent an order to Porter at Bristow Station to move on Centreville at

dawn, and at the same time sent verbal orders to Reno to move with his two divisions to the support of Heintzelman in the direction of Gainesville. All these troops moved at the time ordered, except Porter. He did not receive his order until six o'clock, but moved at 6:15 A. M. The result was that at early dawn thousands of men were hurrying to attack Jackson, on the supposition that Ricketts and King held his right and rear. But Ricketts and King (contrary to orders) were resting their tired, hungry men at Bristow and Manassas, leaving Jackson to retreat, if desired, or Longstreet to march unmolested to his assistance. Jackson, however, was not retreating; and while he held a strong defensive position, Longstreet was pushing forward to his aid. And yet King and Ricketts were afterwards members of the court-martial.

Pope's hope was short-lived; shortly after he sent his orders to Porter and to Reno he heard of the retreat of Ricketts and King, and immediately sent orders to Sigel and Reynolds to attack vigorously as soon as it was light enough to see. He also ordered Porter, then approaching Centreville under orders, to take King's division with him and move on Gainesville. As Hooker, Kearney, and Reno were already on the march, and would without further orders soon engage Jackson on Sigel's right, Pope still hoped to use up Jackson before the arrival of Longstreet. At daybreak on the morning of the 29th, Sigel with his corps and Reynold's division attacked Jackson in his well-selected position. Reynolds held the extreme left, while next to him came Schenck, then Milroy's independent brigade, with Schurz on the extreme right. Reynolds's attack on Jackson's right was mostly with artillery and skirmishers. The attack on his left was at first furious and met with vigorous resistance from Hill, who advanced to meet Schurz. The fight continued with some vigor until about noon, but after ten o'clock was no more than a heavy skirmish and artillery fire. Between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning Heintzelman, with Kearney and Hooker, and Reno with his own and Stevens's division,

reached the field, part of them relieving Sigel's corps. During the afternoon there was more or less artillery fire and some skirmishing until half-past four o'clock; at that hour General Heintzelman was ordered to organize two simultaneous attacks to be made by Hooker and Kearney. Hooker sent forward Grover's brigade, which, by a magnificent charge with the bayonet, broke the first and second lines of the enemy. For some unaccountable reason they were not supported and fell back before the new troops of the enemy, having lost five hundred men in twenty minutes. If properly supported Jackson's centre would have been broken. Why did not the reserve brigades move forward? Who blundered? Kearney's charge was made against A. P. Hill on Jackson's right, and was gallantly supported by Stevens's division. It was to have been made at the same time with that of Hooker, but did not take place until Grover fell back, as Kearney was not promptly informed of the order. Hill's line was rolled up and broken, but Ewell sent him two fresh brigades. These troops, hurled upon the divisions of Kearney and Stevens, now exhausted and broken, turned the balance, and again our gallant men were obliged to relinquish their hard-earned success because someone had blundered. In both cases the attacking columns were far too light for the work before them. If the charges of Hooker and Kearney had been made together and had been supported by Reno and Sigel, Jackson would have been driven from the field. Nothing further was done on the right until about half-past six o'clock, when General Hatch, just arrived, took King's division in pursuit of a supposed retreating enemy. It proved to be Hood's rebel division moving to an attack or reconnoissance, and after an engagement of forty-five minutes our forces fell back. This, except for a sharp artillery fight at 7 P. M. by Reynolds's brigade, closed the operations on the right, known as the Battle of Groveton.

We now turn to the movements of Porter's corps on the left flank of the army. As I have said, Porter passed the 28th

and the following night at Bristow Station under orders twice repeated — "To remain there; when wanted he would be sent for." On the morning of the 29th, at six o'clock, he received the following order from Pope to march to Centreville at daylight:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
"Near BULL RUN, Aug. 29th, 1862, 3 A. M.

"General McDowell has intercepted the retreat of Jackson. Sigel is immediately on the right of McDowell. Kearney and Hooker march to attack the enemy's rear at early dawn. Major-General Pope directs you to move on Centreville at the first dawn of day, with your whole command, leaving your trains to follow. It is very important that you should be here at an early hour in the morning. A severe engagement is likely to take place and your presence is necessary.

"GEORGE A. RUGGLES,
"Colonel and Chief of Staff.

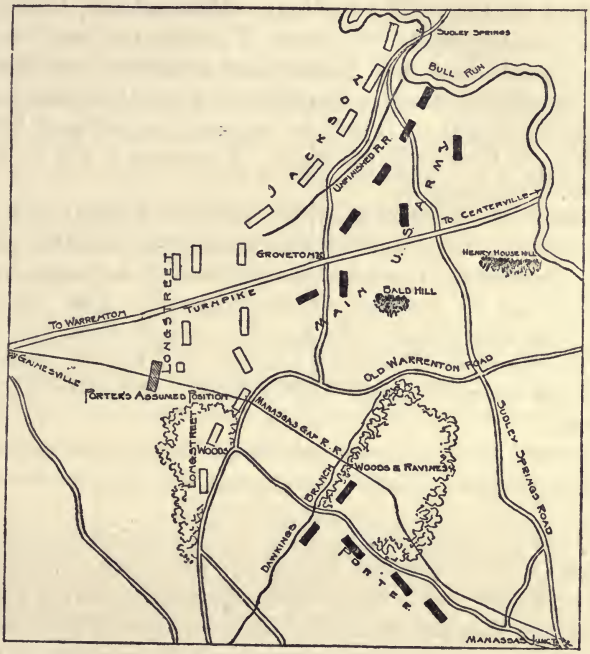
"Major-General PORTER."

This is the order mentioned before as sent to Porter in connection with orders to Kearney, Heintzelman, and Reno. The order was not received until 6 A. M., and Porter immediately moved toward Centreville, starting at 6:15 A. M. He had passed Manassas Junction with the head of his column when other orders reached him. One of General Pope's aids carrying a dispatch to General McDowell stopped to inquire the whereabouts of McDowell, whom Porter had just left near Manassas with King. The officer gave Porter the purport of the order and a verbal message for himself to take King's division and march from Manassas towards Gainesville. The order in full was afterwards handed him by General Gibbon, commanding a brigade of King's division. This order, issued by Pope when he heard of King's retreat to Manassas, is known as the "joint order," and is quoted in full further on. Porter immediately retraced his steps, took up King at Manassas and marched toward Gainesville. He passed Manassas about half-past nine o'clock, and there received the written order to which I

have referred. Here he conversed with McDowell regarding the movement and the general condition of affairs, thus learning what McDowell knew of the enemy's movements as well as the movements of our own forces. McDowell, not having received his orders at the time and having no authority over the united forces, remained at Manassas to concentrate the scattered divisions of his corps.

Porter, with his corps and King's division of McDowell's corps, continued his march toward Gainesville, moving up the road which runs nearly parallel with the Manassas Gap Railroad. At about half-past eleven o'clock he came to a small and nearly dry stream called Dawkin's Branch, nine miles from Thoroughfare Gap, and here encountered the cavalry pickets of the rebel army, and captured some of Longstreet's scouts. Large clouds of dust to his front and right and extending back to Thoroughfare Gap showed him that the enemy were arriving in force, and that some were forming their line in his front. He rode to the front and the enemy opened infantry fire from the front and right flank. Porter knew this force to be Longstreet's corps from the information he had received that day. Before leaving Bristow Porter had learned from Ricketts of the advance of Longstreet's heads of columns through the Gap. At Manassas he had talked with McDowell regarding Longstreet's advance. From Pope's orders he knew that Jackson's corps was taken care of, and from scouts captured he learned that Longstreet was in his front. He knew that it must be Longstreet's force, and accordingly moved forward to feel the enemy. Morell's division was at once deployed, — Sykes closed up in support, and a regiment was sent across the creek as skirmishers; Butterfield's brigade was sent to the right and front with orders to seize the commanding and advantageous position a mile to their front, while Morell and Sykes were ready to advance when needed. Just as the deployment was completed Porter was joined by McDowell, who handed Porter a copy of the so-called joint order, under which he assumed command,

and arrested the forward movement, saying, "Porter, you are too far out; this is no place to fight a battle." He thus lost the commanding position which Porter had ordered occupied, as the enemy took possession of it immediately, finding it of immense advantage.



BATTLE FIELD OF AUG. 29TH AFTER 11 A.M.

It is now necessary to follow the story closely, as Porter's actions from this time on, at this point, gave rise to his court-martial. It is claimed that the joint order ordered him to attack; and for not attacking he was court-martialed. Let us follow the wording of the orders closely, so as to get their full import, and judge for ourselves just what we would have done under the circumstances and whether there was any order to attack.

The so-called joint order is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
"CENTREVILLE, Aug. 29th, 1862.

"*General Order No. 5.*

"GENERALS MCDOWELL AND PORTER: —

"You will please move forward with your joint commands towards Gainesville. I sent General Porter written orders to that effect an hour and a half ago. Heintzelman, Reno, and Sigel are moving on the Warrenton Turnpike and must be now not far from Gainesville. I desire that as soon as communication is established between this force and your own, the whole command shall halt. It may be necessary to fall back behind Bull Run, at Centreville, to-night. I presume it will be so on account of our supplies.

"I have sent no orders of any description to Ricketts and none to interfere in any way with the movements of McDowell's troops, except what I sent by his aide-de-camp last night, which were to hold his position on the Warrenton Pike until the troops from here should fall upon the enemy's flank and rear. I do not even know Ricketts's position, as I had not been able to find out where General McDowell was until a late hour this morning.

"General McDowell will take immediate steps to communicate with General Ricketts and instruct him to rejoin the other division of the corps as soon as practicable.

"If any considerable advantage is to be gained by departing from this order it will not be strictly carried out. One thing must be had in view — that the troops must occupy a position from which they can reach Bull Run to-night or by morning. The indications are that the whole force of the enemy is moving in this direction at a pace that will bring them here by to-morrow night or next day.

"My own Headquarters will be for the present with Heintzelman's corps or at this place.

"JOHN POPE, Major-General Comd'g."

At the same time McDowell showed Porter a dispatch from General Buford, commanding our cavalry, who had been sent to observe Thoroughfare Gap. The dispatch had been sent through General Ricketts, and read as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE,
"9:30 A.M.

"Seventeen regiments, one battery, and five hundred cavalry passed through Gainesville three-quarters of an hour ago on the Centreville Road. I think this division should join our forces now engaged at once. Please forward this.

"JOHN BUFORD, Brigadier-General."

It will be seen that a large portion of Longstreet's corps had reached Gainesville, only three miles from Porter's position, at 8:45 that morning. At the court-martial Buford estimated the force he saw at 14,000 men. It is also clear that Porter and McDowell both knew from Ricketts and Buford that Longstreet was through the Gap and marching to reinforce Jackson. From Buford they had learned that he was three miles from their position by nine o'clock that morning with about 14,000 men; and now, three hours later, they found from captured scouts that his troops were actually in their front. Accordingly, they rode together to the right into the thick woods on the north, in order, if possible, to put their troops on the march toward Sigel and Heintzelman on the Warrenton Pike, as directed in the order; but they found the woods and underbrush so thick and the ravines so deep that they could not pass. There is much controversy regarding the conversation of the generals as they rode back after finding that it was impossible to move through the woods, not so much with regard to what was said, as to what was intended. One of them, they admit, suggested that as the head of King's division, with Ricketts following, was then near the point where the Sudley Springs Road left the road on which Porter's corps was stationed, McDowell should move up the Sudley Springs Road with these troops, and then turn to the left down the old Warrenton Road, and place himself between Porter and Reynolds. This suggestion was approved by both, and McDowell galloped down the road to put King on the march, exclaiming to Porter as he left, "Put

your corps in there." McDowell claims that by this he intended that Porter should advance after putting his troops in line; while Porter claims to have understood that he was to wait there in line until McDowell had gone around to where Reynolds was established, and extended the line of the army from there; then when he, Porter, ascertained that McDowell was in position, he was to communicate with the latter, and be governed by his orders or by the circumstances at the time. Porter's understanding of the movement was shown by his actions of the afternoon; he continually sent scouts through and behind the woods toward Reynolds's left to report to McDowell; but many of them never reached their destination. I cannot think that McDowell intended Porter to fight then and there; his action in marching directly away from the field, leaving Porter, with greatly depleted numbers and no possibility of aid, to oppose what he knew to be a far superior and rapidly increasing force of the enemy was certainly not the act of the gallant, brave, and skilful soldier that McDowell was known to be. After the line had been completed by placing King and Ricketts between Reynolds and Porter the fight was to have taken place if it were thought best. But McDowell, instead of marching by the old Warrenton Road to the left, to put himself with King and Ricketts between Reynolds and Porter, continued on the Sudley Springs Road to the main army. He thus altered his implied intention, of turning down the old Warrenton Road at its junction with the Sudley Springs Road and coming in on Porter's right beyond the woods.

If McDowell, claiming that he was in command of these joint forces, intended to order Porter to attack, he should have said so, and remained to see his orders carried out with King and with Ricketts, who were just coming up; the moment he left, and took his troops with him, his authority over Porter ceased. From the conversation, the circumstances, and the orders of McDowell, and from the provisions of the joint order,

McDowell's action in leaving the field fully implied that he was to move to the right to get between Reynolds and Porter, and that Porter was to take no important steps until communication with McDowell was established and the latter was in support. This action of McDowell, the superior officer, should certainly have relieved Porter from any blame for not carrying out the joint order. Moreover, General McDowell testified that he had been in command, and that the "joint order found the troops in the position it directed them to be." He then set aside the joint order by taking away the troops joined to Porter and going to a distant point to prevent the junction of Longstreet with Jackson. On this matter the report of the Board says: "Porter's duty that afternoon was too plain and simple to admit of discussion; it was to hold his position and cover the deployment of McDowell's troops until the latter, or some of them, should get into line, then to connect with them so far as might be necessary and practicable, and in the absence of further orders to act in concert with those troops and others on the right."

After McDowell's departure Porter pushed Griffin through the woods on the north to the railroad, but he was driven back. He also sent frequent dispatches to McDowell and Pope with regard to the situation of affairs on his part of the line, asking for orders and information. He also kept a bold front to the enemy throughout the day, and put his corps in position to resist any attack. He kept up constant communication with his skirmish line, and received frequent dispatches from the officer in command which reported a large force of the enemy in his front. This display of troops and activity so deceived Longstreet that at four o'clock he ordered Wilcox, who had three brigades supporting Jackson's left, to place his troops across the Manassas Gap Railroad in support of Jones, who was in front of Porter. At about half-past four in the afternoon, hearing the heavy artillery fire occasioned by Grover's charge, Porter

at first ordered Morell to move north to the aid of Sigel; but later, finding the enemy massing in his front, on the arrival of Wilcox he suspended the movement.

Having followed Porter's actual movements, let us consider whether he disobeyed Pope's orders as claimed by that general. The joint order (p. 78) has been quoted in full; it is not an order to attack the enemy; in no way can it be so construed. It is simply an order to "establish communication" with the balance of the army, which, according to Pope, was marching down Warrenton Pike. "Communication," not connection, being made, the command was to halt. And in the latter part of the order General Pope distinctly says, "If any particular advantages are to be gained by departing from this order it will not be strictly carried out." This, then, gave Porter and McDowell discretion to act as they judged best. The order then goes on to say, "One thing must be had in view: the troops must occupy a position from which they can reach Bull Run to-night or by morning, and the indications are that the whole force of the enemy is moving in this direction at a pace that will bring them here by to-morrow night or the next day." The order required Porter and McDowell to do an impossible thing, and then stated that the whole force of the enemy would not arrive for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, when they both knew Longstreet, with the balance of Lee's army, to be in their front at that moment. Porter had with him from 9,000 to 10,000 men of his corps and about 7,000 of King's men, who, from fatigue and want of sleep and food, were not in condition for action. The whole tenor of the order was against bringing on an engagement with the combined forces of the enemy, and the operations outlined were to be of a temporary character; besides, it stated incorrectly the position of Heintzelman, Sigel, and Reno, who, to the knowledge of McDowell and Porter, had not even reached Groveton, as Jackson held them in check.

Let us also notice the contents of another order, issued shortly after the "joint order," to the officers of the right wing:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
"August 29th, 1862.

"To GENERALS HEINTZELMAN, SIGEL, AND RENO:

"If you find yourselves heavily pressed by superior numbers of the enemy, you will not push matters further. Fitz-John Porter's and King's divisions of McDowell's corps are moving on Gainesville from Manassas Junction and will come in on your left. They have about 20,000 men. The command must return to this place (that is, Centreville) to-night, or by morning, on account of subsistence and forage.

"JOHN POPE,
"Major-General Commanding."

We learn here that if the right wing were "heavily pressed by superior numbers of the enemy," that is, if Jackson, who was supposed by Pope to be flying in retreat, should be reinforced by Longstreet, the fight was not to be forced.

We thus find from these two orders that Pope did not want a fight with the combined forces of the enemy. The army must not be so involved that it could not fall back that night behind Bull Run, to procure supplies and possibly to take up a defensive position. McDowell and Porter having found out that the forces of the enemy had combined, it was clear from the order and from the circumstances around him that Porter should not attack. His duty was clearly to keep a bold front so as to deceive the enemy into supposing that he was about to attack and that his numbers were large. This, we have shown, was exactly what Porter did. He did deceive the enemy, causing him to detach Wilcox's division from Pope's front at an opportune moment just before Grover's and Kearney's charges were made; nor did this division return in time to take part in the engagement of Hood's division with Hatch. If Wilcox had not been sent to the right and had been present with Jackson at the battle, it is possible and even probable that Grover

and Kearney would have been severely handled and that our right might have met with disaster; Porter's 9,000 kept Longstreet's 20,000 quiet and prevented a heavier opposition to Kearney and Hooker.

Let us now see what the Board says on this point: "General Pope's last order, — the joint order, — General McDowell's directions while he was with General Porter, the military situation as then known to both Porter and McDowell, and the movement McDowell decided to take to get his own troops into line of battle, and the state of the action on the right of the field, all combined to absolutely forbid any further attack by Porter during the entire afternoon, until he received Pope's order at sunset, and even that order could not have possibly been given if the situation had been correctly understood. An attack (under the 'joint order') would have been a violation of the spirit of his orders, and a criminal blunder leading to inevitable disaster. In short, he had no choice, as a faithful soldier, but to do substantially what he did do." Again, they say: "An attack under such circumstances would have been not only a great blunder, but on the part of an intelligent officer it would have been a great crime." They also say: "The display of troops made by Porter earlier in the afternoon had all the desired and all possible and beneficial effect. It caused Longstreet's reserve division to be sent to his extreme right in front of Porter's position; there that division remained until about six o'clock, too late for it to take any effective part in the operations at other points in the line." They also say of the general conduct of Porter that afternoon: "His conduct was obedient, subordinate, faithful, and judicious; he saved the Union army from disaster on the 29th of August." The question of Longstreet's arrival and the position he occupied, is next to be considered. This is the one great point of difference between Porter and Pope. The latter claimed that Longstreet was not on the field all that day, while Porter's defense was that Longstreet was in his front with a large force of the rebel army. After the war

Porter obtained from General Lee, General Longstreet, and other rebel officers, letters stating the time of the arrival of their troops on the field and the positions occupied by them, which showed that his statement in defense was correct, and that the rebel army had been in position to receive an attack by him. Afterwards, the official reports of these generals of the operations of their forces on the 29th of August were found among the rebel papers surrendered to our Government. These letters and the reports and the evidence given by these officers at the Board of Inquiry are the documents from which I quote. They can be found in the papers in the case published by the Government, and quotations from them are made in Gordon's "Army of Virginia" and Ropes's "Army under Pope."

Lee, in his official report, says that Jones and Wilcox bivouacked on the night of the 28th east of the mountain, at Thoroughfare Gap, and that when, on the morning of the 29th, the whole command resumed the march, the sound of the cannon at Manassas announced that Jackson was already engaged. Longstreet's report says: "Early on the 29th the columns were united (that is, the three columns which had crossed the mountains), — one column having moved through Hope Well Gap, one through Thoroughfare Gap, and one by a wood road; and the advance to join General Jackson was resumed. The noise of battle was heard before we reached Gainesville. The march was quickened to the extent of our capacity. The excitement of battle seemed to give new life and strength to our jaded men, and the head of my column soon reached a position in rear of the enemy's left flank and within easy cannon-shot." General D. R. Jones, commanding a division, reports as follows: "Early in the morning of the 29th I took up line of march in the direction of the old battlefield of Manassas, from whence heavy firing was heard. Arriving on the ground about noon, my command was stationed at the extreme right of our whole line." At the Board-hearing an aid to General Jones, named Williams, testified that the division was in position

before noon. General Longstreet in his report says further, regarding the position of the troops: "On approaching the field, some of Brigadier-General Hood's batteries were ordered into position and his division was deployed to the right and left of the turnpike, at right angles and supported by Brigadier-General Evans's brigade. Three brigades under General Wilcox were thrown forward to the support of the left, and three others under General Kemper to the support of the right of these commands. General D. R. Jones's division was placed upon the Manassas Gap Railroad and in echelon with the last three brigades."

At the Board-hearing, General Longstreet testified that he thought his troops had been deployed by eleven o'clock. It could not, he thought, be later than that. He also testified that Jones's division extended beyond the railroad. General Robertson, who commanded a brigade of cavalry in the rebel army, testified that he assisted personally in putting the troops in position, locating their batteries, etc., and that when Longstreet's line was formed he took his position on D. R. Jones's right, which extended across the Manassas Gap Railroad some distance. He says the line was complete at half-past eleven o'clock. The letters from Generals Lee, Longstreet, Jones, Robertson, and other officers, state the same points as the above, and were used by General Porter in his frequent requests for a rehearing. They do not need to be quoted here; but to confirm all the testimony already mentioned I give extracts from the contemporaneous reports of Lieutenant Hazlett on our side, and of General Corse of the rebels, showing the shots fired by one into the ranks of the other. These reports are in the printed records of the war which have already been published. General Corse's report is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS KEMPER'S BRIGADE,
"September —, 1862.

"GENERAL: — I submit the following report of operations of Kemper's brigade, which I had the honor to command during the battles of Groveton, August 29th, and Manassas No. 2, August 30th.

"On the morning of the 29th this brigade, with others of your command, marched from its bivouac near Thoroughfare Gap, and halted about three miles east of Gainesville about 12 o'clock. We were at once placed in line of battle in rear of Jenkins's brigade near the Manassas Gap Railroad. After remaining in this position for a short time the brigade moved forward east of the railroad. The Twenty-fifth Virginia was here detached and sent to support Rogers's battery, stationed near the Cott's house. The rest of the brigade, by your order, was then moved west of the railroad, forming line of battle a few yards from the outskirts of a wood. The Seventh Virginia went forward in skirmishing order across a field some three hundred yards to the front. In the last movement" (see Hazlett's report), "the brigade was subject to a heavy shelling from a battery of the enemy, distant about twelve hundred yards. Remaining in this position for half an hour, I received, through your assistant adjutant-general (Captain W. F. Fry), an order to move forward and to the right, to withdraw the Seventh, connect it with my line, and occupy a wood in front, distant four hundred yards. In obeying this order the brigade was forced to move in full view of the above mentioned battery, which kept a constant fire upon us. Nothing daunted, however, the line moved steadily forward and took the position designated. I threw out Captain R. H. Simpson's company (Seventeenth regiment) as skirmishers to the front and right. In a short time he encountered the enemy's skirmishers on our right and in rear of our line. Not being aware that any of our troops were on my right, and seeing the enemy a few moments before display considerable force in front, which at once moved to the right under cover of a wood, I deemed it prudent to fall back. . . . I now sent Major Arthur Herbert (Seventeenth regiment) to ascertain whether or not we had any troops on my right. At this time Major Palmer rode up and I made him acquainted with the fact. He went off and in a short time General Drayton (with his brigade) reported with orders to relieve me.

"I remain, General, very respectfully,
"Your Obedient Servant,
"M. D. Corse,
"Colonel, Comd'g Brigade.

"Brigadier-General J. L. Kemper,
"Commanding Division."

Lieutenant Hazlett's report was:

"MINER'S HILL, VIRGINIA,
"September 3rd, 1862.

"SIR:—I have the honor to transmit herewith the report of the action of Batt. D, Fifth U. S. A. artillery, in the recent action near Bull Run.

"We took up a position on an eminence, Dawkin's Branch, opposite to where the enemy were ascertained to be, and in a short time they opened on a column of our infantry with one gun, a six-pounder. We replied, but with what effect could not be ascertained, as the enemy were concealed in the woods. The enemy kept up the firing for a very short time, none of the shots reaching us, but shortly after opened on us again with two rifled guns, one of them being a ten-pound Parrot. None of their shots took effect in the battery, though some of the infantry some distance in the rear were injured by ricochet shots.

"At the same time clouds of dust were seen rising in the woods near the enemy's batteries. I directed part of the guns on this dust and part on the enemy's batteries. The effect of none of these shots could be seen for the woods, but shortly after a large column of infantry appeared in an opening of the woods on which the guns which could see into this place were immediately turned with very good effect, as the shells could be seen bursting directly in the column, which broke and ran into the woods for shelter, but soon again formed, only to be again dispersed. They did not appear again. We encamped on this ground until next morning, when we marched to the Warrenton Turnpike near where it crosses Bull Run.

"Very Respectfully, Your Obt. Servant,
"CHAS. E. HAZLETT,
"1st Lieutenant, 5th Art. Comd. Batt. D.

"Captain MARTIN, Chief of Division Art."

The last part of Hazlett's report shows that Porter did not retreat as accused.

The reports and testimony of other officers could be added, but I have given, I think, enough to show the truth of Porter's point. I shall merely add that Corse's and Dayton's troops were in the rear of Longstreet's column and were in position by 11 A.M.

I have thus shown conclusively, from the reports and testimony of rebel officers, that troops of Longstreet's command, infantry and cavalry, and supported by the balance of Longstreet's corps, in all nearly 25,000 men, were directly in Porter's front on his arrival at Dawkin's Branch and ready to receive him. It will be remembered that Porter had received information from Ricketts and Buford regarding the movements of the rebel army, and that he had learned from captured scouts of Longstreet's arrival in his front. Colonel Marshall of the Thirteenth New York volunteers, a captain in the Regular Army, whose regiment was on the skirmish line, testified before the court-martial that when he advanced his skirmishers he found a very large force of the enemy drawn up in line of battle. Major Highland, of the same regiment, says that he could hear commands and the movements of artillery coming into position, and that there was a very large force indeed, sufficient, he thinks, to have made a successful resistance to Porter's entire corps. The Board says on this point: "The fact is that Longstreet, with four divisions of fully 25,000 men, was there on the field before Porter arrived with his two divisions of 9,000 men; that the Confederate General-in-Chief was there in person at least two or three hours before the commander of the Army of Virginia himself arrived on the field, and that Porter, with his two divisions, saved the army that day from the disaster naturally due the enemy's earlier preparations for battle."

I have spoken about the enemy passing in Porter's front. The movement is given in Longstreet's report: "At a late hour in the day I withdrew General Wilcox with his three brigades from the left and placed his command in position to support Jones in case of an attack upon my right." General Wilcox, in his report, says: "At 4:30 to 5 P. M. the three brigades were moved across to the right of the turnpike, a mile or more, to the Manassas Gap Railroad."

We come now naturally to the second stage in the operations of August 29, the time of the receipt of the so-called 4:30

order, the action taken by Porter to obey and to a consideration of what he should have done under the circumstances. The order is as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.
"August 29, 4:30 P. M.

"MAJOR-GENERAL PORTER: Your line of march brings you on the enemy's right flank. I desire you to push forward into action at once on the enemy's flank, and if possible on his rear, keeping your right in communication with General Reynolds.

"The enemy is massed in the woods in front of us, but can be shelled out as soon as you engage their flank. Keep heavy reserves and use your batteries, keeping well closed to your right all the time. In case you are obliged to fall back, do so to your right and rear, so as to keep you in close communication with the right wing.

"JOHN POPE,
"Major-General Commanding."

This order, Porter has always claimed, was not received until sunset (about seven o'clock), whereas Pope's claim was that it was delivered to Porter at his headquarters at Bethlehem Church at 5:30 P. M. The court-martial sustained Pope's claim against the direct testimony of General Sykes, Colonel Locke (Porter's Adjutant General), Captain Monteith, Lieutenant Ingham, and Lieutenant Weld, who all testified that it was received at about sundown. Undoubtedly the order, with Porter's receipt, had been lost.

We have, however, additional and contemporaneous evidence, either newly discovered or concealed till brought before the Advisory Board, that General Porter did not receive the 4:30 order until nearly dark. It is as follows: 1st. The dispatch, No. 38, b, page 399, of the Proceedings of the Board, being a dispatch sent by Porter to McDowell and dated 6 P. M., shows from its wording that Porter could not have had the order in his possession at that time. 2d. The dispatch, No. 38, c, same page as above, speaks of Ricketts's command, which did not pass Porter till nearly dark, the last brigade (Tower's),

not leaving Manassas Junction until after sundown. At that hour Porter did not know that General Pope was not at Centreville, and much less that he was at or near Groveton. To me it seems that the claim as to Porter's receipt of the order in question is brought forward needlessly; for even if it had been received at 5:30 P. M., no officer of intelligence enough to hold the position of corps commander would have obeyed it, and failed in his duty by such disobedience. This order was given on a false understanding of the position of affairs by the general commanding. Porter was not on the flank of the enemy, but in their front, and they were across his line of march in largely superior numbers, and he knew it. He did not and could not connect with Reynolds because two miles of rough, wooded country was between them, impassable, as Reynolds himself testified before the court-martial. Still, Porter was convicted and punished for not obeying this order. If he had received it at 5:30 P. M. and tried to obey it, Longstreet, with 20,000 men as he himself testified, would have defeated Porter, swung around and given Pope battle with the Federal left flank completely surrounded. The disaster of the next day would then have been precipitated and sustained with worse consequences. Still, Porter, on receiving the order, prepared to carry it out, acting upon the erroneous supposition that McDowell had forwarded his many dispatches to Pope giving the true situation, and that Pope in giving the order perhaps intended to sacrifice the corps. This he stated to me personally. He immediately sent Colonel Locke, Chief of Staff, to the front with orders for Morell to push forward. He wrote to Pope, acknowledging the order and giving the hour of receipt, and said that he would do all he could to execute it, although he knew that it was too late to do so successfully. He then rode rapidly to the front to take charge of the movement personally. A short time previous to the receipt of the order he had directed Morell to move to the front on a reconnoissance and feel the enemy.

On his arrival at the front, Morell, who in obedience to the

last order had changed his movement of reconnoissance into one of real attack, was already moving forward. Porter, finding that darkness had come on, and realizing that an attack under those conditions would be worse than fruitless, ordered Morell to halt and put his troops in position for the night. Here let me quote again from the report of the Board. Regarding the time of the receipt of the order, the Board says in their finding: "This order, though dated at 4:30 P. M., was not received by Porter at Bethlehem Church before 6:30 P. M." And farther on they say: "The testimony of General Sykes, Lieutenant-Colonel Locke, Captain Monteith, Lieutenant Ingham and Lieutenant Weld before the court-martial, that the order in question was not delivered until about sundown, either a little before or a little after, has now been supported by a new and entirely independent witness, Captain Randol, and has been singularly confirmed by the production, for the first time, of the dispatch from Porter to McDowell, dated 6 P. M., the terms of which utterly forbid the supposition that at that time Porter had received the order." As to what Porter did on receiving the order, I quote again from the finding of the Board: "The moment the order was received, Porter sent his chief of staff, Colonel Locke, to General Morell with orders to attack at once. He then wrote and sent a reply to Pope, and immediately rode to the front. On his arrival there Morell had about completed his preparations for the attack, under the previous orders to make a reconnoissance, but darkness had already come on. It was evidently impossible to do any good that night, for, even if Morell had been able to make the attack before dark, Sykes could not have been got into line after the order was received. The order was based upon conditions manifestly erroneous and directed what was impossible to be done. To push Morell's division against the enemy in the dark would have been in no sense obedience to the order. Porter wisely ordered the preparations to cease, and the troops were put into position to pass the night, picketing in all directions, for Porter had but a few

mounted men and the enemy had 2,500 cavalry near his flank."

I will make one more quotation from the Board report; it is their opinion regarding what Porter's duty was in regard to the 4:30 P. M. order. They say: "If the 4:30 order had been promptly delivered, a very grave responsibility would have devolved upon General Porter. The order was based upon conditions which were essentially erroneous, and upon expectations which could not possibly be realized.

"It required an attack upon the enemy's flank or rear, which could not be made, and that the attacking force keep closed on Reynolds, who was far to the right and beyond reach. Yet it would have been too late to correct the error and have the order modified. That order appeared to be part of a general plan. It must be executed promptly or not at all. If Porter had made, not the impossible attack which was ordered, but a direct attack upon the enemy's right wing, would he have been blameless for the fruitless sacrifice of his troops? We believe not. It is a well-established military maxim that a commander is not justified in making an apparently hopeless attack in obedience to an order from a superior who is not on the spot, and who is evidently in error in respect to essential conditions upon which the order is based. The duty of the commander in such a case is to make, not a real attack, but a strong demonstration, so as to prevent the enemy in his front from sending reinforcements to other parts of his line.

"The display of troops made by Porter earlier in the afternoon had all the desired effect, and all possible beneficial effect. It caused Longstreet's reserve division to be sent to his extreme right in front of Porter's position. There that division had remained until about 6:30 o'clock—too late for it to take any effective part in the operations at other points of the line."

What more could Porter have done? His 9,000 men rendered nearly 20,000 of the enemy ineffective after his arrival on the field. Speaking of Porter's conduct during the afternoon, the Board says: "That conduct was obedient, subordi-

nate, faithful, and judicious. He saved the Union army from disaster on the 29th of August."

If this explanation (always adhered to by Porter, and denied by his enemies) is not confirmed in full, no evidence can prove the truth. Porter's cause was just. He knew it, and he knew that his enemies were only concealing their own errors by committing more wrongs. We, of the Fifth corps, knew Porter and served with him. We knew him at Gaines's Mill and at Malvern Hill, where his courage and soldierly qualities won praise from his superiors and from the whole country; and we knew that he was not guilty of any misconduct on this field of the Second Bull Run. We have stood by him all these years, and will continue to do so until the country has righted him, as history already has. He has fought the good fight and proved his innocence so that no fair-minded man can doubt it; and in return for our encouragement he has brought proof almost as sure as holy writ; he has convinced, after months of close investigation of the facts, three of the ablest and most honorable officers of the army, who took their places on the Board of Investigation against their will; one of them, Terry, had even asked Porter to object to his being a member, as he could not do him justice, no matter what the evidence, so convinced was he of Porter's guilt. Then, add to this the words of General Grant, the greatest soldier in this country, spoken so strongly in his favor: "Will you do less than they and hold him to blame on your limited knowledge? God forbid!"

I cannot close my paper without saying a few words regarding Porter's action on the next day, the 30th, — which was the day of the great battle. Porter had been ordered at three o'clock that morning to march to the right, where he reported at 8:17 A. M. and went into position. Later in the day, Pope ordered an advance in two columns to pursue, as he stated, "the retreating enemy." McDowell was put in command of the advance, Porter led one column and Ricketts the other. Porter was to proceed down the Warrenton Pike, while Ricketts took

the Haymarket Road to the north of the Warrenton Road. Longstreet, on finding that Porter had retired, swung his corps round as on a pivot, using Hood, who rested on the Warrenton Pike, as the pivot. He occupied the position just south of the pike and parallel to it, facing north, — his batteries and infantry having a flank fire on our troops. Porter was on the right, or north of the pike, and Reynolds was south of it, although, about the time the charge was made, he was moved from his position to the rear of Porter.

Porter's advance was the only one made. It was begun before 2:30 P. M. He struck Jackson's right, and instead of finding a retreating enemy, he found old Jackson behind his "stone wall." Porter's attack was determined and vigorous, and the battle there was obstinate, fierce, and bloody as reported by the rebel officers. Porter nearly broke Jackson's line, — so nearly that Jackson sent to Lee begging for reinforcements. But Longstreet, who was directed to furnish them, found "that the guns would do their work," and the terrible, galling, enfilading fire of cannon with canister and shell at short range did their work,—we soldiers know how pitilessly,—and Porter's men fell back. Immediately Longstreet threw forward his whole corps and a terrible battle ensued, the rebels fighting for the pike, the Henry House Hill, and Bald Hill. McDowell and Pope found that they had other work to do than hunting a retreating enemy. They had to plan well and fight hard and long, or Lee would be hunting the retreating enemy. On the Henry House Hill and Bald Hill batteries were placed with heavy supports.

On the right, Jackson advanced with his wing on seeing Longstreet's forward movement, and the whole force of both armies became engaged. Brigades were reduced to the numbers of a small regiment, and regiments to bare companies, by the fearful losses. General Warren, commanding a brigade, seeing a break in our line, without orders, held the enemy with his old regiment of zouaves, the Fifth New York, until a new line could be established. Two-thirds of his regiment was

left dead and wounded on the field. Hood, the impetuous Texan, tried time and again to capture Bald Hill; but he was driven back by Sigel's corps and Reynolds's division until nightfall, when the rebels swarmed over the hill and our forces retired.

I turn now to the defense of the Henry House Hill, the last post of importance; it had to be held as it protected the approaches to the stone bridge over Bull Run, over which our army was falling back. On this hill were posted the two regular brigades and the other troops of Porter's corps hastily gathered to their support; on them was to fall the mighty duty of checking that tide of victorious men sweeping on in the gathering darkness. Porter, Sykes, and other general officers had gathered there. Right well they did it; Porter's corps, with a loss of 2,200 out of 6,000 for the day, as the Board truly says, "nobly and amply vindicated the character of their trusted chief and demonstrated to all the world that disobedience of orders and misbehavior in the presence of the enemy are crimes which could not possibly find place in the head or heart of him who thus commanded that corps." Far into the evening they fought, the flashes of the enemy's guns showing where their line pressed forward, only to fall back under the deadly fire of the regulars; then and there Porter's men added to the fame won at Hanover Court House, at Mechanicsville, at Gaines's Mill, and at Malvern Hill, the story of the stand made at the Second Bull Run, another halo of glory to the old Fifth corps and their commander, — Fitz-John Porter.

After finally crossing the bridge, Porter and his men marched in solid column by the army in bivouac, worn out; and as they passed on in the gloom of the night, reduced in numbers, an officer stepped forward and asked, "Who are you?" Back came the answer, "The Fifth corps." General McDowell (for it was he) said, "God bless you, — you have saved the Army of the Potomac to-night." *

* From Colonel W. H. Powell.

A SCRAP OF GETTYSBURG.

By RICHARD S. THOMPSON.

[Read February 11, 1897.]

AT the close of the second day's fighting at Gettysburg, the clouds hung low over the Army of the Potomac. Hard blows had been given and received, the field hospitals were crowded with our wounded, the dead were numbered by thousands. The First, Third, and Eleventh corps had been severely shattered, while the Fifth and Second had been hotly engaged and sustained heavy losses in killed and wounded. With the darkness of night came the shadow of doubt as to the morrow.

It was under such conditions that a council of war was held at General Meade's headquarters, where the advisability of a retreat by the Union forces was considered. General Meade favored retreat, with a view of occupying some position that might offer better prospects of success. General Hancock (that noble example of an American soldier), in a voice that must have thrilled the gallant blood of all who heard him, said, "The Army of the Potomac has retreated too often; we must remain and fight it out."

Though General Hancock knew that among the generals opposed to us there were Longstreet, Pickett, and Armistead, with whom side by side he had advanced in the assaulting column in Mexico at the attack upon Molino del Rey, in 1847, still, little did he dream that on the morrow two divisions of his own corps were to be singled out to receive the heaviest field artillery fire ever concentrated on so small a space, to be followed by the most determined charge the Army of the Potomac had ever encountered.

In front of General Alexander Hays's division of the Second corps, and beyond the Emmetsburg Road, stood the Bliss House,

and near it a large stone barn. The enemy's skirmish line was advanced so that this barn was used as a reserve post for their skirmishers. It was also occupied by sharpshooters who, from two openings in the second story of the structure, annoyed our main line and made themselves particularly disagreeable when any mounted officers came within range of their rifles.

During the 2d of July, a detachment of Berdan's sharpshooters, using very heavy, long-range telescopic rifles, with a sort of tripod rest, were placed on our main line with instructions to stop this annoyance. The method adopted was somewhat peculiar. The enemy's sharpshooters soon discovered, not only that we were using rifles that had sufficient range, but also that they were being used with remarkable precision. With a field-glass it was easy to observe the effect of this rifle practice. Several men were seen to fall at the openings in the barn, and the enemy's sharpshooters became more and more cautious. At the flash of a rifle on our line they would instantly disappear, and upon the ball passing through the opening as instantly reappear, ready to try a shot or fall back again if a second rifle flashed on our line. To meet these tactics, new methods were adopted by the telescopic riflemen; they formed themselves into squads or partnerships of three, and when the three were ready with correct aim, number one would fire; the enemy would instantly retire from the two openings; then counting "one, two, three," the remaining two partners would fire simultaneously, each at his appointed opening; the ball from number one passing through the opening, the enemy immediately reappeared, too late to see the flash of the second rifles, yet in time to receive their bullets. Alas! how little we thought human life was the stake for which this game was being played.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of July 2, Colonel Smyth, commanding the Second brigade of Hays's division, in compliance with an order from General Hays to dislodge the enemy's skirmishers, directed four companies of the Twelfth New Jersey regiment to charge the barn. Between our line and this

barn, a distance of a little less than six hundred yards, the ground was clear and almost level. The four companies, armed with smooth-bore Springfield muskets, calibre 69, using buck and ball, under command of a captain moved forward. The enemy immediately opened upon them with artillery, while a little later the reserve at the barn and the skirmishers on the line from right to left, as far as their rifles would reach, poured upon them an incessant fire; men were falling in the ranks, yet on they went, a gallant band of Jerseymen. The fire grew more deadly; gripping their muskets with firm hands, they charged at double-quick. They were not to be denied. Through the enemy's skirmish line they rushed. They neared the barn, and then the buckshot told, — the charge was accomplished, the barn was theirs, and with it ninety-two men and seven commissioned officers captured. With these prisoners they returned to our line, amid the cheers and applause of thousands of onlooking soldiers. Their loss was one captain and forty men stricken down.

During the night of July 2, the enemy reoccupied the Bliss barn and reëstablished and greatly strengthened both their skirmish line and its reserve. At daylight on the 3d, their sharpshooters continued the annoyance of the day before.

At seven o'clock in the morning General Hays again ordered Colonel Smyth to dislodge them. Five companies of the Twelfth New Jersey (not including either of those in the previous venture) were detailed to make the charge, and that portion of the First Delaware of the same brigade not on the skirmish line was ordered to follow in support; all under command of a captain of the Twelfth New Jersey, who was then acting as major of the regiment.* As the five companies started from our main line to the front, they met, as their comrades had the day before, the fire from artillery, and, shortly afterwards, that of the skirmish line supplemented by that of the reserve. As soon as the distance to be covered would justify, the five companies

* The writer of this paper.

brought their muskets to a trail-arms and charged at double-quick. They carried the skirmish line and rushed on for the barn, but before they could reach it the enemy's reserve (having the day before had experience with buckshot), broke from their protection and scattering over the field ran to cover in a thick growth of low bushes to the rear and north of the barn, a major and ten men being the only prisoners captured.

The possession of the barn was held for some time, during which considerable numbers of the enemy moved through a continuation of the low bushes to a position northeast of the barn, and nearer our main line than the barn itself. A reconnoitering party sent from the barn to ascertain what might be in the bushes, soon returned, its commanding officer and others wounded, to report that "the bushes are full of them." Just then a battery which had been placed by the enemy immediately in rear of the barn opened upon it with solid shot; stones fell in all directions, and lime dust filled the air. The barn was no longer attractive as a summer resort.

The men first being cautioned as to the movement to be made and its object, the five companies, followed by the First Delaware, left the barn, moving by flank. The enemy opened a battery upon them, but they continued to move in quick time until, when nearly opposite the ambuscade, they suddenly halted and opened fire into the bushes; instantly Woodruff's battery, located on the right of the Second corps, opened with canister into the same bushes. This treatment was so unlooked for, and the effect of the canister and buckshot so terrific, that, instead of interfering with the return they were supposed to cut off, the entire attention of the enemy was given to effecting their own escape. From their haste and manner it was evident that they were entirely willing to follow the suggestion of Lady Macbeth to the guests at the banquet: "Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

Prior to ten o'clock on the morning of July 3, the artillery firing had ceased; the firing on the skirmish line had quieted

down, and a stillness that seemed oppressive had settled over the battlefield of Gettysburg. It was like the hush in nature's elements which so often precedes the bursting into fury of the storm. Like the ominous gathering of clouds, the enemy were moving great masses of troops and artillery. We waited. An hour passed, and still we waited. Another hour passed into history, and yet we waited. Even the occasional report of a rifle on the skirmish line seemed rather to emphasize than break the stillness. Eleven o'clock, — twelve o'clock, — one o'clock; then away to the enemy's right a single gun was fired, the shell from which struck the ground in rear of Hays's division. It did not burst; it lay there, a tongueless messenger of evil. Soon a second gun was fired from the enemy's extreme left, and another shell came screeching through the summer air and struck the ground not far from where the first shell landed. A minute or so passed, and then a gun in the enemy's centre fired, and with it their entire line, from right to left, occupying a concave front of three miles in length, burst into flame. The command "Down!" "Down!" was heard everywhere. Our men rushed to their places in the line and threw themselves upon the ground, and none too soon. In an instant there fell upon the position occupied by the divisions of Hays and Gibbon, of the Second corps, an avalanche of bursting shells.

It is impossible to give an adequate description of this unparalleled cannonade. Our colors had to be rolled and laid on the ground to keep them from being torn to pieces. The heat of the July sun, the effect of the smoke from the bursting shells and from our own artillery upon the eyes and lungs, even to those who escaped the greater ills of wounds, was an experience which no one who was in that line will ever forget.

The reports as to the number of the enemy's guns that took part in this cannonade, and the duration of it, are so conflicting it is difficult to fix either accurately. The number of guns has been variously stated from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and seventy, while the duration of it is placed at from two to

four hours. General Lee, in his report, says it continued for "about two hours." General Hays reports it as two and a half hours, others at three, and so on to four. But whatever the number, there were guns enough and to spare, and the duration seemed an eternity to those who held the position on which the fire was centred.

Few who read the story appreciate the magnitude of that cannonade. Consider for a moment the conditions. The fire was concentrated upon a position occupied by part of two small divisions. One hundred and forty guns (a conservative estimate), each firing twice per minute, would make 280 projectiles per minute, or 42,000 in two and a half hours.

Of the commanders of the five batteries in the two divisions, Woodruff, Cushing, and Rorty were killed, Brown was wounded, while Arnold alone escaped injury. Two hundred and fifty battery horses were killed and eleven caissons exploded.

Our line in Hays's division was advanced to the front some ten or fifteen yards from the crown of the ridge down the easy slope, for which reason the great majority of the shells passed just over us, striking the ground a few feet in rear of the line. Many of our wounded, who might have been saved by a surgeon's aid, rather than face certain death in an attempt to pass over the crown of that ridge, where the surface was being torn and beaten into dust by bursting shells, remained in the line and bled to death.

After the continuance of this artillery fire until it seemed as though Old Time had at last halted in his unchangeable march and turned over his scythe to the Angel of Death, a soldier in the line cried out, "Thank God! There comes the infantry!" He voiced the feelings of his comrades. Anything that promised action was better than inaction under the horrors of that cannonade.

From their cover, on the wooded slope of Seminary Ridge, emerged the assaulting column of the enemy. It advanced in double line of battle, with a strong force of skirmishers in front.

The right of their line consisted of three brigades of Pickett's division, with Wilcox's brigade in support of their right flank; the left of their column consisted of the four brigades of Heth's division, then under command of General Pettigrew, closely supported by the brigades of Scales and Lane of Pender's division, under the command of General Trimble. Two batteries of artillery also advanced in support of the assaulting column. On they came, a column seventeen thousand strong, with flags flying, bands playing, and arms at right shoulder shift. All in open sight of friend and foe, over the green valley they marched in "battle's magnificently stern array."

General Hancock, in his official report, says: "A strong line of skirmishers . . . advanced (followed by two deployed lines of battle), supported at different points by small columns of infantry. Their lines were formed with a precision and steadiness that extorted the admiration of the witnesses of that memorable scene. The left of the enemy extended slightly beyond the right of General Alexander Hays's division, the right being about opposite the left of Gibbon."

That part of the two divisions of the Second corps which was to receive this charge was posted as follows: On the right were the brigades of Willard and Smyth, of Hays's division, in the order named, with one regiment of Carrol's brigade thrown out in front on the right. The balance of Carrol's brigade was not present, it having been sent to support our troops at Culp's Hill.

Commencing at the right of Hays's division, which rested on Zeigler's Grove, the *front* line was occupied as follows: Thirty-ninth New York; One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York, of Willard's brigade; then followed the Twelfth New Jersey, First Delaware, and Fourteenth Connecticut, of Smyth's brigade, in the order named. In rear of the right regiment at Zeigler's Grove was stationed Woodruff's Battery I, First U. S. Artillery, supported by the One Hundred and Eighth New York, of Smyth's brigade. While in rear of the

Twelfth New Jersey and the First Delaware were the One Hundred and Eleventh New York and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York, of Willard's brigade.

At the left of Hays's division the low wall, made of loose stones and fence rails, turned at a right angle to the front for about fifty feet, and then at a right angle resumed the general southerly direction toward Round Top. On the left of Smyth's brigade of Hays's division, and with their right resting in the advance angle of this wall, were the brigades of Webb, Hall, and Harrow, of Gibbon's division, in the order named, with Stannard's brigade of the Third division of the First corps thrown out in front on the left. Gibbon's division, in order from right to left, in the *front* line, was as follows: Seventy-first Pennsylvania; Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, of Webb's brigade; Fifty-ninth New York; Seventh Michigan; Twentieth Massachusetts, of Hall's brigade; Nineteenth Maine; Fifteenth Massachusetts; First Minnesota; and Eighty-second New York, of Harrow's brigade. In rear of Webb's brigade was Cushing's Battery A, Fourth U. S. Artillery, supported by the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, of Webb's brigade. In rear of Hall's front were Brown's Battery B, First Rhode Island Artillery, and Rorty's Battery B, First New York Artillery, supported by the Forty-second New York and the Nineteenth Massachusetts, of Hall's brigade, while Arnold's Battery A, First Rhode Island Artillery, was stationed in rear of the junction of these two divisions.

The distance between the lines of the two armies at the point in question was between 1,300 and 1,400 yards. The charging column advanced for some time without interruption, the enemy's artillery continuing its fire upon the divisions of Hays and Gibbon. When about a third of the distance had been covered by the advancing column, the Union artillery stationed on the left, toward Round Top, opened fire. The bands of the enemy then retired. As the assaulting column neared our line, the artillery of the enemy ceased its fire on the divisions

of Hays and Gibbon, and turned its attention to the batteries in the other portions of the line.

The column continued its advance until its left reached the Emmetsburg Road, when Pickett's division, which had somewhat separated from Heth's division, changed its direction by a partial wheel to the left in order to close up upon the right of Heth's division. This movement consolidated the centre of attack upon Smyth's brigade of Hays's division, and upon Webb's and Hall's brigades of Gibbon's division. The change of direction by Pickett's division abandoned the support of Wilcox's brigade, which held to its original direction, and passed far to the south of the position where Stannard's brigade was thrown out to the front, while Pickett's division passed considerably to the north of Stannard's brigade. This change of direction by Pickett also exposed his right flank to our artillery under command of Colonel McGilvery, and that officer at once opened forty pieces of artillery upon Pickett's division.

Relieved from the cannonade, we immediately unfurled and raised our colors. The batteries in the divisions of Hays and Gibbon had nothing but canister left. As the enemy came within canister range, these batteries opened. Hundreds fell, but from the fact that their lines were somewhat converging, the tendency was to thicken, rather than leave the gaps open.

Our infantry held their fire until the enemy were within about 250 yards, when a sheet of flame flashed along our front and the *rifle* regiments were in action. For a moment the enemy hesitated, in the next they returned the fire, which they continued as the advance progressed.

The Twelfth New Jersey regiment had about four hundred men in line. They were armed, as already stated, with smooth-bore Springfield muskets. The regulation cartridge contained a ball and three buckshot; but the men always provided themselves with extra buckshot, and on occasions like this, when close work was to be done, added a generous supply of buckshot to the regulation charge. General Hays ordered that this

regiment be kept down until the enemy were within forty yards. Hence, on its immediate front seemed the safest road to our line. As the alignment of the advance became more and more broken, there was a very decided thickening and doubling up in the position of apparent least resistance. It was with the greatest difficulty that the men were kept down, and when the mass in that front was less than fifty yards away, and the men could be restrained no longer, the caution was given, "Aim low." The order that followed was neither needed nor heard; it was drowned in the roar of musketry, and the position of least resistance was to be looked for somewhere else.

The front of the column opposite Smyth's brigade went down. The brigades of Scales and Lane of Pender's division, being immediately in rear of Heth's right, were staggered for a moment, but, recovering, advanced over the fallen double line of Heth's division in the face of a fire that had settled into that continuous character where firing is at will instead of by volley. Soon all semblance of the enemy's line of battle was abandoned; yet still they advanced until the foremost reached a position about twelve to fifteen yards from our line, when the entire force in front of Hays's division gave way, not in sullen retreat, but in disordered flight. Many threw themselves upon the ground to escape the deadly fire. Large numbers of Hays's division rushed to the front to capture battle-flags and secure prisoners.

As the firing on Hays's front ceased, we discovered the enemy's flags flying in the angle to the front on our left, where Pickett's division had broken through the line held by Webb's brigade of Gibbon's division. Instantly Smyth's brigade opened an oblique fire on the left of this mass of Pickett's division occupying the angle. Stannard's brigade was pouring upon them a destructive fire from their right rear, while Gibbon's division, on their front and right, was bravely closing in on them. It was a slaughter-pen. Pickett's temporary success was soon over and the remnant of his division in flight. The

memorable charge of Gettysburg had ended. It was a gallant charge, heroically met!

When some great tidal wave rushes from the ocean upon a protecting sea-wall, it is the *breach* where interest centres. The dikes that hold, the battlements that stand the shock and hurl the maddened waters back upon the sea, are overlooked; and when the tale is told, 'tis of what happened at the *breach*. So of Gettysburg. When that great wave of rebellion surged over the valley against the Union line on Cemetery Ridge, the spectacular effect of the break in Gibbon's front, the maelstrom formed thereby, the stubborn resistance, the reinforcement, the rally, the forcing of the enemy to yield back the position they had so gallantly taken, and the driving them broken and defeated from the field, was an exhibition of valor and heroism that arrested the attention of all who witnessed it, and well deserves the praise it has received in story, song, and art.

Yet, if we consider the action of Hays's division during this charge, and judge it by the standard of military science, it will be seen that it deserves, to say the least, no less credit. Gibbon's division consisted of nine regiments in the *front* line, three regiments in rear, and three batteries, with three regiments of Stannard's brigade thrown out in front on the left, and having in remote support McGilvery's forty guns. It was confronted and engaged with the three brigades of Pickett's division. Hays's division, however, consisting of only five regiments in the *front* line, three regiments in rear, one battery, and with one regiment thrown out in front on the right, was confronted and engaged with the four brigades of Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's division. In other words, a much less force was engaged with six brigades instead of three.

General Robert E. Lee, in his official report, says: "The column of attack consisted of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right, to guard that flank, and Heth's was supported by Lane's and Scales's brigades, under General Trimble.

. . . The left finally gave way, and the right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering his advance works and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on *both flanks* and driven back with heavy loss."

Brigadier-General Lane, in his official report, says that his brigade and Scales's brigade (the latter commanded by Colonel Lowrence) advanced in rear of the right of Heth's division (then under command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew), and that when Pettigrew's command gave way, these two brigades of Lane and Scales, which were under the command of General Trimble, continued their advance to within a few yards of the stone wall. His report also shows a loss of over half of his brigade.

Colonel Lowrence, commanding Scales's brigade, says these two brigades (meaning Scales's and Lane's) advanced until they were reduced to mere squads, not numbering in all more than eight hundred men.

The official reports show that in front of Hays's division the enemy left on the field 3,500 stands of arms; that over 2,000 prisoners and fifteen battle-flags were captured, and also that the killed and wounded in the six brigades which confronted Hay's division were more than double the killed and wounded in the three brigades of Pickett. *Yet no enemy crossed the line of Hays's division excepting as a prisoner of war.*

There were many interesting minor incidents which might well be told. In the cartridge boxes of the enemy's dead were found cartridges with England's Tower of London stamp.

The soldier who reached the foremost point in front of Hays's division was a beardless youth, a mere boy, and next to him a North Carolina color-bearer. In death the boy still grasped his rifle, and the color-bearer his standard.

A Confederate major, terribly wounded with buckshot, was brought within the line; he begged to be laid upon the ground, and after his pain had been somewhat relieved by a dose of morphia, he noticed our division flag, a blue trefoil on a white

field. He stated that before the column started they were addressed by their officers and told that they would have to meet nothing but green Pennsylvania militia, and added, "But when we saw that old Clover-Leaf unfurled, we knew what kind of green militia we had to contend with." Then turning his head a little, his eyes, on which the shadow of death was settling, rested upon the graceful folds of "Old Glory." An expression of gentle sadness came over his face as he said, "After all, after all, that is the glorious old flag." They were his last words; a blanket was laid over his face, and he slept his last sleep. Who shall say that in the twilight wherein life sinks into death, there did not come to him a feeling of loyalty to the grand old flag of his country?

An army or an army corps may suffer great loss and yet not accomplish the task assigned to it. Not so with the Second corps at Gettysburg; — what it was given to do it did. It arrived at Gettysburg in the early morning of July 2, with less than 10,000 men. Its loss during the two days (July 2 and 3) was 4,001 men and 349 commissioned officers. Of this loss only 368 were reported as "missing," and many of these so reported were never afterward heard of and were evidently among the dead.

There is no memory connected with the war more pathetic to my mind than the thought of the *volunteer* soldier killed in the heroic discharge of his duty, and reported as "missing." No comrade has witnessed his sacrifice; yet the light of a life has gone out in its country's service. A home is left desolate and in anguish, and an unknown soldier fills a forgotten grave. There remains only the Christian consolation, that He,

> "Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall,"

will not, at the great final muster of the souls of men, overlook the "missing" soldier, who died in Freedom's cause.

THE PETERSBURG MINE.

By WALTER C. NEWBERRY.

[Read November 13, 1890.]

THE Battle of the Crater, or, as it is more commonly called, the Burnside Mine Explosion, which occurred in front of Petersburg, Virginia, July 30, 1864, is, notwithstanding the great extent to which it has been discussed and criticized, perhaps less generally understood than any important engagement that was fought during the late Civil War.

It was the subject of an investigation by the Committee on the Conduct of the War, by a Military Court of Inquiry, and, later on, by a special Congressional Committee appointed for the purpose; and yet, such was the character of the testimony adduced and the conflicting opinions expressed by the witnesses summoned, biased as many of them were by a desire to escape personal responsibility in the matter, that no satisfactory solution of the problem has yet been reached, and the public is left to judge as it may the causes which led to the great disaster to the Union arms at a time when a decisive victory should have been gained.

The general misunderstanding which prevails concerning this important battle has prompted the writer to present in this paper some facts concerning it which came within his personal knowledge, and which, coming from an eye-witness and participant, may be of service to our companions.

A brief summary of the events leading up to the Battle of the Crater will enable us to judge better of the circumstances under which it was fought.

On the 15th of June, 1864, the Army of the Potomac, under the immediate command of Major-General George G. Meade, was crossing the James River, en route from Cold Harbor to

City Point, which became the headquarters of the armies operating against Richmond. The Eighteenth corps, under command of General William F. Smith, was advanced toward Petersburg, nine miles distant, and it was expected that that city, together with the important railroad communications centreing there, would be easily taken possession of, as the main portion of the Confederate army was still on the north side of the James River. General Smith found the works in front of Petersburg stronger than he expected and occupied by an apparently considerable force of the enemy. The works consisted of a strong line of rifle-pits connecting well-placed and formidable redans extending irregularly from the Appomatox River on the right, along the crest of several hills, while a broad plateau, favorable to the sweep of artillery, lay between the fortifications and the city, two miles distant. Similar breastworks extended in the form of a crescent around the city to its right, and were several miles in length.

General Smith, though an officer of high standing in the army and justly esteemed for successes in several well-fought battles, on this occasion made the unfortunate mistake, one not uncommon to men especially trained as military engineers, of delaying his attack in order to make elaborate preparations; he also, it would seem, overestimated the number of the enemy in his front, and, waiting for reinforcements, lost the supreme opportunity to capture the city which his early arrival, in advance of the enemy's main force, had afforded him. He, however, made a successful attack upon the enemy's outer works and captured a long line of defensive earthworks, fifteen pieces of artillery, and a number of prisoners. Darkness prevented him from following up his success, and before daylight the next morning the veteran Confederate army was in his front and in position to maintain the memorable defense which followed.

On the 16th, Hancock with the Second corps, which had arrived during the night, took position on Smith's left. The Second corps made several persistent attacks upon the enemy's

position and Lee's lines were forced back toward Petersburg, but no further permanent advantage was gained. The Ninth corps under General Burnside was now coming up, and, after severe fighting at every point, made good a position on the left of Hancock.

The Fifth corps under General Warren formed on the left of the Ninth, and a portion of the Sixth corps occupied the extreme left of the Union army.

On the arrival of the Ninth corps into the line before described, on the afternoon of the 16th, a part of the Eighteenth corps was withdrawn and the right of the Ninth rested near the Appomattox River, and a considerable portion of the Second, Hancock's, was placed in reserve.

All had been taken on the right along the Appomattox that had been hoped for; Warren on the left found little resistance, while the enemy directly in front of the Ninth corps obstinately resisted an advance which would bring the line within a short distance of Petersburg, already in sight.

Early on the morning of the 17th the Ninth corps was ordered forward in charge, and was repulsed with great loss at the centre but gained some advantage on the left. Repeated charges were made during the day, but were mainly unsuccessful, except on the left flank, which had been so advanced as to compel the withdrawal of the enemy on the 17th and on the early morning of the 18th to a point commanding the city, beyond the Norfolk Railroad line and across a deep ravine on to the heights beyond.

The railroad cut was taken after a vigorous charge by Wilcox's and Potter's divisions, and the line was formed for still further advances. There was no halting place except on and up the slope whose summit commanded the city. The impetus of the charge carried small bodies of Wilcox's division over the creek and up the table-land to the, as yet, imperfect works of the enemy near the crest where later stood Eliot's salient, the Confederate name for that redoubt which was afterwards known

to us as the Crater. The writer held that position for forty minutes on the afternoon of the 18th with three hundred men, but was compelled to fall back under the protection of the bluffs until, during the night of the 18th, earthworks were thrown up within one hundred yards, and in some places less than eighty yards, of the Confederate line.

The right of the corps rested in the ravine under the table-land and over and along the slope to the south until it touched elbows with Warren's corps, running along the curve of the formation of the bluff, in a southwesterly direction.

The position was held from the 18th to the 30th of July, under great disadvantage, as it suffered from an enfilading fire from the projecting heights along the Appomatox, and also from the watchfulness of the line along the front, much of it being within pistol range. The records of the command show a daily loss in the Ninth corps during the siege of thirty per day, the larger proportion being killed. We had really penetrated to the interior line of the Confederate defenses and were occupying an untenable position.

During these movements the Army of the Potomac was under the immediate command of General Meade, General Grant for the most part remaining at City Point, whence he was engaged in watching the operations of the forces under General Butler at Bermuda Hundred and the armies on other fields of activity.

The fighting seemed to be directed by corps and division commanders, independently, and without that effective coöperation which was necessary to success at this important juncture. The troops fought gallantly enough on all occasions, but it was now manifest that a feeling of disappointment pervaded the army. The prodigious exertions that had been required of them throughout the Wilderness campaign, marching and fighting day and night, week after week in the hot month of June, and now continued day and night in front of Petersburg, were beginning to tell on the energies of the men, and it was ad-

mitted that the troops did not attack with the same spirit as had been exhibited in the Wilderness; further assaults were impracticable, and the army settled down to the routine of a protracted siege.

In the mean time the Confederate army had not been idle; they had strengthened the defenses along the crest before referred to, developing a formidable redoubt holding a full battery, and reinforcing the line with smaller redoubts holding two guns each on either flank. It was early seen that an assault upon their position would fail, and many were the devices considered and declared impracticable to force the enemy from their position.

At the right was a deep ravine or hollow in which work could be carried on unobserved by the enemy. The Forty-eighth Regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers occupied the line at this point. This regiment was composed almost entirely of miners from Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, and it was among the enlisted men of this regiment that the idea was started that it was practicable to run a mine from this hollow under the Confederate battery in front and blow it up.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants of that regiment, himself a practical miner, approved of the project and it was submitted to General Burnside for his approval. It was subsequently mentioned to General Meade and then to General Grant. By none of these officers was the project deemed feasible. The engineers reported the position faulty, science would have nothing to do with so wild a project, and West Point pooh-poohed the whole business as visionary and impracticable. Nevertheless, Colonel Pleasants and his miners were persistent in their desire to make the trial and finally permission was obtained to proceed with the work. It was never supposed, however, outside of the Ninth corps, that anything would come of it and the whole affair was reluctantly consented to by the commander.

The miners, however, set to work with a will. They encountered difficulties not only from quicksands, heavy marl, and

other natural causes, but also from want of proper tools to work with, as they had only the ordinary intrenching pick and spade. Full of ingenuity and pluck, however, the miners succeeded, and on the 23d of July they had completed the mine. The main gallery was one hundred and ten feet long and twenty feet below the surface. It inclined downward for a short distance from the opening, beyond which point it was nearly horizontal. The height was four and one-half feet and the width about the same. The main security relied upon to support the walls was the tenacity of the earth, and only occasionally it was found necessary to brace with cracker boxes, sticks, etc. Ventilation, such as they had, was secured by a vertical shaft constructed near the entrance. Directly under the parapet of the enemy were two lateral chambers, each about thirty feet long, and these being completed, the mine was ready for the charge. On the 27th of July 8,000 pounds of powder was placed in the chambers, a fuse was attached, and the mine was ready for the explosion.

Meanwhile some change had taken place in the formation of the Union lines. General Wright with the Sixth corps had been dispatched to Washington on account of a scare created among the authorities there lest the capital should be captured by Confederates under Early, who were reported as already down the Shenandoah Valley; Hancock with the Second corps was stationed in the rear of Warren, while the Union front was held by Warren on the left, Burnside in the centre, and Ord (who had succeeded Smith in the command of the Eighteenth corps) on the right.

The attention of the Union commanders was occupied with the operations being carried on against Richmond on the north side of the James River. This movement not proving successful, however, and it being considered necessary to occupy the attention of Lee to prevent him from reinforcing the army opposing Sherman, it was finally determined to try the mine explosion.

The assault was fixed for the 30th. Burnside was ordered to prepare his front for the advance of the troops. The abatis was to be removed from the front during the night, columns formed for the attack, and the explosion was to take place at 3 A. M. Ord was to form one division of the Eighteenth corps in the rear of Burnside, Warren was to be in readiness to support the movement from the left, while Hancock was to remain in reserve ready to follow up the success if Burnside should effect a lodgment in the enemy's front. Siege guns and all the reserve artillery had been placed in position along the heights in the rear. Immediately upon the explosion of the mine all the artillery within range was to open fire at once upon the points of the enemy's works whose fire covered the ground over which the troops were to pass.

On the morning of the 30th every condition seemed favorable to the complete success of the movement, and it was reasonably expected that the Union army would occupy Petersburg. The fuse was lighted a few minutes after four o'clock, but, owing to a defect in it, the mine was not sprung. A lieutenant and a sergeant of the Forty-eighth, who volunteered to go into the mine and ascertain the cause of the delay, re-lighted the fuse and came out of the mine in safety.

At thirty minutes past four o'clock the mine exploded, and those who witnessed the sight of that wonderful spectacle will never forget it. A shock like that of an earthquake was felt along the lines and all eyes were centred on the crater. The whole side of the earth seemed to be in the air; guns, caissons, men, and heaps of earth were thrown an incredible distance into the air, and the whole descended with a sullen thud, burying beneath, in a mass of ruins, all that had been before a confident stronghold deemed sufficient to resist the hardiest attacking force that could be brought against it. When the smoke cleared away a chasm thirty feet deep by one hundred in length, with some mutilated men and fragments of woodwork and camp equipage, was all that stood in the place of the fort.

One hundred cannon and fifty mortars opened fire at once upon the Confederate lines, the fire being chiefly concentrated near the crater. The scene of destruction and the noise of cannon were for a moment appalling, and the Confederates were for the time completely stunned into apathy and silence; but on the Federal side no movement took place. After an unaccountable delay of nearly half an hour Ledlie's division was seen slowly debouching from behind the abatis, which had not been moved from the front of the earthworks, and, after forming in irregular columns, moved up the slope to the crater and occupied it and the earthworks a little to its right and left. This movement was made without opposition on the part of the enemy. For quite half an hour the troops lay in this position, and still no enemy appeared, the Confederates having been completely paralyzed by the explosion. They made no resistance except a scattering fire from distant points.

After still further delay, a portion of the divisions of Wilcox and Potter moved slowly out of their places and advanced irregularly up the line occupied by Ledlie. These troops moved out to the right and left, some into the crater where they were massed with troops of Ledlie's command, who had preceded them, in such a manner as to be practically disorganized. The troops were gallant enough, and ready to advance if only they had been told what to do. There were no generals in sight, and, save brigade and regimental officers, no one seemed to be in command; in fact, it would seem that the Union commanders in high rank were as much surprised by the explosion as the Confederates were, and as if it were an unexpected event which had not been provided for in their routine of duty.

There had, however, advanced with the troops those gallant brigade commanders, General Bartlett, who had lost a leg in the Wilderness and had thus early returned to his command as a full brigadier; General McLaughlin, and Colonel O. M. Marshall, an officer of experience. They, by their aids, promptly informed General Burnside and other superior officers

that even stronger lines of defense had been constructed in the rear, and were likely to prove as strong and serious obstacles to a further advance as did the salient just destroyed. Prisoners had reported from time to time during the progress of the tunnel that counter-mining had been going on and means taken to destroy the effects of the explosion, but no heed seems to have been taken of it, and the enemy had been quietly at work constructing interior lines of defense to meet just such an emergency. It would seem that all of this knowledge should have come to the ears of the commanding officers, yet no provision had been made for it and the troops already at the crater were without orders to proceed further.

This information was conveyed to General Meade, at the headquarters of the Ninth corps two miles away, and six o'clock had arrived before orders were issued to make further attack. Owing to the fact that the abatis in front of Burnside's line had not been removed, and that along the line of the Confederate entrenchment, except where it had been destroyed by the explosion, it was still intact and only sufficient for the passage of columns of fours, all movements of troops were necessarily *en masse* and subject to the enfilading fire from the right of the line, which at this point projected like the heel of a horse's shoe well past Burnside's right flank. Six o'clock had arrived, and still no general advance was made; Potter was then ordered to attack the crest in the rear of the crater, Wilcox received the same order, and Ord had made an advance with the colored division. The space thus became congested, and over and through this narrow aperture crowded the wounded from the front and the reinforcements from the rear until general confusion was created.

Meanwhile, as the enemy was recovering from the shock and began forming troops for a counter-attack, artillery was placed so as to sweep the crater and the adjoining fields. Burnside determined to advance Ferrero's division of colored troops, and this black corps was hurled *en masse* upon the other troops

already huddled in confusion around the crater. The colored troops even attempted to take the summit which lay behind the crater in the Confederate lines, but were met in a counter-charge by Mahone's division of Confederates and were driven pell-mell upon the disordered mass in the rear. Thence they fled in great confusion, many of them passing through the troops of Potter and Wilcox, and many taking refuge in the chasm of the crater, where they were slaughtered unmercifully by the Confederates, who were doubly enraged at seeing their former slaves in arms against them in battle.

The remaining portion of the troops fought gallantly, and brigade and regimental commanders held their forces in stubborn resistance to repeated attacks that were made under a murderous and concentrated fire of artillery from the crest, in front and from the flanks, where the Confederates, now fully aroused and prepared for battle, continued the onslaught for hours. The heat was intense, and no water was to be had. The fire was terrific and yet no panic occurred, and the Union troops, without orders and without direction, continued the conflict until ammunition was exhausted, and finally both sides ceased fighting from sheer exhaustion and fatigue. At twelve o'clock the order was given to withdraw the troops from the most advanced positions, and at two o'clock the whole was over. The Union loss was approximately four thousand men.

No battle fought during the war was so discreditable to the Union arms as this, and yet in none were the troops actually engaged less deserving of censure. The men advanced cheerfully and confident of success. They halted at the crater because they were not ordered to advance beyond it, and they remained there simply because they had no orders to do anything else. In the report great stress was put upon the absence or incapacity of General Ledlie, who commanded the first division, and who, it must be said, did not lead his command with that gallantry which was to be expected upon such an occasion. It is unjust, however, to make a scapegoat of Ledlie in this case;

the fault lies with other and higher officers as well as with him. First, with the engineer officers, men of scientific attainments and military education, and unwilling from the beginning to recognize the feasibility of the mine as a means of opening the way for a successful assault; hence there was no expectation of success in the enterprise on the part of the commanders high in rank and no hearty support given it at any stage of its progress. Neither of the division commanders accompanied their troops in the assault, a fault not only of theirs but of the corps commanders, who should have been present to compel the performance of duty or to relieve those recreant from command at once. Neither General Meade nor General Grant was present on the immediate field of action, as the importance of the occasion seemed to require. General Burnside, whose unselfish loyalty was conspicuous on so many occasions during the war, and whose superior personal courage in battle was never questioned, seemed on this occasion to lose command of himself as well as of his troops. He did not, in his preparation for the battle, seem to appreciate the importance of making the way clear for his advance by the removal of the obstructions, and the advance was greatly delayed on this account as well as by his failure to compel his division commanders to do their duty and to head their troops.

Officers and men who participated in and witnessed this disastrous engagement, and were familiar with the conception and progress of the work, were impressed with the apparent lack of harmony between the officers commanding the army corps and the divisions. It was known throughout the entire Ninth corps, and by all officers of considerable rank in the Army of the Potomac, that General Burnside's commission ante-dated that of General Meade, and that he had submitted his services to the commanding general to serve under command of his junior in rank. It was conceived, and was no doubt true, that General Meade would at any time hesitate to advise against or decide against any proposal favored by General Burnside for that reason.

It is the writer's opinion that through kindness of heart and official courtesy General Meade was induced to permit a movement of this character against his own judgment. If this be true it betrays a weakness that the admirers of this great officer regret; and, whether it be true or not, the lesson it teaches to the student of military science is very clear,— that no sentiment or official courtesy should be permitted to bias the judgment of the commanding officer in the performance of his duty.

It is unquestionably true that, had any other of the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac established a line beyond the general conformation, it would have been corrected by the commandant of the army, and that because General Burnside, on account of his anomalous position, was permitted so long to occupy an untenable position, subjecting his troops to such heavy losses as were consequent, it should not have followed that the movement for his extrication, a movement that violated every scientific rule of military conduct, should have been permitted by the commanding general of the army who was cognizant of the situation. The suffering of the troops on that day, subjected as they were to a more terrific fire than perhaps was ever concentrated upon one small field, was ultimately fatal to almost the entire force engaged.

The writer well remembers the presence of the son of that great reformer, Garrett Smith, who arrived as field commander's aid to General Ferrero on the morning of the explosion and who received his baptism of fire on that memorable day. He bore up under the excitement and performed his duty with courage and coolness, but the shock to the nervous system was such that his life was ruined from that day, and long ago he passed to his grave, a trembling, broken, prematurely aged man.

If it be true that this battle was permitted without the intent or purpose of being fully supported, and without any well-conceived aim, it was a crime that ought not to go unpunished. The investigation committee completely failed of its purpose; the high esteem in which the lovers of the Union held General

Burnside and General Meade probably prevented a complete recital of the event. The writer knows from his own observation, first, that no preparation was made for the removal of the obstructions which interfered with the movements of the troops in line of battle; second, that such movements as were made were not guided by skilled officers of rank with authority to execute any design that may have been in the mind of their superior officers; third, that the officer detailed to lead this advance was selected from at least three skilful general officers by the unmilitary system of drawing lot by straws; that no observation had been made of the field beyond, which could have been easily taken, and plans for pushing on and capturing and occupying the city made known to the advancing troops; that no officer higher than a brigade commander at any time during the engagement advanced beyond the lines occupied by the Ninth corps; that the brigade commanders, none of whom returned to the line, all being wounded or captured, were not informed of any design further than the occupation of the exploded salient; and, as far as the writer can judge, there is to-day no statement from authentic sources whether the commanding general proposed to push on and occupy the city or simply to occupy the fortified crest. If such a design existed, it could only have been accomplished by the advance of Warren's line on the left of Burnside, a movement certainly never ordered and probably never suggested to General Warren.

The question then is: For what was the Battle of the Crater fought? What compensation existed, or was hoped to exist, for this loss of four thousand brave men and the shock and wear of this terrible engagement upon those who survived?

It was frequently evidenced in the many engagements of the Army of the Potomac that the troops of that command fought valiantly wherever ordered; the writer, therefore, has always felt that criticism on the behavior of Ledlie's division, and on the conduct of General Ledlie himself, was unfair and unauthorized when taken in connection with the fact that they were

fighting an engagement without a plan, and without any apparent purpose; and he would be glad, even at this distant day, if the soldiers and minor officers engaged were to be relieved of the responsibility of the disaster, and criticism were to fall on the commanding officers as they deserve.

General Burnside was an intensely loyal, patriotic soldier; his services were faithful and untiring, both as a soldier and a citizen, and the writer would not impair that character in the least; indeed, no single error of heart or hand which were rather errors of judgment than those of intention should detract from reputation doubly earned in other fields.

Fortunate is he who, during four years of active service in the face of deadly and almost fatal danger, has not erred in judgment, and fortunate will be the succeeding generations that can turn to these same histories of minor engagements and cull from them lessons for guidance under similar circumstances.

The coming generation will have great advantage over the men that fought the great War of the Rebellion. Few, if any, practical illustrations were within their reach. No officer of any rank lived in '61, engaged on the Union side, who had ever commanded a regiment in battle; few had ever been engaged with the enemy in any capacity, and practical experience was unknown to that great body of soldiers who went out in '61 to do battle for their country.

When these facts are taken into consideration, the inquirer in coming generations must wonder at the great success achieved in so short an experience, and become convinced that the American soldier of 1861–1865 was actuated by a spirit of loyalty to the cause that he undertook far beyond that of any other body of men in the wars of history.

THE BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION.

By GEORGE K. DAUCHY.

[Read May 8, 1890.]

IN the summer of 1864 the Army of the Potomac, after the ineffectual assaults on the inner line of the enemy's works which followed its first appearance in front of Petersburg, busied itself in forming strong lines parallel to those of the enemy. These consisted of forts, some closed and others open in the rear, connected by field works, and all covered in front by abattis, stretching as far south as the Jerusalem plank road. There the lines, after approaching very closely to the enemy's works, culminated in the strong fort known officially as Fort Sedgwick, but universally in the army as Fort Hell, from the continuous and deadly fire to which it was subjected both by night and by day. Thereafter, bearing sharply to the southwest for a mile or so, the lines were returned to our rear to cover our camps. These returned works were unoccupied, but were ready for use in case of an attack from that quarter, the greater part of our forces being in the lines facing Petersburg. The musketry firing on the front was incessant, with an occasional outburst of artillery. Not, however, along the whole line; in accordance with the tacit agreement of the men, the firing on some parts of the line was sharp during the daytime, and on other parts during the night, while only at the points where the works closely approached each other, or where the colored troops were in the trenches, was the firing kept up both night and day.

Our ranks had been fearfully depleted by the incessant battles from the 5th of May to the 30th of June, during which time we had lost in the Second corps 21,724 in killed, wounded, and missing, in addition to the losses by sickness. This was

out of a force of 28,330 with which we had crossed the Rapidan on the fourth day of May, although we had been reinforced from time to time by the return of reënlisted veterans and convalescents, and more notably by several large regiments of heavy artillery from the forts around Washington and in Maryland. The losses, both of officers and men, were of the very best material, seasoned by years of experience and accustomed to all the exigencies of service.

We began, soon after arriving in front of Petersburg, to receive recruits to replace those we had lost; but the men received, principally drafted men and substitutes, although adding to our numbers, poorly replaced the splendid soldiers lost in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor. They needed a long period of discipline and training to make them comparable to those we had lost, and for this the continual service in the trenches gave very little opportunity.

A little incident in regard to the Fifth New Hampshire regiment, occurring somewhat later on, will show the character of a large part of the addition to our numbers. The Fifth New Hampshire had been one of the very best regiments in the service, and I think I am correct in stating that it lost more men in action than any other regiment in the Union armies. It had been commanded, until his death on the field of battle at Gettysburg, by the heroic Colonel Cross. The regiment had been filled up largely by Canadians, who had come across the border and enlisted for the sake of the large bounties. When I lay with my guns in Battery Nine near the Petersburg and City Point Road, this regiment was close by on my flank, and the men deserted to the enemy to so great an extent that in the chaffing across the lines which occurred every day about dusk the rebels called on us to send over the flag and the colonel to command the regiment, as the greater part of it had come over to them.

The sanitary condition of the army was excellent, the country around Petersburg being fairly healthy. The soil was sandy,

generally covered by timber, with good water obtainable everywhere by digging from ten to twenty feet. We suffered much from heat, however, having no rain for six weeks, from the middle of June till the first of August, so that the air was filled with dust raised by the supply wagons as they rolled along the roads, furnishing us with an abundance of pepper for our food without the necessity of troubling the Commissary Department.

We rested thus until the 13th of August, if the continuous fighting in the trenches, an occasional excursion to attack the enemy's lines north of the James, and the fighting at the mine could be called resting; and, compared with the incessant and bloody fighting of the first six weeks of the campaign, it appeared quite peaceful. On that date the Second corps was sent to the north of the James on the report that Lee had detached largely to reinforce Early in the Valley; from there it was, after heavy fighting, hurried to Petersburg on the 18th and 19th to support Warren in the movement to extend our left and obtain possession of the Weldon Railroad, a favorable opportunity for which was afforded by the absence of the troops sent by Lee to the north of the James to repel the attack made on him there. The advancement of our lines to the Weldon Railroad was very desirable, having the double object of cutting that railroad as a source of supply for the rebel forces, and of advancing our lines to a point whence it might be possible to strike the railroad leading from Petersburg to Lynchburg.

The country between our left and the Weldon Railroad being heavily wooded, with thick underbrush and traversed by obscure wood roads, well known to the enemy but not to us, gave him a fine opportunity to search for our flanks and strike our picket lines. The movement thus gave rise to a series of severe engagements attended with heavy losses on both sides, the final result being that the enemy was defeated and driven off, and our new lines strongly fortified and connection made with the right near the Jerusalem plank road.

It was considered very desirable to destroy the Weldon Rail-

road as far south as Rowanty Creek, twenty miles from Petersburg and eight miles from Ream's Station, to prevent the enemy from using the railroad to bring supplies as near as possible to our lines, and thence to Petersburg by wagons around our left. In order to effect this, General Hancock was ordered to take the First and Second divisions of his corps to Ream's Station, first tearing up the road to that point, then to hold it with one-half of his force and employ the remainder in destroying beyond as far as practicable. The troops, at the time of this movement, were very much worn and fatigued, having been in continual motion for twelve days; they had marched to the north of the James, where the fighting had been severe, and back again through the rain, over muddy roads, making their marches by night. The infantry in the two divisions available for this duty was from 6,000 to 6,500 strong, and in addition General Hancock had with him about 2,000 cavalry under General Gregg.

The First division began the work at noon of the 22d from the vicinity of the "Yellow Tavern," also known as "Globe Tavern," and by night of the 23d had reached Ream's Station. The Second division left Globe Tavern on the afternoon of the 23d, taking with it the Twelfth New York battery under my command and the Third New Jersey battery; the Tenth Massachusetts and the consolidated Batteries A and B of the First Rhode Island were with the First division. The Third New Jersey battery, commanded by Captain Woerner, known in the corps as the "Dutch Battery," was well officered and well disciplined, and did good and effective service; but the captain was a little peculiar sometimes in his ideas of military duty. One day the batteries of the corps, being in great part in service in the forts, a vigorous cannonade broke out, putting all the other batteries, and headquarters as well, on the alert for fear of a sudden attack on some point. Aids and orderlies were hurriedly sent to every battery of the corps to find out the cause of the sudden outburst. The aids sent to the other batteries found them all aroused and ready for action, but not firing. The

one sent to Captain Woerner found him firing case-shot along the line of the enemy's pickets, on a portion of which his position had an enfilading fire. In response to an inquiry as to the cause of his firing, he replied: "Oh, I was firing at those pickets; I likes to make them jump."

The Second division bivouacked for the night at the point where the country road to Ream's Station leaves the Jerusalem plank road, and at half-past three o'clock of the morning of the 24th marched to Ream's Station, arriving there about seven o'clock in the morning. The Second division relieved the pickets and the troops of the First division in the works, and the troops of that division began the work of destroying the railroad south of Ream's Station, which by nightfall they succeeded in doing effectually, as far as Malone's, three miles south.

At night on the 24th our signal officers reported, and General Hancock and General Warren were notified, that a force of the enemy, estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000, was marching south from Petersburg around our left toward Ream's Station by the Halifax and Vaughan roads.

The works at Ream's Station had been thrown up by the troops of the Sixth corps in the latter part of June, at the time when they had been sent out to protect Wilson's cavalry on its return from the raid on the Lynchburg and Petersburg Railroad. They were hurriedly thrown up, badly constructed, and poorly located. Instead of using the railroad for a base, the main line, facing west, was placed about twenty to thirty yards west and not more than seventy to eighty yards from a wood in front of and nearly parallel to the railroad. It was nearly half a mile long, with openings in the centre and at each end for the railroad and turnpike to pass through; then, crossing the railroad, both returns ran northeasterly for a distance of about a thousand yards, forming an obtuse angle at the right and an acute angle at the left, the returns being nearly parallel to each other. The part of the railroad inside of the works passed through a cut on the right and along an embankment on

the left, so that with Sleeper's battery of four guns and one section of Perrin's battery placed on the west front on the left, it was difficult to supply them with ammunition from the caissons across the track, and impossible to withdraw them in case of a reverse. The horses were also fully exposed to the fire of the enemy over the low parapet.

The left return was fully as badly located, running at such an angle that the men in the works were directly in range of the fire from the enemy attacking the front line. The result was that the troops of the Second division fought from one side of their works when they were attacked by the enemy in their direct front, and from the other side when they were subjected to the fire of those attacking our lines from the west. The right return was run parallel to a strip of woods at a distance of two or three rods, the road to the station running along between the woods and the works. General Hancock had had no thought of a battle here, or the works would have been reformed and made tenable.

At nightfall of the 24th the troops were all drawn within the works. On the morning of the 25th the Second division started out to continue the work of destroying the railroad, but soon encountered a large force of the enemy's cavalry supported by infantry. The whole force fell back, and before noon was again inside the works, the first division occupying the point from the crossing of the railroad on the left, and the right return, and the Second division the left return.

The artillery was posted as follows: Two guns of Perrin's battery on the left of the railroad, facing south, and two guns across the railroad, facing west. Alongside of Perrin's two guns facing west were Sleeper's four guns. The Twelfth New York battery was posted about three hundred yards to the right of the church, situated near the angle made by the right return with the railroad, where the works formed a little angle. Farther along to the right was Woerner, who was afterwards, when the enemy threatened our left return, moved to the cornfield in the rear of

the woods, two of his guns bearing on the left of our front, near where the left return began, and two facing south.

At twelve o'clock the enemy drove in the picket line and advanced with some force on our works, but was quickly driven back. At one o'clock he made a determined attack, advancing to within thirty yards of our works before being repulsed. Our picket line was reëstablished and some prisoners taken. Shortly after, another attack was made with a line of battle, and the enemy's dead were left within three yards of our lines. Our skirmishers on advancing again took some prisoners, from whom we learned that the enemy was in strong force and was establishing batteries in our front. During this time the Twelfth New York battery had been searching the woods to the west of our front in which the enemy was lying, with solid shot and shell, and had been firing shrapnel and canister as the enemy appeared in the open, while the guns of the batteries on the front were served with great effect on the advancing foe.

I wish to say here that the book of light artillery instructions makes no mention of grape-shot; that in the Eastern army, and I presume the same thing was true for all our armies, no grape-shot was issued to the field artillery during the war, although plenty of canister was used. Still, I suppose that since nearly all our histories speak so freely and fully of the firing of grape-shot, in the future it will be considered as an undoubted fact that grape was used most abundantly.

During the 24th and the forenoon of the 25th my artillerymen had been listlessly lying around in the woods, in which were placed our limbers, caissons, ambulance, etc., enjoying the luxury of "roasting ears" which we found in the field in the rear of the woods. We did not think the enemy would send a force large enough to attack us so far from his lines, and, in fact, considered the excursion rather in the light of a picnic. After the attack made about two o'clock, General Miles, apprehensive that the enemy would attack at the point where the railroad ran through the works near the church, ordered me to send one

gun from my battery to a point in front of the church just in the rear of the railroad cut, to bear on the point where the railroad and the turnpike passed out of the works at the northwest angle. I sent Lieutenant Brower, a brave and capable soldier, with the gun. I hesitated about sending him as he was my only officer, and in an occasion which might be so critical I did not wish to be so short of help; but I gave him his choice of remaining with the battery or going with the gun, one gun being a sergeant's command. He chose the path of honor. Little did I think, as the gallant and brave young fellow passed out of my sight into the woods, that I was never again to see the true-hearted companion with whom I had messed for years. He seemed to have a premonition that he would not return, for, as he was riding away, he took out his watch and handed it to the carrier of the guidon, a fine young soldier and *protegé* of his, and then, thinking apparently that such an act savored of weakness, replaced it in his pocket. Shortly after that Captain Sleeper, of the Tenth Massachusetts, came riding by us in the direction of the rear, wounded in the arm, and calling out gaily as he passed us, "Thirty days leave."

The enemy had been so easily repulsed in his previous charge that we felt little apprehension of his success in breaking our lines or doubt of holding our position till night, when we could withdraw. Meantime, two brigades of the Third division of the Second corps under Colonel McAllister, and the Third division of the Ninth corps, commanded by General Wilcox, had been ordered up to our support; but, instead of coming by the Halifax road, a broad turnpike and the direct route from Warren's line, only four miles distant from Ream's Station, over which orderlies and aids had been passing and along which we had a telegraph line, they were moved over roads of more than double the distance by way of the Jerusalem plank road. The time requisite for passing over this route was so long that the crisis of the battle was over before they reached the point on the Jerusalem plank road from which the road to Ream's branches off; and the divi-

sion of the Ninth corps was ordered forward to Ream's to protect our withdrawal, leaving the troops of the Third division of the Second corps to hold the intersection against an attack by the enemy's cavalry.

After the last charge spoken of above, the force of the enemy was largely increased until it amounted in all to eight brigades of infantry. Although no reports of the numbers of the enemy are on file in the War Department, as near as can be determined their numbers were from 10,000 to 12,000 infantry, and Hampton reports his cavalry at from 3,000 to 3,500 men. The enemy had placed eight guns in our front, serving them with great vigor and effect, their fire being directly in our front, and also having an enfilading fire on our left return, which forced Gibbon's troops to the outside of their intrenchment to cover themselves. In this position they were attacked by the enemy's cavalry and McGowan's two regiments of infantry, against which Gregg's cavalry, dismounted and protected by a light breastwork of rails, and fighting with gallantry and efficiency, took up a position on our extreme left from which it had an enfilading fire on the enemy. The enemy made three light dashes on our works in front at about a quarter past three, half-past three, and again at five o'clock. Twenty minutes after the last mentioned attack they opened upon our lines with a severe fire from the eight guns placed in front amongst some pines and close to our works, in order to shake the troops on whom the attack was to be made. This fire was returned with effect by the guns of the Tenth Massachusetts and the Rhode Island battery, and from the right by the Twelfth New York with an enfilading fire. The horses of the Tenth Massachusetts were nearly all killed, and the Rhode Island battery had suffered to nearly the same extent. At about 5:40 P. M. the artillery fire of the enemy slackened, and a strong column of four brigades,— Cooke, McRae, Lane, and Scales, — supported by Anderson's brigade and three regiments of McGowan's brigade, advanced against the northwest angle. The column was obstructed by

the light slashing in front, and badly shaken by the fire it received from both infantry and artillery. A rapid fire of canister was poured into its flanks by the Twelfth New York battery on its left, and by the Tenth Massachusetts and the Rhode Island batteries on its right. Lieutenant Brower was killed almost at the beginning of the charge, but his gun was most effectually served until the enemy had nearly surrounded it.

The attack, so warmly received, was repulsed at most points, but as a result of the bad conduct of the consolidated brigade consisting of the Seventh, Fifty-second, and Thirty-ninth New York regiments, it made a lodgment in our works and passed through the gap in our entrenchments. General Miles, always capable and efficient, had, by order of General Hancock, provided against such a contingency by placing across the railroad cut, and twenty yards in the rear of the consolidated brigade, as a reserve, four regiments of a small brigade he had received from General Gibbon to take the place of his troops on the skirmish line on Gibbon's front. The fifth and largest regiment of this brigade was sent outside of the works, to join the picket and cavalry skirmish line, and to attack the enemy in flank and rear as he charged on the works. General Miles says that five minutes more of good fighting would have driven the enemy out, and that we had every reason to believe that the enemy would not only be repulsed but attacked in flank and rear by the troops outside the works.

As the enemy came inside of our works, General Miles stood on the bank at the cut, and, as a rebel color-bearer came over the parapet almost at his feet, he looked for Colonel Rugg,* commanding the four regiments of the reserve, and, not finding him at the moment, gave the order himself to Rugg's brigade to rush into the cut and commence firing. To his astonishment, they either lay down on their faces or ran to the rear.

* This officer was afterwards dismissed from the service for incompetency and disobedience of orders in the movement on the Boydton plank road in October.

In the language of General Morgan, inspector-general of the corps, "These regiments remained like a covey of partridges until flushed and captured almost *en masse*." When it is considered that a regiment so renowned as the Twentieth Massachusetts was included amongst these, it can be seen what an utter change there was in the character of the material comprising them. On the utter failure of this reserve to act, General Miles moved to the left where the Fourth brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Broady, was fighting gallantly, and ordered it to move to the right; but as the enemy was now pouring into the gap in heavy force and coming over the works as his front was cleared, the Fourth brigade was driven off and the rebels captured the left of our west line. Granger of the Tenth Massachusetts fought his guns to the last, retiring from one gun to the next, until the enemy, as he fired his last charge of canister, rushed upon his left piece. Then, leaping the embankment, he escaped with his men, having no horses to limber with, even if it had been possible to draw the guns over the embankment at that point. The following is an extract from the memorial address of Hon. Charles M. Stedman, Wilmington, N. C., May 10, 1890, in which he mentions this attack:

"In truth the Federal infantry did not show the determination which had generally marked the conduct of Hancock's corps. Not so with the Federal artillery. It was fought to the last with unflinching courage. Some minutes before the second assault was made, General McRea had ordered Lieutenant Kyle with the sharpshooters to concentrate his fire upon the Federal batteries. Many men and horses rapidly fell under the deadly fire of these intrepid marksmen. Yet still the artillerists who were left stood by their guns. When McRea's brigade crossed the embankment, a battery which was on his right front as he advanced wheeled to a right angle with its original position and opened a fire of canister at close quarters, enfilading the Confederate line. General McRea immediately ordered this battery to be taken. Although entirely abandoned by its infantry support, it continued a rapid fire upon the attack-

ing column until the guns were reached. Some of the gunners even refused to surrender and were taken by sheer physical force. They were animated in their gallant conduct by the example of their commanding officer. He was a conspicuous target and his voice could be distinctly heard encouraging his men. Struck with admiration by his bravery, every effort was made by General McRea, Captain Oldham, Captain Bingham, and one or two others who were among the first to reach the guns, to save the life of the manly opponent. Unfortunately, he was struck by a ball which came from the extreme flank and he fell mortally wounded, not more lamented by his own men than by those who combatted him."

The action of the One Hundred and Fifty-second New York, the regiment of Gibbon's division sent outside to attack the charging column of the enemy in flank and rear, was no less disgraceful than that of the four regiments of the same brigade in reserve by the angle. Captain Martin, a division inspector, and a cool and reliable officer, reports that not a shot was fired at it, but that it broke and ran in a disgraceful manner, only two men in the regiment discharging their pieces.

The enemy now formed in column on the road leading to our right on the inside of our works, with a force also advancing outside of the breastworks. General Miles rode up to the Twelfth New York battery and ordered one gun to be turned to sweep the road inside the breastwork as soon as our troops were out of the way. He then endeavored to form a line across the woods running along to the left of the road, but with no success, as it was broken up about as fast as he formed it. As soon as the enemy had moved his column out of the cover of the woods and was advancing along the road, the gun of the Twelfth New York battery was fired into the head of the column with a triple charge of canister. The road over which the enemy advanced was hard and smooth and the best possible for the effective use of canister, as the bullets which did not strike the enemy directly did so on the rebound. The column melted away under the fire, and when the smoke arose no trace of it appeared.

The part of the enemy's force which was advancing under cover of the woods, easily driving away the men Miles had been able to collect to oppose them, came out on the left of the battery, which Miles, on seeing the inefficiency of the force formed across the woods to hold the enemy, had ordered to withdraw. The enemy, seeing the movement, fired a volley disabling the wheel horses on two limbers so that the guns could not be limbered. The third piece limbered and moved down the road a few yards when its horses fell, and the gun could not be withdrawn further at the time, but it was beyond the point reached by the advancing enemy. On giving the order to "limber to the rear," in obedience to the command of General Miles, I went into the woods and mounted my horse and started out to lead off the battery. As I turned toward the guns I saw the position was full of rebels, and I galloped a short distance away to the point where Hancock and Miles were rallying the troops. This part of the line was retaken very quickly; but, owing to the singular interpretation by the provost guard of their orders to let no unarmed men go to the front, the cannoneers were unable to return to their guns, and, having taken the lanyards with them to prevent the guns being used by the enemy, fire could not be reopened by the battery. This was the farthest point reached by the enemy, and but a comparatively small number came so far. Meanwhile, the Third New Jersey battery, under Captain Woerner, supported by a few troops collected by General Hancock, was fighting most gallantly and effectively from the cornfield back of the woods. Firing upon the enemy along the left return of our lines and upon the left of our front where there was no timber to obstruct his range, he, aided by the splendid service of the cavalry, prevented the enemy from advancing on our left. The Second division had, with very few honorable exceptions, done almost nothing to stem the tide, notwithstanding the most urgent efforts of Gibbon and his staff and a large part of his officers. The men broke and could not be rallied, although

Gibbon says that the enemy's efforts, after capturing our line, were feeble, and that a fraction of the spirit manifested on a hundred occasions by this old division of Sedgwick would have given us a most complete success. In how many bloody conflicts and heroic engagements had the same division been led by Gibbon himself!

In the mean time, General Hancock and General Miles, with their staffs and numerous officers, were making the most strenuous efforts to form a line to oppose the enemy's advance, which, on account of his heavy losses, was very feeble. The Sixty-first New York stood up staunchly to the work, and, acting as a base for a line of the broken men formed both outside and inside of the works and at right angles to them, this regiment drove the enemy gradually back to the angle at the church, reaching the gun lately commanded by Brower. General Miles at dark placed two hundred men outside on the enemy's flank and rear and drove him back; he said that if he had had a brigade he could have swept the enemy's troops from the field with great loss of prisoners, as they were then in great confusion. General Miles says in his report: "In going to the front, I could hear the enemy's men calling out their regiments. I felt confident his loss was much heavier than ours, that his confusion was equal, and that I could retake all my line."

The reinforcements had not arrived on the field, and at eight o'clock orders were given to withdraw. This was done, the provost guard and the Sixty-first New York bringing up the rear and helping to get off the guns and carriages of the Twelfth New York battery by hand until horses could be brought to draw them away.

The gunner of one of the pieces had been wounded in the bowels, but managed to get behind a large tree and lie down just beyond the point where the left of the battery had rested, but farther than the enemy had come. As I came along when our troops retook that part of the field, he handed me a large sum of money, from $150 to $175 I think (we had been paid off

a few days before and he had had no opportunity to send the money home), together with his watch and other valuables, with a request to send them to his family. At about ten o'clock, when I had had all my carriages drawn off, I put him on the last caisson; but the jolting along the rough road, through the woods, over stumps, and through ruts, caused him so much suffering that he begged me to lay him down by the side of the road and let him die. I could not listen to such a request, notwithstanding the agony he endured, but carried him along to the field by the Jerusalem plank road, where the battery and troops were assembled preparatory to returning to the Petersburg lines. There he died and was buried in a lonely field. He was an excellent man and as good and faithful a soldier as I ever knew.

The heavy losses, the destruction of the advancing column by the Twelfth New York battery, together with the admirable service of Woerner's guns, aided by the cavalry, had broken up the organization of the enemy's forces and he made no further effort to advance after the little force gathered together by Hancock and Miles had driven him back to the angle by the church. During the night he withdrew his troops and returned to Petersburg, fearing, doubtless, that if he remained so far from his works he might be attacked with overpowering force the next day, or that advantage might be taken of the absence of so many troops from Petersburg to break through his lines at some weaker point.

By daylight on the morning of the 26th all our troops were in their camps around Petersburg and the most humiliating event in the history of the Second corps was over. The bearing of Hancock on this occasion was, as always, most admirable. The disposition of the troops was of the best, all contingencies were guarded against and provided for, and the heavy losses inflicted on the enemy and his inability to follow up the advantage he had gained, notwithstanding the great preponderance of his forces, were due to the action of Hancock, Miles, and other officers, who, even after the breaking of the lines, would have

snatched victory from defeat if but a small part of Gibbon's forces could have been depended upon. General Hancock had his horse killed under him, his bridle-rein cut by a bullet, and was continually galloping along the front encouraging the men in the ranks and urging the stragglers to resume their places in the lines and do their duty. The conduct of Miles was no less admirable, as on all occasions, always at the point where he was most needed and making the best dispositions of the forces under his command.

From this lowest point, the corps recovered gradually, becoming in October, with the return of many of its officers and soldiers from absence caused by sickness and wounds, capable of showing, in the action on Hatcher's Run, that it had renewed its old spirit. It was ready at the opening of the campaign in the spring to act with all its old fire, well worthy of the renown it had gained through its years of service, and to prove that it could dare and do as much as on the terrible day of the fight at the angle at Spotsylvania.

FRAGMENT FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

By JOHN J. ABERCROMBIE.

[Read October 12, 1893.]

IN the compiling of the chronicles of Antietam or Chickamauga, of Gettysburg or Missionary Ridge, the less pretentious story of a minor engagement leading up to those events is lightly passed over, or, outdazzled by the magnitude of a greater undertaking, fails of mention altogether, and the ghostly finger of time soon erases from the tablets of memory the meagre fragment of a gallant little fight. In the portrayal of the rush of clashing columns, the carnage of hot battles, and the thunder of the heavier guns, the cautious advance of the little handful of men, the solitary victim, and the faint echoes of the occasional rifle-shot along the line of skirmishers, are forgotten when the journals of the day spread before an anxious people the tale of the charge and counter-charge of the greater army. The identity of the dead picket, lying stark and cold in the edge of the copse, is lost in the summing-up of the dead and wounded of brigade, division, and corps. The details of the obscure subordinate's modest report are absorbed in the summary of the distinguished corps commander and utterly ignored in the more ponderous document of the commander-in-chief. It is but a straw in the current of events, but it finds lodgment in the memory of a sorrowing few. In the heart of some gray-haired woman, in a far-away home, it grows a hallowed picture, ever present, of a gallant deed well done. The prattling baby of her summer days, her dear boy, her handsome son, stands before *her* in the softened twilight of dreamland, crowned with a more glorious and lasting chaplet of honor and victory than

was ever woven by a grateful people for *their* victorious chief, their warrior-idol.

But for our own loved order, many a story of the minor engagements, a mere fragment of a record, would drop into oblivion, and the oft-recurring footnote "not found," of the "Rebellion Record," would remain a mystery of the past, leaving only the bare results of a once famous campaign for the future historian.

One day in the early part of June, 1863, or, to be more exact, on the tenth day of that month, General George H. Gordon's division, then attached to the old Fourth corps of that superb organization, the Army of the Potomac, halted on its march up the Peninsula at Burnt Ordinary, a little hamlet situated on the Williamsburg Stage Road at its intersection with a road leading to Cole's Ferry, Charles City Court House, and so on to Petersburg by way of Bermuda Hundred. The division, consisting of about 2,500 infantry and artillery and some 300 cavalry, had marched the day previous, without incident, from that ancient place, Yorktown, famous in the history of two revolutions. Captured in the earlier war by the Yankees, then rebels against their mother country, in the later contest it was again captured by Yankees, descendants of those same rebels, — now, however, fighting for the maintenance of the country then won. The road, in part, lay along the same highway once patrolled by Lord Cornwallis and his red-coats. The campgrounds were those occupied by the Twenty-ninth Regiment of the line and that of the Prince Hereditary at the time of the surrender, October 17, 1781.

Arriving at Williamsburg on the afternoon of the 9th, the troops had gone into camp on the site of the battle of the year before, where Hancock, "the superb," had made his magnificent charge in that struggle which our troops, under Fighting Joe Hooker, encountered as McClellan toiled toward Richmond. The brilliancy of Hancock's charge consisted in first feigning a retreat, which led the enemy to leave his fortifica-

tions in pursuit, and then turning upon the exultant rebels and scattering them like chaff before the wind. The field was quiet enough now, but it still bore on its face traces of the formidable engagement. In the thick underbrush adjoining lay whitened bones of the poor fellows who had died in their efforts to seek refuge from the hail of missiles which rained from the surrounding batteries and redoubts. Rows of headboards and shallow graves showed where those who had been found now rested. Scraps of uniforms still hung to the catbriers; old canteens, cartridge boxes, and all the debris which cumbers a hard-fought field, gave silent evidence of the fierceness of the conflict.

The sun rose brilliantly on the morning of the 10th, and bid fair to be hot enough before noon. Down by Fort Magruder curling wreaths of smoke rose lazily in the sultry atmosphere. One could hear the neighing of horses, the braying of mules, the busy hum of voices of the mimic city, snatches of song and laughter, and occasional calls and shouts as the animals, restless and impatient for their morning feed, tugged at the picket lines and kicked at meddling neighbors who jostled them in their inquisitiveness. The town of Williamsburg lay idly dreaming in its loneliness. A mounted orderly scurrying along through the early dawn seemed to be the only indication of life in the sprawling old "burg." As he galloped down the silent street, little puffs of dust arose and floated sluggishly in the air.

About five o'clock the shrill trumpets proclaimed that the forward movement had begun, and from the chrysalis of preparation the military butterfly emerged, with body of blue and gold and fluttering wings of red, white, and blue, bespangled with milk-white stars. From the fields to the east and south came the fanfare of trumpets and the rat-tat-tat of drums, followed by the smothered tramp of many feet, the rattle of equipments, and the rumbling of artillery. The air grew heavy with the yellow clouds which marked the line of march and enveloped the lumbering train of the quartermaster and the commissary. With blare of trumpets and clanking of sabres, the

cavalry passed in a trot up the main street to where William and Mary College stands, a relic of Old Virginia's prosperity and prominence. Passing in review before old Lord Botetourt, as he stands, in bronze, guarding the crumbling ruins, they swung away to the left and up the old stage-road. Following closely came the infantry with swinging stride and the rattle of canteen against bayonet. Then the artillery, with guns grim and ready for a harvest of death, as they rolled along, awakening the flying echoes among the deserted houses, stirring into life the few lingering tenants of this once famous seat of learning and historical events. The appearance of some two or three decrepit old men and perhaps a dozen or so women and children, mostly all darkies, lounging aimlessly and indifferently around the houses, served to relieve the dilapidated old place from utter abandonment. The column halted in front of a quaint-looking old building where, in the days of powdered wig, knee breeches, and silver-buckled shoes, Patrick Henry addressed the House of Burgesses, and with fervid voice and passionate gesture immortalized himself in his defiance of George III., our then most gracious (?) sovereign. Some twenty minutes later, with skirmishers well deployed, the troops had all disappeared behind a turn in the road, leaving a trail well defined by dense clouds of dust hovering in the summer sunshine and enveloping the ancient town in a shroud of the sacred soil.

The sun crept up slowly, beating down with fiery rays on the sweltering column as it toiled wearily along. Stragglers from a nine-months regiment, both officers and men, early sought the inviting shelter of the bordering trees, until scarce enough men were left in line to furnish a sentry for each of the thirteen remaining days of their term of service.

The sun had reached its zenith. The shadows had reached their minimum around the little cross-roads hamlet of Burnt Ordinary. All the young men who had so often ridden through the little village on their way to the James City County Church, a short distance down the stage-road, on the Sundays not long

gone by, and to the political gatherings in the same neighborhood, had enlisted and gone. Most of the elders of the old church, who had for years waged relentless warfare against the cohorts of the ungodly, had gone forth to do battle with the more substantial battalions of the hated Yankees. The local leaders, who had so often buckled on their metaphorical armor and hotly contested the bloodless battles of the political campaigns, had forsaken the hustings for the tented field, or the safer redoubts of the Confederate capital, *mostly the latter.*

The night before, troops had passed by. For a week past, straggling detachments of Confederates ("old Wise's life-insurance brigade," Longstreet's and Hill's men called them) had halted by the roadside on their way to New Kent Court House and the other more important points of the seven days' fight of the summer previous. They had announced the coming of the Yankees. "They had left Yorktown!" "They were at Williamsburg!" That morning the last remnants of the cavalry had passed through and announced that "25,000 Yankees were in full march to capture Richmond." A group of women stood in the doorway of one of the houses discussing the prospects. Was the page of the year's journal to be turned back and rewritten in letters of blood? The remembrance of the passage of their army during the previous summer's campaign carried with it a picture of long trains of maimed and bleeding fugitives, the flight of shattered columns and beaten men from the field of Williamsburg. They could not exhaust the subject of how to receive the hated invaders. From the woods and fields, faintly in the heat, issued a long-drawn sound made up of all the scattered voices of nature. The beautiful day brought smiles to none. A stray pickaninny, whose fear lent wings to his feet, came running along the old stage-road. With bated breath and bulging eyes he told that the enemy had come, he had just seen them below the bend in the road. The appearance of a plague could not have more speedily dispersed the gossipers. The heat was intense. A

heavy silence prevailed. Not a sound came from the barricaded doors and windows. All at once a thin line of blue appeared, creeping stealthily from out the tangled underbrush. The place seemed deserted. They advanced with quickened pace across the clearing. No signs of life developed, as they reached the houses, except an occasional glimpse of a pickaninny, whose wooly head and shiny black face peered out from some friendly shelter, with wondering eyes.

Leaving the village to their rear, they had passed up the road about half a mile when the sound of a bugle was heard and they halted. Some five minutes later a long dusty column, a sinuous line of horses and men, wound slowly into view, and, debouching to the right and left, they too halted. Confused noises filled the air. The occasional rattle of wheels was heard as a battery turned off the roadway, accompanied by the sound of innumerable feet in the stubble and among the dry leaves as the sweltering infantry filed to the right and to the left. The little village had awakened.

A group of horsemen rode up, the blue of their uniforms but faintly visible through the thickly dusted powdering of yellowish clay ground out by the tramp of the passing legions, and which still marked the windings of the highway for miles back. The group of horsemen was the commander, his staff, and his orderlies. As he dismounted he spoke to an aid, who saluted and rode away toward the most pretentious looking house in the place. After a few moments he rode back followed by an old darky, who, as he reached the general, took off the remnant of an old hat, bowed humbly, and said, "Sarvint, sah." Brief inquiries were made, and old uncle, with a most ceremonious parting obeisance, shambled off. Passing a group of officers, lying stretched under the shadow of a tree, lazily discussing the day's happenings and the morrow's possibilities, a young lieutenant called out, "Hello, old daddy! What's the reason they call this place Burnt Ordinary?" "Deed I doan know, massa," said old cotton-top, "but dey's

Free Mile Od'ny, en' Six Mile Od'ny, en' Twel' Mile Od'ny, en' dis. I spec Missy Cammilly, what done lib hyar twel de Linkum sogers done cum las' y'ar, know 'bout dat. She 'm monstus smaht, sah, monstus smaht. Dey jist done call um Bun't Od'ny eber sens I 'se bawn, en' I specks tain' got 'nudder naim." Meeting "Missy Cammilly" some hours later, most unexpectedly, we were told that the term "Ordinary" was the vernacular for tavern. "You-all up No'th would call it the Buhnt Tav'n, I reckon."

An orderly, riding up to the group of officers, inquired for the regimental commander and delivered the compliments of General Gordon who wished to see him at once. Speculation was rife as to what was wanted. Returning, the colonel dismounted and called by name a young lieutenant with boyish face and figure, who had taken but two steps over the threshold of his teens. Rising and saluting, the youngster walked off with his commander, buckling on his sword as they went. Reaching the head of his company street the lieutenant sought his "Fidus Achates," an old sergeant, and imparted to him the colonel's instructions.

The old fellow, as he stood erect at attention, with blouse closely buttoned to his neck, his right hand to his cap, palm to the front, and the other by his side, little finger to the rear of the seam of the pants, palm slightly outward, looked the typical regular of the old school. He knew no law but the captain's orders. His sleeve bore four chevrons diagonally across the cuff, which means twenty years of discipline and iron rule, of drilling and marching. His descriptive list read as follows: Height: 5 ft., 8 in. Eyes: Gray. Complexion: Florid. Occupation: Soldier. Character: Excellent. He was straight as an arrow, and as square of shoulder as though cut from a block of wood. His hair was cropped close and sprinkled with gray. His face was thin, almost gaunt, and high-nosed, with a stubby mustache clipped straight across the line of the mouth. The brasses on his cap and accoutrements were always polished. His

buttons were as bright as though just from the quartermaster's stores. In his younger manhood he had been a soldier and had fought against naked savages. He had followed the flag of his adopted country into the capital of a swarthy nation of semi-savages to the far South. In the days gone by he had served the lieutenant's grandfather as orderly from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He had joined the father's company of the First U. S. Infantry at Fort Atkinson, Iowa, in 1847. He had carried the "dear captain" from the field of Monterey with a copper bullet in his shoulder. When the captain became major of the Fifth he had, upon reënlisting, gone to that regiment. Had made-believe horse for the captain's new baby boy at Fort Towson. He had made wooden swords for the toddling youngster and taught him to charge on the feathered pets of Rotten Row at Fort Phantom Hill. At San Antonio he had explained to "Master Joe" the calls, which, taking the place of the town clock, marked the hours for the going and coming of the military community. When his major became lieutenant-colonel of the Second, old Ryan found his way to the far-off frontier post of Fort Pierre. And finally, calling on his old commander after the Peninsula Campaign, he had found the boy a lieutenant, and immediately enlisted in the same regiment to serve under the third generation. With rigid figure and stately salute, the sergeant reported the detail complete, some few minutes later.

After the necessary preliminaries, the squad of twenty men marched away to division headquarters. Saluting, the lieutenant reported for final instructions. He was directed to proceed to Cole's Ferry with his detachment, and endeavor to secure the arrest of an officer of the rebel army who was in the habit of frequently visiting his father's place. "The cavalry have been ordered to make a reconnoissance along the road passing Centreville and the Brick Church, and will relieve you sometime, probably at daylight, in the morning. Should the officer be captured you will return without further delay, reporting to me at

Twelve Mile Ordinary, where my headquarters will be established. Good afternoon, Lieutenant," and the general turned to other matters.

It was now three o'clock. The detachment marched out toward the Ferry over the forest-bordered road. Here and there an occasional clearing appeared with houses, in various stages of decay and neglect, occupying a shady corner, and the garden a mass of weeds and wild vines clambering over remnants of fence and through open windows and fallen doors. Not so much as the barking of a dog was heard. No living thing stirred. The black bodies of the great trees formed a straight wall on both sides of the road, terminating on the horizon in a point like a diagram in a lesson in perspective. The sun had disappeared behind the great wall of trees. A sharp turn in the road revealed a clearing which opened out on a meadow. The landscape brightened. Through the belt of trees the rays of the setting sun stole down, touching the faces of the men with a ruddy tinge and sparkling on buttons and bits of metal on their clothing.

The roadway at this point divided the clearing. To the right lay an open field. To the left, elevated on a little grassy knoll, stood a rambling old house. In the rear were grouped the negro quarters, the stables, and piggeries in the usual unthrifty and dingy condition. The place was prettily embowered amid a little orchard of fruit trees. Within the old mansion had dwelt and ruled with high hand, in ante-bellum days, the Virginia squire. To the west and south the lawn sloped gradually down to the stream, forming a miniature peninsula. To the north, about fifty feet away, at the foot of the lawn, and separated therefrom by a thick hedge of osage or box, ran the highway, which crossed the Diascund Creek, about a stone's throw farther on, and speedily lost itself in the sombre bluish shadows of overarching oaks and pines. Looking up the creek from a substantial foot-bridge, a turn in the stream shut off further view. Looking south, the banks drew closer together as they

approached the ford, and widened again below the house until they spread into a vast meadow where the stream empties into the Chickahominy River. To the north and west, thick woods of primeval growth clambered up the slopes adjoining the meadow lands and filled the horizon with a sea of verdure. The searching of houses and the exploration of unknown lanes had delayed the march.

The detachment halted, the lieutenant posted his sentries, and with the sergeant advanced to search the house. As they entered the doorway the old hall clock struck six. They had consumed three hours in marching five miles. The house was occupied by Squire Shingler, his niece, "Missy Cammilly" Stuart, and four or five colored servants. The old Squire was bedridden, and the servants were, with one exception, decrepit and old like the owner and his surroundings. Miss Camilla was probably twenty-four. The house was built of wood and seemed as old as the Revolution. There was a confusion of angles of little walls, the result of additions made here and there. Virginia creeper and wisteria had grown over and around it, and, with various other vines, had filled the crevices and enwrapped the old building with a mantle of green. An immense oak seemed to cover half the lawn with its shade. From the upper windows could be seen the outposts across the bridge.

The night was warm and glorious. The soldiers slept under the shelter of the porch with its curtains of fragrant vines. Long breaths exhaled from the woods, stirring the fragrance of the wisteria. Never had nature looked out over a more peaceful scene. The second relief had just gone its round, when the sergeant came softly across the lawn and, saluting, whispered: "Liftinent, av ye plase, sor, I saw that dom naygur stale across the brudge, sor, but before I could come til him he was away in the woods, and I think he 's up to some divilmint." A visit to the servants and inquiries, punctuated by the sergeant's bayonet, proved that the negro had gone, as the scared darkey boy

said, "to fotch Cunnel Williams's hoss company." Guards were placed at the doors of the sick man's room and all the family confined therein.

The gray dawn broke. Suddenly in the slumbering atmosphere the report of firearms was heard. In a second the men were in position. Stepping out to the roadway the lieutenant could see nothing; to the east and to the west the road lay yellow and empty. A second report, and the sentries across the footbridge fell back. A soldier by the end of the hedge with his rifle pointed toward the videttes raised up, and, brushing the dirt from his eyes, peered into the woods beyond and fired. The gleam, for an instant in the morning sunshine, of a slender steel ramrod had betrayed an enemy. The woods to the right and to the front looked dark and quiet. Suddenly, from the right of the road, a light fleece of smoke arose, melting away like a gossamer thread. "The dom nagur has brought the rebs," said the sergeant. While he spoke the crack of rifles from the hedge showed that the enemy had ventured out too far from the shelter of the trees. The firing grew more rapid between the blue-clad men, behind the hedge, and the men in gray, hidden behind the opposite trees. The bullets whistling through the air dropped in the roadway, raising little spats of dust like the first heavy drops of a thunder-shower. The shooting was irregular, and issued from every clump of underbrush, but apparently without causing loss on either side; and still nothing could be seen but little puffs of smoke gently driven by the wind. The sergeant said: "Liftinint, I 'm sorry I did n't shoot that 'dom naygur' last night. He has a hundred of them fellys over there." They suddenly seemed interested in the soldier at the edge of the bridge. He would lie flat on his stomach, watching and discharging his piece; then he would slide down into a little drain beside the road and reload. His movements were like a marionette, they were so quick and mechanical. He must have seen a rebel's head peering out of the thicket opposite, for he stood up suddenly and took a careful

aim over the plank of the bridge; but before he could fire he uttered a cry, whirled around, and fell back into the ditch, where for an instant his limbs worked in the convulsive stiffening of the struggle with death. Then, with distorted features and staring eyes, he lay silent forever.

This was the first death. A dry little thud was heard as a bullet struck one of the wooden pillars. Suddenly the echoes of a rattling volley rang out, and the leaves and branches from the old oak fell in a shower around the porch. Looking up, the lieutenant saw "Missy Cammilly" gazing intently up the stream, and following the direction of her glance he saw, half concealed in the shadow of a clump of brush, a gray-clad figure. A slight change of position, and a gleam in the sunlight from a scabbard proclaimed an officer. A lull had come in the firing. The sergeant had crept to the edge of the creek to reconnoitre. The lieutenant called softly to him to look. The sergeant raised his head, closing his right hand about the stock of his gun, brought the butt against his cheek, and cautiously glanced along the sights. A sharp report was heard, and something struck the water smartly near his head, — so near as to spatter his face with spray. Then, as if an echo of this shot, his rifle rang out, a light cloud of blue smoke arose from the muzzle, and the lieutenant saw the man in gray beat the air wildly with his arms and fall backward. A scream from the window followed; the face had disappeared. A soldier in the doorway said: "I guess they 've got enough." He had not ceased to speak when a crashing sound came from the underbrush opposite. A great bank of white smoke pushed upward from the edge of the woods and drifted lazily away. The soldier in the doorway rolled on the floor. He never moved again. The others pushed him aside and crouched low. From the woods opposite appeared a figure. The men at the hedge had withdrawn to the house and watched, with rifles aimed, from behind the shutters. "Do n't fire!" said the lieutenant. The house looked lifeless. Shortly afterwards, when some thirty gray men

had cleared the shelter of the thicket, the lieutenant commanded "Fire!" A tearing sound was heard, followed by a few isolated shots. Looking out, the lieutenant saw, as the smoke cleared away, three men stretched out in the sun. The others had fallen back to the friendly shelter of the thicket again. Again the crash as of falling timber, and the pattering of the bullets beat like hail against the sides of the house. The lieutenant heard a smothered exclamation, and turning quickly he saw "Missy Cammilly" standing with white, scared face. Before he could warn her, a volley again rang out from the opposite bank of the stream, and with hands wildly grasping the air she slid down in the doorway with a fixed and haggard look in her face. A gasping sound escaped from her — she was mortally hurt. A soldier pulled the body into the hall. The hands were clenched, the long hair had fallen a tangled mass across the face — daubed with blood. There was a jagged hole in the forehead through which the brain protruded and overflowed the temple, a mass of frothy gray, crowned with clusters of crimson bubbles. The tense muscles of the lips, which had uncovered her teeth, drew back in a horrible grin. The eyes were wide open, staring and glassy. A rill of blood ran sinuously over the straw matting.

While the horror-stricken lieutenant had looked the firing had ceased, and away off to the east, down the road over which he had marched the evening previous, he heard the singing of a bugle. Again and nearer it floated out, tra-la-la, on the morning air — a gladsome sound. Then, with roar of hoofs and at headlong speed, over the yellow highway and past the house of death galloped the cavalry. The little squad, half blinded and with smoke-begrimed faces, sent up a hearty cheer. The skirmish was over. It was only a little fight; but the general's orders were obeyed, and the little band stayed until the cavalry relieved them.

MY HERO

(General William F. Bartlett).

By JAMES L. HIGH.

[Read January 12, 1893.]

I NEVER knew this hero of mine. But from the panorama of those well-remembered war years no figure has seemed to me to stand forth more heroic — none more typical of the ideal American soldier. From the official reports of battles and of campaigns as published by the War Department, from the personal recollection of his associates who still survive, and from the tender and appreciative memoir written by his life-long friend and his companion-in-arms, General Francis W. Palfrey, I have tried to tell the story of my hero, William Francis Bartlett.

He was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, June 6, 1840. The outbreak of the rebellion found him a member of the junior class of Harvard College, and not yet twenty-one years of age. He was of tall and slender figure, somewhat reserved in manner, and he is remembered by his college associates as having been rather more devoted to athletic pursuits and to social amusements than to his studies. In the months immediately preceding the fall of Fort Sumter his sympathies seem to have leaned toward the Southern states, and he expressed some doubt as to whether, in the event of hostilities, he could fight against them. But the firing upon Sumter resolved all doubts, and on April 17, 1861, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Fourth battalion of Massachusetts militia. The battalion was sent to garrison Fort Independence in Boston Harbor, where it remained one month, and upon the expiration of its term of duty Bartlett returned to college. The experience of camp life had imbued him with the military spirit, and after returning to Cambridge

his time was chiefly devoted to drill and preparation for the duties which he was soon to assume.

June 10, 1861, he was commissioned a captain in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, then being organized, a regiment which afterwards served with distinction in the Army of the Potomac, and upon whose colors, it is said, were inscribed the names of more engagements than were participated in by any other infantry regiment of that army. His proficiency in drill and his devotion to his new duties caused him to be awarded the position of ranking captain of his regiment, an honor which he duly appreciated.

September 4, 1861, the regiment left Boston for the seat of war. After a short stay in Washington it was ordered to Camp Benton, near the crossing of the Potomac known as Edwards Ferry, where it formed part of the corps of observation under command of Brigadier-General Charles P. Stone. Bartlett's letters home at this period, like the letters of all young soldiers in the first months of the war, were filled with incidents of the new, strange life, of the daily drill and the excitement of outpost and picket duty, affording fit preparation for the sterner duties which were soon to come.

His first engagement was the disastrous affair of Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861. After the fall of the lamented Colonel Baker, our troops, overwhelmed by the superior forces of the enemy, who outnumbered them four to one, were driven into the Potomac, many of them being shot and drowned while endeavoring to cross the river. Bartlett's conduct was of the bravest, and won honorable mention in the reports of the engagement. After the death of Baker, and when the day was hopelessly lost, the colonel of the Twentieth having sought refuge behind a tree, Bartlett rallied the remnant of his own and of several other companies and with the courage of desperation made one final charge upon the enemy, only to meet with a quick repulse. The colonel, the major, and the adjutant of the regiment escaped from the field, leaving their men to follow as

best they might, but were soon afterwards taken prisoners. Bartlett as senior officer took command of the few remaining men of the Twentieth, with some from other regiments which had been engaged, and succeeded with the aid of a skiff in ferrying his men across the Potomac, himself being the last to cross. He thus brought from the field three officers and about eighty men, and to his courage and personal exertions was due their escape from the enemy. As commanding officer of the remnant of his regiment he made an official report of its participation in the engagement, in which he modestly omitted all mention of his own conspicuous gallantry, while doing full justice to the bravery of his men. Upon rallying his men in camp he held a dress parade, with the hope, which he expressed in a letter, that it might "give the men the idea that everything was not broken up, and also to cheer them with the music of the band." As indicating the severe nature of this engagement, his official report shows a total loss in killed, wounded, and missing of thirteen out of twenty-two officers, and one hundred and forty-six out of three hundred and eighteen men who went into action. In his journal of this period, referring to some complimentary articles which had appeared in the press concerning his conduct in the battle, he writes: "They compliment me too highly, who did nothing more than my duty. My coolness was in me. I ought not to have the credit of it, but be grateful to God, who in His mercy has spared me, for granting me the courage and self-possession."

Upon the opening of the Peninsular campaign, in the spring of 1862, his regiment formed a part of General Dana's brigade of the Second division of the Second army corps, commanded by General Sumner. It participated in the siege of Yorktown; and on April 24, 1862, when his regiment was on outpost duty at the outer line in front of Yorktown, he was wounded in the knee by a Confederate sharpshooter, while looking at the enemy through a field-glass, the ball destroying the knee-joint and shattering the bone for six inches below. He was immediately

carried to the rear, and upon a consultation of surgeons it was decided that amputation was the only means of saving his life, and the operation was at once performed. He uttered no word of complaint, but looked up after it was all over to his friend Palfrey, who stood by throughout the operation, and said: "It's rough, Frank, is n't it?" The only record which appears in his journal is in these simple words: "While I was visiting the pickets, watching the enemy with my glass, a sharpshooter hit me in the knee with a minnie ball, shattering the bone down to my ankle. Dr. Hayward amputated it four inches above the knee, and I started for Baltimore in the same afternoon." Palfrey adds that "his fine, slender figure had by this time filled out to be a magnificent specimen of manly vigor, and it was a pitiful sight to see it so maimed."

Taken to Baltimore he was nursed by his mother through several weeks of intense suffering, which he bore with a patient fortitude which never deserted him. His letters to his comrades at the front, written from a sick-bed, are very touching in their efforts to disguise his sufferings and in the longing to return to his friends in the field. In one of these letters he writes: "I dread positively to hear of a great victory, as it seems to put narrower limits to the time that I must get well in, if I would be 'in at the death.'"

As soon as his strength would permit he was taken to his home in Massachusetts, where he slowly gained in strength, although suffering severe and constant pain. He attended the Class Day Exercises of his class at Cambridge, and received his college degree. His classmates and friends everywhere received him with the warmest attention, and notwithstanding his intense suffering from his wound he derived much enjoyment from the few months of his enforced absence from the front.

Early in September, 1862, Bartlett was offered the command of Camp Briggs, at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry was then being organized for a term of nine months' service. His preference seems

to have been to rejoin his former regiment in the field, and it was with considerable reluctance that he accepted the position thus tendered him. He took command of the post September 20, 1862, and at once began the work of organizing and drilling his new regiment. November 10, 1862, he was, by the unanimous vote of all the officers of the regiment, elected colonel. Up to this time he had gone about the camp and performed his duties upon crutches, but a few days later he appeared with a wooden leg, the wounded stump having sufficiently healed to permit of its use.

November 28, 1862, the regiment left Worcester, where its final organization had been completed, for New York, remaining there a few days before going into camp upon Long Island. While in New York the regiment marched through Broadway, the tall and slender figure of the young colonel, then but twenty-two years of age, as he rode at the head of his men with a crutch slung upon his back, attracting much attention.

The regiment remained in camp on Long Island until January 23, 1863, when it embarked for service in the Department of the Gulf. Reaching New Orleans February 7, it moved up the river to Carrollton, where it remained a few days, and thence proceeded by steamer to Baton Rouge, where it was assigned to the First brigade of General Auger's division of the Nineteenth corps under the command of General Banks. The usual routine of drill, picket, and outpost duty occupied the next few weeks, and Bartlett, notwithstanding his crippled limb, was unwearied in his efforts at bringing his men to a high state of discipline and efficiency. March 4, 1863, he writes: "I only hope I shall not get shot until after I have had the regiment in one good fight, for really they seem to be so entirely dependent upon me that if I should get knocked over at first, I don't like to think what would become of them."

In his maimed condition, spending many hours daily in the saddle and exposed to the inclemency of the weather in his efforts to improve his regiment, he was in reality physically unfit

for the arduous duties imposed upon him. And yet he continued at his post and made no sign, save in the privacy of his journal. March 18, 1863, he makes this pathetic entry: "I wonder if these men who go to the hospital and off duty feel half as weak and ill as I do just now. I suffer more in case of an attack of weakness or illness than when I had two legs. It takes all the strength and vigor of a healthy man to drag around this 'ball and chain' of a leg. My leg has pained me more than usual lately — but no one shall know it." And no one did know it until years after his death, when extracts from his journal were made public in General Palfrey's memoir.

May 20, 1863, the regiment joined in the advance of General Banks's army upon Port Hudson. Bartlett was so ill that the regimental surgeon positively forbade his going, and he was actually left behind when the column began its march. Obtaining a carriage, he followed the troops and overtook his command in the evening. The simple record in his journal tells the story of the devotion and love of his men for their young commander. He writes: "The hearty cheers which they gave when they saw me come into camp were pleasing. They had been very blue all day, the officers said, and kept saying, 'If we only had the Colonel along.'"

On the following day he again rode in his carriage until the advance met the enemy at Plain's Store, where a brisk engagement took place, it being the first experience of the regiment under fire. Colonel Bartlett immediately mounted his horse, handled his regiment during the engagement with the utmost coolness, and when a regiment in front broke to the rear through the Forty-ninth, he began drilling his men in the manual, and thus restored their coolness, which had been somewhat disturbed.

May 27, 1863, the Forty-ninth, with Bartlett in command, formed part of the assaulting column in the first disastrous assault of the Nineteenth corps under General Banks upon Port Hudson. It was the story so often and so disastrously

repeated throughout the war of a mad dash over open ground, followed by a hopeless assault upon strong intrenchments rendered doubly secure by abattis, fallen timber, and every obstruction which skilful engineering could devise. The nature of the ground over which Auger's division was to charge rendered it impossible for Bartlett with his wooden leg to go on foot, and he would not stay behind. He was therefore compelled to lead his regiment on horseback, and out of about three thousand men in the assaulting column he was the only mounted man in the attack. The line advanced about fifty rods through fallen timber and other obstructions, Bartlett halting his regiment two or three times for a few seconds to preserve its alignment on the colors, when a bullet slightly wounded him in the heel of his good leg and another shattered his left wrist. Attempting to grasp the reins with his right hand, he fell over the head of his horse, which ran to the rear.

A letter written by a staff officer, Colonel Walter Cutting, who participated in the assault, shows the admiration with which the Confederate officers witnessed Bartlett's gallant conduct. He writes as follows: "A few days after, on being sent under a flag of truce to ask permission to bury our dead, I met a number of Confederate officers from the fort who came out to meet me. After the formal preliminaries, some of them asked, 'Who was that man on horseback? He was a gallant fellow'; 'a brave man'; 'the bravest and most daring thing we have yet seen done in the war.' And after I had told them it was Colonel Bartlett, they said, 'We thought him too brave a man to be killed, so we ordered our men not to fire upon him.'"

Again, his own modest recital of the affair was the most eloquent record of his daring. He writes: "I knew it would be almost impossible to get through the fallen trees, etc., even if I was not shot at. I knew, being the only officer mounted, I would be much more conspicuous. I knew that my chances for life were small. But I had to go on horseback or not at all, so prayed that life and limb might be spared, and went in.

. . . We had got two-thirds across the slaughter-field when, just as I was shouting to the men to keep closed on the colors, pop I went off my horse like a rocket. . . . As for me, God had been very good. I was spared life, and most probably limb. The ball, a round one luckily, struck in the joint of my wrist, shattering the bone. It was very painful. The other wound was slight. A buckshot struck the outside of my ankle and glanced down, entering the flesh and passing through the sole of my foot."

The ball was at once cut from the wrist and he was sent by steamer to Baton Rouge. For several weeks he suffered the most excruciating pain, the wound nearly costing him his arm, and his sufferings being aggravated by the intense heat. For many days men were detailed to remain constantly with him to keep ice melting drop by drop upon the wounded wrist for the purpose of suppressing inflammation. At last the surgeons decided that it was impossible to save the hand and that amputation was necessary. They sent for their instruments and prepared for the operation, and it being nearly dark, candles were brought in. Bartlett told the surgeons that if he was to lose another limb he would prefer to have the operation performed by daylight, and at his request they delayed operating until the next morning, when they returned, laid out their instruments and prepared for the operation. Upon examining the wound they fancied that it looked a shade better, and while they hardly dared to hope, they deferred operating until afternoon. The same ceremony was repeated in the afternoon and for several successive days until the wound slowly improved, and it was at last decided that amputation might be avoided. Several large pieces of bone came out of the arm, but the wound at last healed, although the wrist was stiffened for life and the use of the hand was never fully recovered.

He sailed for New York July 23, 1863, and remained at his home in Massachusetts slowly recovering from his wound until his regiment reached Pittsfield to be mustered out, August 22,

when, with his wounded arm in a sling, he rode at its head in the procession which escorted the regiment through the streets.

He had already been offered and had accepted the colonelcy of the Fifty-seventh regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, then being enlisted for three years, and he at once began the work of recruiting and organizing his new regiment at Worcester. April 18, 1864, the regiment left for the front, and on April 30 it reached Rappahannock Station, and became part of the First brigade, First division, Ninth army corps. In a letter dated May 3 he writes that his regiment, by reason of its want of drill, is unfit to take into action, and adds: "Give me twenty days and I could make a splendid regiment of this, — but man proposes and Grant disposes."

The order for the general advance of the Army of the Potomac on the Wilderness campaign was issued May 2, 1864, and the advance actually began on the night of May 3. On the next morning the First division, under command of Brigadier-General Stevenson, began its march for Germanna Ford on the Rapidan. The crossing of the Rapidan was effected May 5, on which day the Battle of the Wilderness began, although the First division was not engaged until the following day. Bartlett seems to have had a presentiment that his usual fatality would attend him, and his journal for the day contains the following entry: "We shall fight to-morrow. I hope I may get through, but hardly expect it. His will be done."

On the morning of May 6 the First division was ordered to report to Major-General Hancock, commanding the Second corps, and it fought under his immediate command during the day. The division became engaged early in the day, and Bartlett's gallant conduct in the fierce battle which followed was warmly commended in the reports of his brigade and corps commanders. He was wounded about eleven o'clock and carried to the rear. The following entry appears in his journal:

"May 6. — Move at 3 A. M. to the front. It will be a bloody day. I believe I am prepared to die. God bless my

dear friends at home, — mother, father, sisters, Agnes. Went into action about eight. Thick woods. Men behaved well. I was struck in the head about eleven. Carried to rear. Sent to the hospital in the rear. Lay there among the dead and dying till night, when there was a falling back, and I was put in an ambulance. . . . Only heard of five of my officers being wounded. Colonel Chandler behaved splendidly. General Hancock ordered me to charge over a regiment lying in front of us that would not move. We did it in perfect line. Hancock said 'Glorious.' Saw Macy as I was carried to rear, wounded in leg."

Macy was then colonel of the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry, Bartlett's first regiment. The two colonels had been warm personal friends and had served as captains together in the Twentieth. They had last met in front of Yorktown, two years before, when Bartlett received the wound which resulted in the loss of his leg. In the Battle of the Wilderness each commanded a Massachusetts regiment, with the rank of colonel. Both were wounded and at almost the same moment, while gallantly leading their men. As they went to the rear, Macy borne upon a stretcher and Bartlett drooping over the neck of his horse with his arms clinging about it for support, the two old friends again met, for the first time in two years, affording one of the strange coincidences of war.

Travelling homeward by easy stages, Bartlett reached New York May 13, where he was met by his father and mother. As the maimed and wounded young colonel was brought into the Fifth Avenue Hotel he was greeted with ringing cheers by the assembled spectators. One loves to recall the dramatic incident, and yet, alas! how many such may be recalled by the survivors of those years.

He remained at his home in Massachusetts scarcely three weeks when he returned to Washington, intending to go immediately to the front, but the medical authorities forbade his return to duty until his recovery from his wound was more fully

assured. June 20, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. He was one of the youngest brigadiers in the service, being then barely twenty-four years of age.

July 16, 1864, he left Washington to join the army in front of Petersburg, where he was assigned to the command of the First brigade, First division, Ninth army corps, the division being commanded by General Ledlie, the corps by General Burnside. His brigade consisted of one Pennsylvania and six Massachusetts regiments, and had been reduced by the severe engagements of the campaign to about thirteen hundred men present for duty. He took command of the brigade in the trenches July 22, and his journal entries for the succeeding eight days, down to the explosion of the mine, afford a most graphic and vivid picture of the hardships and dangers of life in the trenches before Petersburg.

The explosion of the mine occurred on the morning of July 30, 1864. Four divisions of the Ninth corps, including that to which Bartlett's brigade was attached, were engaged. This is not the place to recount the story of that disastrous failure, which resulted in a total loss of about four thousand men from the four divisions which participated in the assault. It is perhaps sufficient to say that the general verdict is that the result was largely due to the fact that most of the division commanders failed to go in with their troops, preferring the security of the bomb-proofs within our lines. The subordinate commanders were thus left to execute the orders which they had received before going into action, there being neither corps nor division commanders present with authority to make such changes in the plan of attack as were absolutely essential to success after the first charge into the crater. Had the division commanders all displayed the same gallantry as that shown almost without exception by the brigade and regimental commanders, Petersburg might have been ours many months before its final capture.

The horrors of that bloody mine were perhaps never surpassed in any engagement of the war. Hundreds of our troops,

the living and the dead, were huddled together within the narrow limits of the crater where they were subjected to a converging fire of both infantry and artillery. Blood literally flowed down the sides of the crater and gathered in pools at the bottom. Wounded men, exposed to the rays of a burning sun during that awful day, died begging piteously for water, which could not be sent them.

Bartlett's participation in the assault is told in his journal as follows: "Friday, July 29. — Afternoon, sent for, Division Headquarters. We storm the works to-morrow at daylight. Our division leads. I hardly dare hope to live through it. . . . If I could only ride, or had two legs, so I could *lead* my brigade, I believe they would follow me anywhere. I will try as it is. God have pity on dear mother, Agnes, and all loved ones. March the brigade at one and half (July 30) through covered way to front line. Mine sprung at 4:40. We rushed across the open field. I got up to the enemy's works about as soon as anyone. Got into the crater. Took the first and second lines of the enemy. Held them till after one, when we were driven back by repeated charges. I fought them for an hour after they held the whole line, excepting the crater where we were, their flag within seven feet of ours across the works. They threw bayonets and bottles on us, and we returned, for we got out of ammunition. At last, to save further slaughter, there being no hope of our being rescued, we gave it up. That crater during that day I shall never forget. A shell knocked down a bowlder of clay onto my wooden leg and crushed it to pieces, killing the man next me. I surrendered to General Mahone."

He was confined for nearly a month in the military prison at Danville, Virginia. His sufferings from sickness, hunger, heat, and filth during this time were intense, and the entries in his journal tell the pitiful story, — too pitiful, indeed, to be repeated here. He was then removed to Libby Prison Hospital, where he remained nearly a month and until his exchange, September 24, 1864. Worn with wounds and sickness, he returned to

his home at Winthrop, Massachusetts, where the next seven months were spent in endeavoring to regain his wasted health. On the last day of 1864 he writes in his journal: "So ends 1864, an eventful year for me in more ways than one. May the end of 1865 find me alive and well, a better man, and more deserving of God's mercy and goodness and the love of my darling Agnes."

April 13, 1865, although still suffering from sickness and debility, he applied to the War Department for active service, and on May 23 he renewed the application accompanied with a surgeon's certificate that he was able to return to duty. On the 1st of June he commanded the troops which participated in the procession in Boston in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln, and, although wasted with wounds and disease, he rode at the head of the column, his tall and striking form attracting much attention.

A few days later he was ordered to report to the commander of the Ninth corps for duty, and repairing at once to Washington he was assigned to the command of the First division of that corps at Tenallytown, near Washington. The muster-out of his division a month later terminated his active military career, although he was not actually mustered out of service until a year later and after his return from a European trip for which he obtained leave of absence. Shortly after the muster-out of his division he received the brevet of major-general for "gallant and meritorious conduct at the Mine."

July 21, 1865, will long be remembered by the sons of Harvard University as "Commemoration Day," in honor of the alumni and students of Harvard who fought in the war. General Bartlett was present during the ceremonies, and at the dinner which closed the exercises the presiding officer, in introducing him, alluded to an ancient picture of a soldier sorely wounded, maimed, and deprived of an eye, the picture bearing the inscription "the heart is left." The General spoke a few words in reply, speaking with much diffidence and hesitation.

Colonel Henry Lee, the marshal of the day, rose to his feet and said: "As the Speaker of the House of Burgesses of Virginia said to Washington, 'sit down, sir, your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess.'"

October 14, 1865, he was married to Miss Mary Agnes Pomeroy, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, the Agnes whose name appears so frequently throughout his journal, whose acquaintance he had first made when organizing the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Infantry at that place. A few days later they sailed for Europe, where they remained until June, 1866. While in England Bartlett attended the military manœuvres at Woolwich and Aldershot, and was everywhere received with the utmost courtesy and attention by officers of the British Army. Journeying south as far as Italy, he visited Garibaldi on the island of Caprera, and was warmly received, the great liberator having many years before, when Bartlett was a mere lad, visited his father in Massachusetts.

Returning to America, he was mustered out of service in June, 1866. He seems to have seriously considered the question of entering the regular army, but at length abandoned all thoughts of further military service and decided upon a business career. Early in 1867 he took charge of a paper-mill in Dalton, and in the following year he became manager of the Pomeroy Iron Works at West Stockbridge. Wasted as he was with his wounds, and with sickness contracted during his imprisonment, the cares of business so reduced his strength that in 1870 he again went abroad for a few months of much-needed rest.

In 1872 he became treasurer and manager of the Powhatan Iron Company and took charge of its works near Richmond, Virginia, to which city he removed his family and where he was received with marked respect by the friends of the Lost Cause, who were familiar with the story of his bravery and of his sufferings.

June 28, 1874, the beautiful Memorial Hall erected at Cam-

bridge in commemoration of the sons of Harvard who had fallen in the war was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The occasion brought together a large gathering of alumni to witness the dedication, as well as the commencement exercises upon the following day. General Bartlett's speech at the commencment dinner in Memorial Hall was a brief but eloquent appeal for reconciliation between the North and the South, at a time when such utterances were still rare, and it produced a profound impression upon his hearers. From this time on to the end of his life he was frequently called upon to speak upon various occasions, and his public utterances were in the same vein, pleading always for harmony between those who had lately been arrayed against each other in deadly strife. He seems, indeed, as the end drew near, to have been imbued with a new-born eloquence, and hundreds of soldiers who had worn the blue and the gray were touched with the spectacle of the maimed and stricken hero pleading for reconciliation with those from whom he had received the wounds which afterward cost him his life.

A notable instance of this kind was his speech at the Centennial Celebration of the Battle of Lexington, April 19, 1875, in which he said: "As an American, I am as proud of the men who charged so bravely with Pickett's division on our lines at Gettysburg as I am of the men who so bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves." As an evidence of their appreciation of this appeal for harmony between those who had lately been arrayed against each other, the ex-Confederate soldiers of Richmond gave him a public serenade, General Bradley Johnson of the Confederate service expressing in eloquent speech the gratitude of his associates for Bartlett's manly utterances.

In the autumn of 1875 he declined the Democratic nomination for lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts. His strength was gradually failing, and during all these years he was a con-

stant sufferer from disease contracted during his imprisonment as well as from his wounds, from the effect of which he never recovered. His physical sufferings were also aggravated by business reverses, the iron industry in which he had embarked having been paralyzed by the financial panic of 1873. Life had become a constant struggle to maintain the waning forces of nature, weakened and well-nigh spent as they had been in the service of his country. And yet he uttered no word of complaint. Only the brief record of his journal tells the story of his constant suffering and of the patience with which it was borne. Very touching are some of these entries during the later months of his life, when he seems to have been impressed with the consciousness that the end was near. July 15, 1875, he writes: "No man was ever blessed with such a perfect wife and lovely children. I pray their lives may take no shadow from those which seem to hang about mine, now too near its close I fear."

"July 10. — Not much appetite. Felt like death yesterday."

"August 2. — A blue day for me. I am not strong, and pretty well unnerved."

"August 7. — Am very tired and used up, but can rest, I hope."

"August 8. — Rest, rest. It is very sweet to be here with my darling Agnes."

"December 25. — Christmas. I could not resist an appeal to stay (at Pittsfield), as I do not feel sure of many more of them."

And the words proved prophetic, since this was his last Christmas.

In the early spring of 1876 he again sailed for Europe, with the hope of improving his health. His hopes, however, proved unavailing, and he returned early in June more reduced in strength than when he had departed. He lingered a few patient months, with some of those fitful returns of apparent gain which are common in cases of consumption, but all the while growing

weaker and rapidly nearing the end. His physical sufferings from the ravages of disease as well as from the missing foot which he had lost at Yorktown continued almost to the end. The burden of pain grew heavier as the days wore on, until it seemed at times as if the worn and wasted body could no longer retain the heroic soul within. And yet, he bore all with the patient fortitude which had always characterized him under physical suffering. In the stern discipline of those war years he had learned that hardest of all lessons: to stand firm in the trying hour, and when he had done all, to stand. So, patiently and uncomplainingly, he awaited the rapidly-nearing end. On Sunday, December 17, 1876, he called his family about him, spoke some words of loving farewell, and quietly passed away.

REMINISCENCES OF A SURGEON.

By HORACE WARDNER.

[Read April 12, 1894.]

THIRTY-THREE years ago to-day, at half-past four in the morning, the first gun against Fort Sumter was fired by an old Virginian by the name of Edmund Ruffin. The echoes of that gun produced an excitement throughout our country which no one can fully appreciate who was not a participant in the events of those times. Loyalty and patriotism rose above all other considerations. The streets of Chicago were filled with people who were angry, anxious, and determined. It was no time for argument — the time for action had come. A man, now prominent in the city, dropped an unguarded remark favorable to the South. A quick retreat only saved him from personal violence.

Within a few hours thousands of men had offered their services to the government, and were under arms in its defense. Among the first to volunteer was the Washington Independent Regiment of this city. It was a part of the regularly organized state militia, and was all German except one company of Highland Guards, under the captaincy of John McArthur. The office of colonel was vacant. At a meeting of the officers held at the armory, corner of Randolph and Canal streets, Thomas Shirley was elected colonel, and Captain McArthur, lieutenant-colonel. In selecting his staff, Colonel Shirley appointed Doctor Max Meyers surgeon and Horace Wardner assistant-surgeon.

On the 23d of April, with our colors floating in the breeze, we marched to the train, and, amid tearful adieux of loved ones left behind, bands of music, ringing of bells, and the cheers of a multitude that collected to see us off, we started for the general rendezvous at Springfield, to be mustered into the

United States service. The stations along our route were crowded with people curious to see the men who were going to fight, and put down secession. These people were generous with eatables and drinkables, and as we entered our camp at Springfield many of the "boys" were in a hilarious mood.

Colonel Shirley was a native of Virginia, proud of the title of "F. F. V." There were strong suspicions afloat of his entertaining sentiments of sympathy for the South. These rumors, growing in volume and importance as they travelled, reached the ears of Governor Yates. As a result Shirley was rejected, and our organization went to pieces. Part of the men returned to their homes. Of those who remained, two companies entered the Twelfth Illinois, the last regiment to complete its organization under the first call for troops. Captain McArthur was elected colonel, Captain A. L. Chetlain, lieutenant-colonel, and Captain Williams, major.

While the struggle for preference in the organization of the first six regiments was in progress, the medical profession had not been idle. It was observed that men wholly unfit for the position were crowding into the service as surgeons. At the suggestion of some leading physicians, a section was incorporated in the Military Bill, then pending in the legislature, creating a board of medical examiners who were to pass on the merits of those aspiring to places in the medical department. Doctor N. S. Davis of Chicago, Doctor William Chambers of Charleston, and Doctor Stipp constituted the first board. This board met the next day after the passage of the bill and began its work. As soon as it became known that an examination was required, about sixty would-be surgeons had urgent business-calls in other directions.

All the regiments were supplied with medical officers who had passed the examination of the board excepting one. In this case the colonel, ignoring the law, forced his man on the regiment for some private or personal reason. As the governor refused to commission anyone surgeon who had not passed the

examination provided for, his term of service was short, yet long enough to prove his ignorance and unfitness for the place.

The Twelfth Infantry was mustered into the United States service by Captain Pitcher, of the regular army, on the 3d of May. Colonel McArthur gave me the appointment of surgeon, which was followed in due time by a commission from the governor. Having completed its organization and received its outfit, our regiment left Springfield on the 10th of May, under orders to go into camp at Caseyville, opposite St. Louis, where we remained until about the first of June. While at this place the measles broke out in the camp and the surgeons had plenty of work in caring for the sick. We lost one soldier whose case was complicated with pneumonia. He was buried with military honors on the top of the bluff overlooking the Mississippi River. The squad that did the honors fired their first gun under military orders, and seemed proud of the performance. One of the "boys" who had the measles at that time served the state as attorney-general, while Private Joe Fifer was governor.

At the commencement of the service we had not been furnished with proper instructions and necessary blanks for reports and other details of the service, and there was, of course, dense ignorance concerning that part of the work. In one of the companies a man by the name of Williams had enlisted with the expectation of helping to crush the rebellion in short order. He was made color-sergeant. He had been known as the strongest man in Chicago, and could easily lift one thousand pounds. Assistance was required to move the freight that had accumulated in the railroad depot at East St. Louis before the regiment could get all of its baggage and stores. Sergeant Williams was put in charge of a detail to render the necessary aid. It was a wet and disagreeable day, but he took hold of the work with a vim. He took cold and had an attack of muscular rheumatism. This greatly discouraged and demoralized him. He had expected to do nothing but fight. He went to his captain to get his discharge on account of his lameness. The captain referred him

to the surgeon. He was examined and given a certificate in accordance with the facts, written on a prescription paper, and directed to return with it to the captain, who would give him the proper paper. He did so, and asked for his discharge. The captain told him *that* was his discharge, and that he could go home. He came back and reported his conversation with his captain, adding, as he looked at the little slip of paper in his hand, "That is a hell of a discharge." It, however, served the purpose of securing his transportation home; but he was not able to draw his pay on that kind of a discharge, and had a serious time in getting his account settled.

Captain U. S. Grant visited the regiment while at this camp. We first saw him as a plainly-dressed citizen, sitting on a log in company with Colonel Chetlain, who was his neighbor at Galena. Of course he was smoking a cigar. There was nothing about him to indicate that he might belong to the army except the cord on his soft felt hat.

A day or two before we left this camp Captain Emmet McDonald, of the Missouri State Guards, who was captured at Camp Jackson by the forces under General Lyon, was committed to the custody of the regiment as a prisoner of war. He expected to be set at liberty soon, but when the regiment embarked on the steamer for Cairo, taking him along, it became a serious matter with him as he seemed to think his days were few. He was, however, taken to Springfield before the United States Court, and, as no overt act was proved against him, he was set at liberty. He entered the Confederate service and was killed at Pea Ridge.

At Cairo we went into camp on the outskirts of the town, where we staid during the rest of the three months' service. A regimental hospital was soon established that was very comfortable. One of our men had been taken sick suddenly while in town, and was taken into a sort of post hospital that was in charge of an assistant surgeon attached to a battery of artillery. He was a small man in stature and fresh in the service, taking

great pride in his uniform, green sash, and dress sword, which he constantly wore when on duty. As soon as our hospital was ready, one of the sick man's comrades was requested to bring him in. The young assistant refused to let him come, claiming that, as the patient fell into his hands first, no one else had any right in the case. Our lieutenant-colonel spoke to the young surgeon about the matter, but was told that he "had got the patient in *his* hospital, and all hell could n't get him out."

While at Cairo our men were "spoiling for a fight." To relieve the monotony of camp life, the officers got up a sham battle between the two wings of the regiment. The right was commanded by Colonel McArthur and the left by Captain A. C. Ducat. After maneuvering a while for position, the battle began with blank cartridges; but as the lines approached each other the men became so excited that it resulted in a hand-to-hand fight, in spite of the efforts of the officers to prevent it. Many heads were hurt, and numerous other casualties were reported. The number of men unable for duty the next day alarmed the officers commanding the opposing forces. They requested me to report an epidemic of measles, diarrhœa, or anything to prevent an investigation. The matter was smoothed over so that nothing was said about it outside of the regiment. The ground over which the battle took place had a heavy growth of stramonium or Jamestown weed. The odor of this weed was not agreeable, and the occurrence has since been known by those who participated in it as the "Battle of Stinkweed Valley."

Our regiment reënlisted for three years. After a short stop at Bird's Point, Missouri, it was ordered to Paducah, Kentucky, where we went into camp on the banks of the Ohio in September. The officers went to work in earnest to perfect drill and discipline and the sanitary conditions. They were untiring in their efforts, not sparing themselves day or night. It was from exposure at this time that our good friend, General Ducat, con-

tracted a disease, camp dysentery, from the effects of which he has never recovered and never will.

Just before Grant made the attack on Belmont, November 7, our regiment was ordered to march toward Columbus, Kentucky, thus threatening that place in the rear. I was absent on special duty at the time, but returned the day after the regiment got back to camp.

One of the soldiers, a fine young fellow, had been wounded accidentally in pulling a loaded gun out of a wagon, seriously injuring his right arm near the shoulder. Hemorrhage had been controlled by a field tourniquet. He was taken to the post hospital at Paducah, where the hemorrhage recurred during the evening. The medical director was called and proceeded to ligate the artery in the axilla. The bleeding, however, did not stop, and the man died before morning. He was the only son of wealthy parents. I found Colonel McArthur very much dissatisfied over the loss of the man. He thought the man ought to have been saved. He requested me to go to the post hospital and make an examination of the case. I did so in the presence of some of the officers of our regiment and several surgeons, including the medical director who had performed the operation. Upon laying bare the vessels and nerves in the axilla, the ligature was found tied tightly around the principal nerve instead of the injured artery; hence the fatal result. The operator left at once and was not seen again that day. The next morning he came to my tent very despondent. He said that he had contemplated suicide, and but for the thought of his wife and children would have carried it out; sometimes the thought came to him it was the best thing he could do in any case. I consoled him as well as I could by talking of the mistakes of eminent surgeons; but he could not forgive himself, and I never heard of his using a surgeon's knife afterwards while he remained in the Western army.

On February 6, 1862, under General C. F. Smith, we marched against Forts Heinman and Henry. On our approach,

Heinman was abandoned by the enemy. The battle was fought, and Fort Henry was captured by our gunboats. The evening after the surrender we reached the rebel "Camp Dixon," on the shore opposite the fort. The enemy had left this camp in a hurry, — to use an army word, had "skedaddled." We found the fires burning, food left cooking, and letters unfinished in the tents. We also found guns, side-arms, pill-bags, medicines, and some surgical instruments.

A part of our forces had landed on the right bank and camped in and about the fort the night after the battle. The next day 5,000 men were moving slowly against Fort Donelson. The river had risen very rapidly from recent heavy rains, in consequence of which we were delayed one week to build an approach across the overflowed bottoms to enable us to reach the boats for passage across the river. On the 14th we were in line of march for Fort Donelson. At four o'clock we were halted within about three and a half miles of the fort, where we prepared supper. It was on the bank of a clear mountain stream.

Our colonel had a horse that the soldiers named "Boomerang" on account of his disposition to move backwards. He was tied to a small tree near the brink of the stream. He was soon at his trick of backing. Suddenly he dropped out of sight into the earth. For a moment the colonel's face was a study for an artist. To be unhorsed in such a way on the eve of battle was not encouraging. But Boomerang was equal to the occasion. His head shortly appeared over the bank as he swam out of a cavern to the opposite shore. An eddy in the stream had washed out the earth for some distance where he had stood, leaving a thin roof supported by the roots of the trees, that was not strong enough to sustain his weight.

It was a clear night with a bright moon as we went into bivouac. By two o'clock in the morning the sky was darkened by dense clouds; the moon had disappeared. We were quietly aroused and ordered into line of march. Thus, in darkness,

without lights and without noise, talking being forbidden except in low tones, we proceeded to the place assigned us in the line of battle, which we reached about four o'clock in the morning. Bivouac without light, fire, or noise was the order. We awoke at daylight covered with snow. Shaking off this white covering, we had a hasty breakfast from haversacks, and were ready for our part in the tragedy about to be enacted. Our regiment, at first assigned to a position near the centre of our lines, received orders to remove to the extreme right. About the same time I was ordered to occupy the buildings of a plantation, in the rear of our centre, as one of the field hospitals, and assume charge of the same; the assistant-surgeon, W. F. Cady, remained with the regiment. While I was getting the place in readiness for the work, Brigade-Surgeon John H. Brinton, of Philadelphia, not being attached to any command, came to assist me in the work before us. Scarcely had we got things in order when the first wounded man was received, and from that time until the surrender of the fort we received and dressed about four hundred wounded men.

The night after the first day's engagement was very cold, and our men suffered greatly in consequence. I directed some half-demoralized, half-sick men, who had dropped out of the ranks, to take a kettle found on the premises and make it full of coffee. Requesting a chaplain who was present to take charge of the work, I returned to my duties with the wounded. After a while he came into the room where we were operating, saying he could not get the men to do anything. Somebody with more authority than he had was needed to get those men to do anything more than stand and shiver in the cold. With a dress-sword in my hand and some energy in my language, it was but a few minutes before I had three or four roaring fires, to which the rail fence was made to contribute liberally. The men were refreshed with the hot coffee, while the chaplain was philosophizing on the moral power of forcible and rough language over demoralized men.

About noon of the second day news reached us of the surrender. Every demoralized soldier about the hospital rendezvous at once became brave and started for the front. Every wounded man who could walk hastened to the scene of victory. The badly wounded were sent to hospital boats or to the town inside the fortifications.

While we were engaged in our work at the field hospital in the afternoon of the first day two female nurses came, under assignment by the head of the corps. Every room in the house and in the out-houses and cabins, and every bed, was filled with the wounded. What was to be done with those women for the night? The room in which we operated was furnished with an old-fashioned wood fireplace. We built a good fire, spread blankets across the room on the floor in front of it, and placed the chaplain to the right, the women in the centre, and the surgeon to the left, while the assistants fell into line on either side, forming the wings. We fought it out on that line until daylight came to our relief. These women did everything in their power (as they did everywhere during the war) to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and dying. They were of great assistance to us during that battle. It is gratifying to know that many of these faithful women have been remembered by the pension office.

The day after the surrender I was placed in charge of a boatload of the wounded to be conveyed to the general hospital at Mound City, Illinois. On my return after performing that duty I was detailed by order of General Sherman, who was in command of the post at Paducah, Kentucky, to assist the medical director of the department, the latter being confined to his room by sickness. My wife was staying with friends at Smithland. She hastened to meet me at Paducah. She, with the wife of Surgeon Hartshorn, accompanied me on my return to the regiment. Hartshorn was on the staff of General C. F. Smith.

We expected to find the regiment at Nashville. We were

on a stern-wheel boat that made slow progress against the current of the rising river. The second night our boat struck a snag that broke through her hull below the water line. This happened about one o'clock. The boat was loaded with teams, quartermaster's stores, and two companies of soldiers. About three o'clock we were suddenly aroused by the mate telling the soldiers that the boat was sinking, and making vigorous efforts to wake them, for they slept as only tired soldiers can sleep. I rushed out of the stateroom to be met by the mate, who assured us that there was no immediate danger, but that he was obliged to use strong language and even mild kicks to get the soldiers awakened to help unload the military stores. Men were kept at the pumps, but the water steadily gained, so that by daylight it was beginning to cover the boiler deck. The freight had all been removed. We were among the last to go ashore. Shortly afterwards the boat pitched forward, rose trembling like a thing of life, and then sank with a sound like a groan into the rising water. We found ourselves on an island, over which the water was gradually creeping. There was nothing to do but wait for some passing boat to come to our relief. Two of the soldiers were reported sick. Upon examination they were found to be just breaking out with smallpox. In the afternoon a small stern-wheel steamer, having two barges of coal in tow, came slowly up the river. It was hailed, and after some persuasion the captain consented to take the ladies and myself on board. His boat had no quarters for ladies, so the rough but kind-hearted captain gave up his quarters for their benefit. The next day we were overtaken by a boat with General C. F. Smith on board. From him we learned that the regiment was at Clarksville. He had us transferred to his boat. He was pleasant, but seemed annoyed that the ladies should have come up the river. He told Surgeon Hartshorn to send his wife right back. At Clarksville, where the boat stopped, the ladies secured a fine bouquet of roses and sent it to the General with their compliments. As a peace-

offering this had the desired effect. The General was gracious, called upon the ladies, and before the troops moved from Clarksville secured them fine accommodations on a boat returning to Paducah.

While the regiment was staying at Clarksville, several slaves came to the camp seeking protection and freedom. It was strictly against orders at that time to harbor or assist a slave to leave his master. One poor negro came to the colonel's quarters about eleven o'clock one night, complaining bitterly of the treatment he was receiving from his master, and begging piteously to be protected. The colonel's heart was touched, but he could only tell the poor fellow he could do nothing for him. I called the negro aside and suggested that if he went into the camp among the soldiers they might help him, if he was not seen by the officers. He took the hint and acted accordingly. The day we broke camp, while the men were loading the boat with the stores and equipage, the slave's master came looking for his property. The slave saw the master and was greatly agitated. Some soldier called to him to run to the boat. He ran with the master after him. The boat had swung out into the river so that there was a space between it and the wharf of over twenty feet to the boiler deck. The slave cleared the distance and landed safely on the boat. It was a leap for liberty that challenged the admiration of the men. When the master attempted to go on the boat over the gangway, he was unceremoniously crowded off, and emphatically told to keep out of the way.

Our next camp was at Pittsburg Landing on the right of the Federal line. Colonel McArthur was placed in command of our brigade. Our chaplain, Rev. Mr. Grant, was desirous of going back to Paducah on some personal business. A part of our regimental quartermaster's stores had been left behind at Paducah. It was decided by the Colonel to give the Chaplain an order to bring up the needed stores, with permission at the same time to attend to his personal matters, thus killing two

birds with one stone. When the Chaplain had got as far as Savannah, where General Grant was stopping at the time, he thought it proper to pay his respects to the General. Upon announcing himself at headquarters, General Rawlins asked him how he came there. The honest Chaplain, not thinking to show his orders, said he was going to Paducah to get his books. "Who gave you authority to leave camp?" "Colonel Chetlain and Colonel McArthur" was the answer. "It is strictly against orders to leave camp. Return to your regiment under arrest. I will place Chetlain and McArthur both under arrest." The Chaplain felt greatly annoyed that he should have been the innocent cause of their humiliation.

A day or two later, on the bright Sunday morning of April 6, the Battle of Shiloh began. Orders came releasing both Chetlain and McArthur from arrest and restoring them to their respective commands.

Our brigade was ordered to the support of our left, some three or four miles from our camp. The first line of battle was formed on a plantation to the right and rear of General Sherman's camp. A large body of our cavalry was in line in front of us near the timber. I was furnished with a detail of one man from each company. Taking possession of an old log building, to be used as an emergency hospital, and leaving a detail to put it in order, I rode to the front. The first case requiring my attention on that battlefield was a surgeon. I was standing near an ambulance, in company with Doctor Roscotten from Peoria, when a shell from one of the enemy's batteries fell beneath one of the horses attached to the ambulance and exploded, killing that horse and also Doctor Roscotten's horse. In falling the Doctor's foot was caught beneath the horse and seriously injured. The Doctor was carried of the field by my men.

During this time the regiment was ordered farther to the left. As I did not observe the change at the time, it became my

duty to find their position. In doing so we had to pass through an open wood. We could see no one. Our troops had got into line and lain down in some hazel brush, as I afterwards ascertained. The small detail with me was the only part of our forces visible in that locality at that time. One of the enemy's batteries paid its compliments to us in the form of three or four rifled shells, which passed over our heads, bursting a short distance beyond us. As each succeeding shell came down nearer to our heads and directly over us we concluded they were firing with malice aforethought. We lay down out of sight, therefore, and the firing ceased. Resuming our search for the regiment under cover of a little bluff we soon found its location, selected a spot protected by a low bluff as a rendezvous for the wounded, and notified the regiment where we could be found in case of need.

Scarcely had I got back to the rendezvous when our line was attacked and the regiment in vigorous action. Wounded men came or were brought back to the number of ten or a dozen, hurriedly dressed and sent on to the central rendezvous at the Landing. Captain Swain, of Company H, was shot through the abdomen and came to me with his bowels protruding. He died a few days later on his way home. The enemy's bullets came in volleys over our heads, until it was evident our lines were retreating. We moved away under cover of the bluff, so as to get out of the range of the enemy's guns. We then took to higher ground, and could see the enemy near the brow of the bluff that had protected us. It was a question of a few moments as to whether we should be prisoners or not. The regiment was gone, we knew not where. Going to the general rendezvous for the disabled at the Landing, I was assigned to the duty of operating upon and dressing the wounded. There were four thousand of them there at that time.

Near sunset I was working over a brave soldier, whose right arm was maimed in a fearful manner. A citizen physician

from Chicago, who had come with the sanitary commission, attempted to assist by administering chloroform. Just as he began, the rebel sharpshooters commenced firing at a battery Colonel Webster had planted between us and the enemy's lines to protect the Landing. Every wounded man who could move went scrambling over the bluff for protection. I saw one poor fellow, whose leg had been amputated, on his back, holding up the stump of his limb, and working his way over the edge of the bluff. We got behind a large oak tree and again attempted the dressing of the wounded limb. At that moment the gunboat, under command of Captain Shirk, began firing heavy shells up a ravine at the enemy. The boat was about a hundred yards from us. At every discharge of the gun the doctor would drop as if he had been shot. The soldier laughed at him. The doctor said "he could not help it." I had to be my own assistant in finishing the amputation.

An amusing thing occurred while we were on this bank. A demoralized cavalryman came rushing down and attempted to swim his horse across the river. After proceeding about fifty yards the horse threw up his nose, let his body down nearly perpendicular, turned about, and struck out to return to the shore. As the man slid into the water from the back of the horse he caught the animal by the tail, and was towed back to the landing. The ducking cooled his excitement. Mounting the horse he rode quietly off in search of his comrades.

As night came on, dark clouds arose, and a heavy rain set in. As many of the wounded had been taken aboard of the boats as possible, so I went on board one of the boats to render what assistance I could. On the hurricane deck I found a soldier bleeding from a badly shattered arm. Amputation was necessary to save his life. With the light of one tallow candle, which a drunken assistant held and protected from the wind as best he could, I amputated and dressed the arm. The next morning I was gratified to find my patient doing well and able to walk about.

Under orders from the medical director, I remained at the rendezvous during the second day of the battle, standing over the operating table until five o'clock in the afternoon. About eleven o'clock a young officer came rushing in, calling for the surgeon. I gave him a seat. He began shaking his foot, saying "Take it off, it will have to go." "Where is your regiment?" I asked. "All cut to pieces, I think I am the only man alive." Upon examination it was found that a small shot, probably buckshot, had passed through the fleshy part of his little toe. I afterwards learned he was the only man in his regiment who was hurt. In marching to an assigned position, the regiment had been fired upon from ambush by the enemy. The surprise so demoralized the men that they took to their heels. Fortunately the firing of the enemy was too low for any serious results. This young officer informed me that my regiment had gone back to the camp at evening of the first day's fight. I also learned that while the men were preparing supper a shell had fallen in the quarters of Company K and exploded, killing one man and wounding several, two of whom each lost a leg as a result.

At five o'clock I was relieved of duty at the rendezvous, and hastened to the regimental camp to the care of the wounded men. The Battle of Shiloh was won. The field was ours, with its ghastly scenes and relics of the deadly strife.

There has been a good deal of discussion over the question of a surprise on the first morning of the battle. So far as we were concerned it *was* a surprise. Our immediate commanders were in arrest on account of a trifling affair. Our regiment was wholly unprepared for battle. After the battle opened, our officers had to draw clothing, arms, and accoutrements for the men before going into action. General Grant says in his Memoirs, page 333 of Volume I.: "The fact is, I regarded the campaign as an offensive one, and had no idea that the enemy would leave strong intrenchments to take the initiative, when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained."

Be that, however, as it may, the result was satisfactory to the Union cause, and disastrous to the enemy. Success is the measure of merit the world over.

Shortly after the Battle of Shiloh I received a commission as brigade surgeon. During the summer of 1862, and until after the Battle of Corinth, in October, my service was on the staff of General Davies, commanding the First division of the Army of the Tennessee, as medical director.

Passing over the memorable siege of Corinth, under General Halleck, we entered that place to find the enemy gone. All military stores and government property he could not remove had been destroyed.

The summer was spent in camp, without stirring events. General Ord was in command of the forces at the post. One of his staff, acting as inspector, reported that he noticed an offensive smell in the grounds occupied by the Twelfth Illinois. General Oglesby was commanding the brigade at that time. He was informed of the report and his attention officially called to the necessity of abating the nuisance. Oglesby, with his staff, made a careful inspection of the grounds and camp of his brigade, and especially of the Twelfth, which had always taken pride in its cleanly and sanitary condition. He could find nothing filthy about the camp, and so reported to General Ord, adding the remark that "the inspector must have carried the smell with him when he rode through the camp." This jocular remark ruffled the feathers at headquarters and the author of it was brought to account. Our "Uncle Dick" apologized.

On the morning of October 3, about four o'clock, the long roll awoke the camp. The enemy under Price and Vandorn had attacked our outpost and driven in our picket guards. Our division was known as the Second division of the Army of the Tennessee. It was under the command of General Davies, aud consisted of three brigades under the command of General Oglesby, General Hackleman, and Colonel Baldwin.

Our lines were soon formed and pushed to the front, taking

position northwest of Corinth, in the angle formed by the Memphis and Charleston and the Mobile and Ohio Railroads. The men occupied some rifle-pits that had been made by the enemy before the evacuation on the approach of Halleck. In going to the front I saw the men leaving the line and falling back. It was learned afterwards that a space between our left and the railroad, where there was a deep cut, had been left uncovered. In gaining this ground the rebels were on our left flank, and from that position poured a volley into our line, causing the retreat. A second line of battle was formed, which gave way. The third line was formed nearer the town, which held the enemy until the close of the first day's fighting.

The town was full of the wounded. Oglesby was shot in the side. General Hackleman was shot through the neck, the ball severing the esophagus so that he could not swallow, and, wounding the trachea, passed out on the opposite side near the spinal column. Colonel Baldwin was disabled by a slight wound on the hand. We got them all into the Tishamingo Hotel. Hackleman died about the middle of the night. Oglesby suffered extremely, with great difficulty in breathing. My wife, who was in Corinth at the time, spent the entire night helping, as nurse, to keep him alive. The hotel was crowded with the wounded.

At two o'clock all lights were ordered out, and the wounded moved as quickly as possible to a rendezvous about two miles away. Oglesby felt that he could not be moved until at four o'clock the enemy opened fire on the town, the hotel receiving their early attention. As we carried him out of the east end of the building a shell came through the walls of the west end, but fortunately did not explode. The shells fell all around us as we drove him away to find a place of safety. The ride was very painful and the firing distressed him very greatly in his helpless condition.

Leaving him in safe quarters and in good hands, I joined the camp for the wounded, and had got some tents set, when a

stampede of teams, ambulances, and batteries was observed coming from the town. They dashed through our camp in a very careless and excited race. This was soon checked by a detail of our cavalry. Soon a great cheer was heard from the town, and we knew the enemy had been repulsed. Calling my ambulance I rode hastily to the front. Captain Ward, of my old regiment, had received a bullet in the centre of the forehead and was just breathing his last.

Looking over the ground in front of our defenses, I picked up two or three wounded, when I was cautioned that I was in dangerous proximity to the enemy. However, as I was caring for their own wounded as well as ours, I felt secure. This was ground over which the enemy had charged with solid battalions. It was within range of the guns of Fort Robinett. One of the shells from this fort had fallen amid a charging column, exploded, and killed thirteen men. The enemy finding it necessary to take or silence this fort, Colonel Rogers, commanding a regiment of Texas Rangers, undertook to capture it. It was supported by a detachment of infantry, hidden behind the embankment. As the enemy made the charge through the moat and up the embankment our men rose and poured a terrible fire into his ranks. They re-formed and charged again, with the same results. Thirteen balls penetrated the body of the brave and daring Colonel Rogers, and the bodies of his men covered the ground in places two and three deep. We buried Colonel Rogers with military honors.

The Confederates were without food. They were told by their leaders they could not get any until they had taken Corinth, where they would find plenty. They fought as men determined to win or die. The next day after the battle a detail sent back under a flag of truce to bury their dead asked immediately for food, saying they had been without rations for forty-eight hours. The food in the haversacks of those left dead on the field was found to consist only of remnants of parched corn or coarsest cornbread. At one time the enemy

had succeeded in getting into a part of the town, but by the rallying of our men, under the efforts of General Rosecrans and his staff, a counter-charge was made so effectively that the town was cleared of the foe and the battle won.

We lost in killed, 315, and in wounded, 1,812. The enemy left 1,423 dead on the field and 2,225 prisoners in our hands. In respect of bravery, dash, and completeness of the victory, it is safe to claim for this battle a rank among the most satisfactory engagements during the war.

THE KENTUCKY UNIONIST.

By ELIJAH S. WATTS.

[Read October 10, 1895.]

DURING the period just preceding actual hostilities in the War of the Rebellion, when the South was in a state of tumult and stirred to its depths, events of mighty importance followed each other in close order; their influence was reflected in every community, and in none more so than in the neighborhood where the writer was born and reared, as his parents and grandparents had been born and reared before him. Deeply impressed, and with a vivid memory of the many incidents which came under his personal observation, his chief regret, in the effort to tell the story, arises from his inability to be altogether impersonal.

For the "Kentucky Unionist" I disclaim and deny all sordid motives and selfish considerations. If he had consulted his personal comfort and apparent material interests, he would not have been a Unionist. If not actually disloyal, he might have simply drifted with the tide. The circumstances of his birth and the teachings of his childhood would have led him, as it inclined him, to the Southern side of the question. But paramount and overshadowing every other consideration was his dread — it amounted to a horror — of a dissolution of the Union. He could see in the dim future the great Republic, the country of his fathers and of his love, rent and torn, broken and shattered into antagonistic fragments; and as a necessary condition constant warfare between hostile states; inevitable anarchy and chaos; the untimely decay of republican government and republican institutions; and the annihilation of the hopes of all who loved liberty. Dissolution of the Union must be resisted at all hazards.

With him there was no thought of bounty or pension or other

reward. Indeed, I knew men in my regiment who received their pay in the army with the blush of self-accusing shame, and even tears of indignation: but they got bravely over that later on; with them the best feelings of a superb manhood were enlisted in the cause.

The environment of the Kentucky Unionist was peculiar. From his birth, training, and education he had an indomitable pride in his State, in the people among whom he lived, in their high order of intelligence, and in their well-merited prestige in the great family of states.

The conditions were such that he could not look forward to the final issue with confidence or hope. The concentration of all authority about him, state and local, forbade it. The dominating sentiment of the politicians, and of all those who directed affairs, was with the South. Physical force, represented by the organized military of the state, was avowedly Secession in its sympathies. All those who claimed that one Southern gentleman was equal to five Yankees, among them many of the younger generation of that peculiar class endowed with the prestige and insolence of mere money, and little else, believed what they said. And truth to say the experience of many years in Washington, with the reins of government in the hands of the South, and the crack of the Southern whip keeping them there, the boast seemed not altogether an idle one. All these with clack and outcry, in the absence of active and effective opposition, gave an obvious direction to the hopes and fears of our people. Now, while this was all true, and it was still further true that for various reasons, some of which I shall call to your attention, a large majority of the people sympathized with the South, there was never an hour in which the State of Kentucky was disloyal to the Union. This sympathy with the South had a limit: the line was drawn at the point of the dissolution and breaking up of the Union. Less aggressive than their opponents, the Unionists resisted secession negatively; but that must be done whatever the outcome.

The position of the Unionist was very unpleasant at times. Perhaps his fears were exaggerated; but in the small reign of terror he felt himself menaced with hidden dangers. He had to meet the frowns of conservative friends who deprecated violence and sought to stave off impending troubles, as well as the sneers of enemies seeking to precipitate them. No soul-stirring martial music summoned him to the defence of his country; there was none of the "pomp and circumstance"; no assembly of friends to encourage and inspire him with purpose, bid him good-bye and God-speed. With only a stern sense of duty, compelled by political expediency to go beyond the borders of his state to find a loyal camp, he offered up his life on the altar of his country. And it is fitting that his impulse and act should be recognized as the inspiration of patriotism.

Let me tell you the story of one neighborhood, — I recall my native town. With the population of a village, it was called a town. The conventional simplicity of village life, applied to us, was absurd; we had all the manners, airs, and graces of a city, and every suggestion that we were rural was treated with superlative scorn. The place was delightfully situated. A romantic bluff presented a bold and rugged front to the morning sun. A stately elm garnished with mistletoe crowned its top just above a legendary "Lover's Leap," and a moss-grown shelving rock near by was shielded from the sun by natural foliage. "Dark, unfathomed caves" pierced this bluff, and at its base a sylvan stream, fed by ice-cold springs with aromatic and suggestive banks of mint, the crystal waters leaping in glad freedom from rock and hillside. Not far away, over hill and through dale, was a region of primeval forest, nature in wild attire, a labyrinth of tangled wildwood inhabited by bats and owls, peopled to the young imagination approaching its border with sprites and goblins. Fragrant flowers abounded in great profusion; spring and summer breezes were laden with sweet odors; autumn, marvellous in crimson and gold, bountiful with fruit and harvest; and winter, held in leash by the perfect cli-

mate of central Kentucky, made it a pleasant retreat for a leisurely people; and it is, I trust, with pardonable pride that I look back upon it, through the iridescent lens of distance and time, as my boyhood's home.

We had many schools in the town, the most important being a college controlled by the Jesuits, where some of the members of this Commandery received their education, among them General Stout, whom we laid at rest in Rose Hill only a few days ago (August 26, 1895). We also had an academy in charge of the Sisters, which, together with the college, was largely patronized by the sons and daughters of Southern planters. It formerly had been a custom for parents and friends to attend the annual commencement exercises at these institutions; and as they were generally people with large fortunes and liberal with money, they became popular with everybody. At an earlier time within my memory they would spend the summers with us; but railroads came, annihilating distances, the horizon was broadened, there were more elaborate resorts elsewhere, so the custom became a memory. We had a number of other schools. I once boasted to a Chicago gentleman that "we had a schoolhouse on every hilltop"; but he was severely practical, and promptly replied: "Yes, and a still-house in every valley!" He evidently lacked proper appreciation, so I discontinued the conversation.

For some years before the war local business languished, the trade and labor occupations barely sustaining themselves under the grip of hard times. And yet there were business houses with something to do. Dealers in negroes, horses and mules, had a large and lucrative business with Southern markets.

I find it difficult to realize at this day that the barbarous custom of buying and selling men, women, and children, like so many cattle, was so recently a common, everyday occupation. Nevertheless, I have seen them sold at private sales and at auction to the highest bidder, and there was nothing in the transaction to occasion unfavorable remark, nothing unusual. It was

left for mature years and many a toilsome campaign to enable me to understand its cruelty and injustice. Many of our prominent people were engaged in the trade, and about the time the snow began to fly, the year's accumulations, kept safely in prison, were chained together and marched to Louisville, forty miles away, when they were violently torn from home and friends, placed on the deck of a steamboat, shipped South, and sold to the highest bidder — to a stranger in a strange land. It is revolting to recall this annual chain-gang, and only tolerable at all in view of the fact that our army in its might broke their shackles forever, and made it impossible that such scenes should ever again be known in this land of liberty. It is, however, only fair to say that at the outbreak of the war the slave trade in Kentucky had grown "smaller by degrees." Owing to the effect of long prevalent dull times, rather than from any feelings of humanity, it was not the flourishing institution of a few years previous.

We hear much and read much sentimental nonsense about the "good old days of slavery," the "big-hearted master and the happy and contented slave." Literary fervor frames it with a halo, but it is only "a tale that is told." So far as this idea had a foundation, it was on the one hand the condescension of a petty despot when it pleased his humor, amused him, and cost him nothing; on the other, it was the habit of spiritless obedience on the part of a good-natured, light-hearted, abject slave, with no to-morrow in his reckoning, depending upon the beck and nod of his master even for these condescensions, which, like rays of sunlight penetrating the rifts of a prison, were the only redeeming feature vouchsafed his hopeless existence. An old "Auntie" whom I have known from my infancy, a faithful and devoted servant in our family for many years, once said in a plaintive rather than a complaining tone: "De good Lawd knows I'se a back-log in winter, an' a sun-shade in summer!" More could not be said in a volume.

No locality could boast a more learned judiciary and bar.

Indeed, all the professions were practiced by men of distinction and sometimes of national reputation. From our midst gentlemen were called to high political preferment in the state, into Congress and cabinets, and as foreign ministers representing our country abroad. Then there were our country gentlemen with inherited wealth. They lived on "places" enjoying life as became "Kentucky gentlemen," whiling away the listless hours in luxurious ease. They engaged in the sports of their kind no less than in the social amenities. There was no moral turpitude in horse-racing, cock-fighting, and that charmingly innocent and universally popular pastime called "draw poker." These proprietors of "places" with high-sounding titles, like the barons of old, each acted as if he owned the county. In a community of gentlemen, this was the highest type. Life to them was a succession of pleasures, and they cultivated its graces and refinements according to their ideals of what it should be. Their language and pronunciation, perfected upon local models and judged by local standards, was faultless. Each sentence was carefully weighed, stilted, and void of ordinary vulgarity, although liberally interspersed with symmetrical oaths when it became necessary to round a period or fill out a sentence. Attending church with regularity and in state, they were Christian gentlemen, and there was no one to question it. It was their nature to be effusive, often offensively so. So overpowering were they in affability that they would shake hands with ordinary neighbors ten times a day if they should meet so often, and always with the utmost cordiality. It was agreed that they were "puffect gentlemen of the old school, sah!"

While these men as a rule lived to grace life, their sons generally lived for its grosser pleasures. In politics the fathers were disposed to be conservative, ready to stand by the Union; the sons, on the contrary, were aflame with the idea of secession. The old adage that "Satan finds mischief still for idle hands to do," had here its exemplification. One of our peculiarities which has appeared so extraordinary to others, meeting

with unfavorable criticism and general condemnation, was the ready use of deadly weapons, resulting in duels, feuds, and vendettas.

The fight to the death not very long ago between two eminent gentlemen, and another in which a veteran ex-officer of the Union army and his crippled son were killed, is evidence that no change to speak of has taken place since my boyhood in the frequency of such affairs. Between my eighth and twentieth years there were just eight of those wretched homicides among the prominent and well-known men of our little community. They were not duels but common street affrays, in which strength and dexterity were neutralized by the leveling influence of knife and revolver. Not one of them was mercenary; every one of them was the result of sudden passion under provocation, and no punishment followed. The story of each of the eight, as I recall them to mind, is full of dramatic interest and incident for one who should care to study them. Notwithstanding these lamentable affairs, entailing unspeakable suffering upon mothers, wives, and children, our town, while no better, was certainly no worse than other Southern towns. We considered our civilization of the highest.

What may be said of a condition of society where such dreadful affairs are invited, expected, never prevented, and even conventional under tacit social laws? There is no remedy. Unfavorable criticism from all quarters, while listened to and recognized as eminently just, does not disturb the people at all. They have the idea that Kentuckians have nothing for which to apologize, and they do not ask advice from anybody. I have sometimes thought that perhaps moral conditions elsewhere were just as bad or worse, and in the contemplation of the grinding of Chicago divorce mills, or other social enormities blistering our city by the lake, the festering putrescence of any one of which will do more moral destruction than all the Kentucky murders of a century, may be occupying their attention, and so they are neglectful of the criticisms of their neighbors. To my

mind there is a redeeming feature to it all in the atmosphere of purity surrounding the fair ladies of Kentucky. There woman stands above the breath of scandal; for it is a tacit rule that laws are inadequate to settle questions touching domestic honor, a rule which, it appears, is not confined to that state. Juries everywhere seem to be of the same opinion. In no community will a gentleman trifle with a lady's name: in Kentucky no man dare do so except at the peril of his life.

It will be seen that our interests as well as our sympathies identified us with the South. All of our social and business interchanges were with the South. New Orleans, in those days as gay as Paris itself, was the Mecca of all our hopes and aspirations, many of our people spending the winter months in the festivities of the fashionable Southern metropolis.

The institution of Slavery was the accepted, if not the natural, order; it was right of course. We sometimes heard of Abolitionists, but the word had little meaning. They were supposed to be degraded people living somewhere among the "Yankees," never daring to come among us. It was a self-satisfied and happy community. As the weeks grew into months, and the months into years, we passed the time in a *dolce far niente* state — in sport, idleness, and pleasure. In common with other boys of my age I was an omnivorous reader, devouring without discrimination every book, good, bad, and indifferent, that came within my reach. When "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came out, producing a world-wide sensation, a friendly copy found its way into our home. We all read it with relish. We owned no slaves at that time, necessary house servants being hired by the year at light expense, and there was no reason, material or pecuniary, why we should suppress a humane sympathy with the pathos of the lives of Uncle Tom and little Eva. I mention this incidentally. For, although it may have exercised a greater influence than we supposed, I do not think that our family was affected by it more than the mere interest of the story itself.

These were the conditions existing in our town and among its people — a typical town and typical people, — at the time when the first faint mutterings of the coming storm rolled up to us from the South. In politics we had been ardent admirers of the great Harry Clay; but after his death and the overthrow and disruption of the old Whig party, the people were at sea without rudder or compass, full of wonder and doubt as to the future. The situation was in no way relieved during the next few years. The old Whigs clutched like drowning men at the treacherous straw of Know-Nothingism; but after a brilliant though ephemeral existence, the new party failed to take them to a harbor of safety, and went down in riot and bloodshed. As the climax of war approached, the citizens of our town would gather in groups on the streets and engage in the discussion of the one absorbing topic, covering every phase of a gloomy political future. Optimism was as dead as "Old Morley." Time passed, developing more and more threatening conditions, so that these discussions frequently resulted in high words and the bitter anger of broken friendships. As the strife became still more heated, arguments between life-long friends often produced deep heart-burnings. The parties would separate, each as he went his way, brooding in silence over his imagined wrongs, determined to have less to do with each other in future. Becoming more earnest, they began for the first time in their lives to consider what they said and to whom they were talking. Old and cherished friendships snapped like dry twigs at a touch. Often it happened that the closest relations, such as those of father and son, brother and brother, aye, husband and wife, and mother and son, became broken in the same way, and with the same result.

Our immediate family was a unit on the side of the nation, against dissolution under any circumstances. The family connections however, uncles, aunts, cousins, in great numbers, all sympathized with Secession. Our father, all his life an old-line Whig, like his Whig neighbors, was in political eclipse, dazed

and groping, ever since the overthrow of his party, and was so constituted that Know-Nothingism offered him no consolation. Five brothers of us had each in turn wandered away from the family roof, with an indefinite hope of finding a fortune somehow or somewhere; yet when the storm threatened, we sought its welcoming shelter again, each knowing nothing of the intentions of the others, and yet with the common purpose of standing by the Republic.

In my wanderings it had been my luck to spend part of my time in Kansas while yet in its probationary state. With Southern instincts and sympathies I witnessed its local conflicts, learning by the way something of the true inwardness of Kansas politics. Assembled at home again, we submitted to our father's counsel and advice in its admirable force and moderation. Our mother was ever on the alert and tenderly solicitous lest her five boys, all eligible for the army, should get away from her keeping.

At last the act forming the so-called Confederate government at Montgomery was consummated. Our neighbors, the enemy, were bright and hopeful; we, correspondingly depressed. All about us the gloom thickened, and darkness overshadowed us like a pall, with no promise for the future. A letter from an old schoolmate residing in New Orleans came to me, the envelope bearing upon its upper left-hand corner a miniature flag in red, white, and red, which had just been adopted as the colors of the so-called new government. One of our prominent lawyers, afterwards governor of the state, gave notice that on a certain day he would publicly raise a rebel flag in front of his residence, in plain view from the centre of the town. Sure enough, the flag was spread to the breeze and flaunted in the face of a people who had every Fourth of July, year after year, all their lives, as their fathers had before them, gazed with adoring rapture upon the flag that had come down to them from the days of 1776. Feeling was intense, but the occasion was not ripe to give it proper expression. I shuddered when I

first beheld that devil's own device; only God himself could know what would be the end of it all. Our dividing lines became more positively defined. We all knew one another after this, and yet there were ties we would not break. There were old friends with whom we had been intimate from infancy, playmates in childhood and schoolmates in youth, among them those we prized most, in sympathy with the enemies of our country. Such a disintegration of old elements and fusing of new ones could be possible only in a time of tumult and war, the cause of it all being a question so mighty that many generations of men live and die, never dreaming of anything like it.

Efforts were made to induce us five brothers to cast our lot with the South. The one particular friend whom I valued more than all others came to me every day and we strove each with friendly earnestness to bring the other to his side. We each without avail urged a life-long friendship, a sentiment of great strength in the intimacies of youth, — and it was that friendship alone which enabled us to part good friends at last, he in a short time to find a soldier's grave. With the terrors of a civil war before us, and its unknown hardships to be met, we never for an instant wavered in our purpose. We were determined to stay loyal to the Union, no matter what might come of it.

We were soon to feel the weight of local resentment. Stealthy acts of secret enemies, petty persecutions, slander and inuendo, often grievous to bear, had to be borne, and could not be properly met because the assailant would be under cover or in hiding. A pet dog of my sister's which lay asleep on the doorstep one night had his side ripped open, and the inoffensive little fellow, after lingering through the night, dragged himself whining to my feet as I went out the next morning. It could only have been the drunken freak of some contemptibly small member of the so-called "chivalry." Even now as I recall it my blood boils. In all my acquaintance there was not one person to whom I could impute the outrage, and yet the feeling at the

time was so bitter, I believe that one of my rebel neighbors must have done it. However, neither the blandishments of friends whom we were to lose inevitably, nor the persecutions of enemies whom we must meet and defy, changed my purpose. Resistance to a dissolution of the Union was the strongest sentiment of my life.

A few years previously, in anticipation of the time which was now approaching, there had been established under the laws of the state a military organization known as the "State Guard," organized and commanded by General Simon Bolivar Buckner, a model Kentucky gentleman, since the war a governor of the state, but better known to us by the incident of his surrender at Fort Donelson, and especially distinguished by the honor reflected from our old commander who proposed to "move immediately on his works," but being a gentleman of discretion, he did not wait for that. The companies of a strong brigade, a regiment from each congressional district, or nearly so, made up the State Guard, and one company, the "Nelson Grays," was located in our town. Remembering as I do the boys composing this company, I have no word of reproach for them. They followed the line of duty laid out before them, and I shall impute no fault to them — the friends and companions of my boyhood. Some of them were my blood relations, near to me indeed, and I gave them up very unwillingly.

When Sumter was fired on we were deeply stirred, and the news reached us from day to day that the patient people of the North were aroused at last. When we awoke to a realization of the mighty wave of loyal enthusiasm which swept everything before it, we knew in our hearts that disloyalty and treason would be overcome, and that the cause so dear to us would triumph. There was another military company, organized on the spur of the moment after the Sumter incident, and I had the honor to command it.

We had a disloyal governor and a loyal people. Of course they were warmly associated with the South and everything

Southern, by interest and inclination, and yet when it came to the supreme test of a dissolution of the Union, their loyalty triumphed. There were a great many Secessionists, and they were the active and aggressive portion, representing state and municipal government, power, and authority, the law and the gospel. Christian ministers in Christian pulpits were the most aggravating, and besides them there was the organized military of the state. All these, riding upon the crest of a wave of popular sympathy for its section, appealed with great force to the Kentucky nature. The idea of "neutrality" originated and ended with our disloyal governor, who hoped, in spite of the will of the people, to run the state out of the Union by force, with his auxiliaries and the State Guard organized for this sole purpose. You will all remember his truculent reply to President Lincoln's call for troops that "Kentucky would not furnish one man or one dollar to coerce her Southern sisters!" But Kentucky, notwithstanding, did furnish all the men required by every call, and all the money needed. She furnished 100,000 men to the national cause; there being enough "partisans" and "home guards" active in the field, added to 79,000, as given in "Foxe's Regimental Statistics," to make up this number. To the Southern side, the state contributed nine regiments of infantry, parts of two batteries of artillery, and some partisan cavalry, the whole during the four years not exceeding 15,000 to 18,000, a number that could have been recruited for them in either Indiana or Illinois, had opportunity been offered.

In June a special election for members of Congress was held in Kentucky, and in July an extra session was convened. Every member elected was a Union man, excepting Burnett in the old first district. The regular election in August elected a new legislature, 103 members being uncompromisingly Union, as against 38 for Secession. As this legislature at once took all military power out of the governor's hands, the atmosphere was thenceforth clear of disloyalty.

Our military company was called a "Home Guard." That

was its ostensible purpose. Timid women feared an uprising of the slaves of which there was not the slightest danger, and many of our friends not so timid pretended to fear it in order to have the company organized; while the bolder sort saw the urgent necessity of counteracting the disloyal influence of the State Guard, at the same time of supplying means for the suppressed Union sentiment to find active expression.

The State Guard in our town was Southern in its sympathies, making no other pretense; ours, the "Wickliffe Blues," was loyal, and everybody knew it; and it exercised an influence among the people that could not be measured in its full value. It demonstrated to conservative people that there were loyal men at hand to encourage them and stand by them in support of the Republic. The two commands hated each other with great bitterness. They called us "Yankees," "Abolitionists," "Lincoln Hirelings," etc., and we called them "Secesh," "Rebels," etc., both parties generally prefixing a "big, big D!" As time was of little value to us, drilling was continually the order of the day. It occasionally happened that both companies drilled on the common at the same time, and in maneuvering frequently crossed and recrossed each other's tracks. At times the situation was embarassing and uncomfortable, as you may well imagine. Why, think of it! We might have had all the war that any reasonable man could want right there at home, without waiting long years and enduring the hardships and sufferings of campaign life, to obtain it! But we had grown gradually into the situation, there was nothing unusual in the circumstances, and no collision occurred. At one time, however, affairs became critical, and we supplied ourselves with ball cartridges and went through the drill with loaded muskets. It is marvellous, quite incomprehensible to me now, that we escaped a collision. In the mean time, as the thunders increased in fury, we were constantly advised of the momentous events transpiring and duly impressed. The thunder rolled and swelled and drew nearer to our town. Every hour of the day something was

occurring to kindle patriotic fervor and add new lustre to the eye.

Early in July mighty events took place. The collision of armed hosts in the shock of battle was daily, almost hourly, expected in front of Washington. Should patriotic Kentuckians, always the first to respond to the call of their country, stand aloof, and have no hand in it?

Our town was an interior retreat, the terminus of a branch railroad and an abandoned telegraph line. There was one train a day from the outside world, none on Sunday. It was due to arrive at six in the evening, and we depended for the news of the day on the Louisville papers brought by that train. In the middle of July, 1861, news reached us that General McDowell, at the head of the army, was marching on Manassas. Saturday papers indicated that the blow would be struck and the rebellion crushed on Sunday morning. We were fully advised as to all the preparations, preliminary marches, and skirmishing up to and during Saturday forenoon.

It will doubtless be remembered how the fulminations originating in the editorials of Mr. Greeley of the "New York Tribune," with the battle-cry of "On to Richmond!" were taken up and echoed by every crossroads paper in the North, until it seemed at last promising for a fruition of their hopes. It will be remembered how grave senators and doughty representatives called for their carriages, and drove from Washington in the wake of the army, all determined to see the rascally rebels run! And how one ambitious brigadier precipitated one whole brigade upon the rebel picket guard at Blackburn's Ford across Bull Run, fully impressed with the idea that the man who should suppress the rebellion was the coming man of the Nation, and who could say but what the hour had arrived and he himself was to be the man? It is curiously suggestive, that the colonel commanding one of his brigades a short distance away, at the stone bridge, was no less a person than William Tecumseh Sherman.

It will be remembered that General McDowell planned to

move that Sunday morning while the stars were yet out, by the right flank, two or three miles with Hunter and Heintzelman to Sudley's Ford. There a crossing could be effected without serious resistance, and planting his divisions on his flanks take the enemy in reverse. And how, according to the "eternal fitness of things," the rebel commander, General Beauregard, had planned and determined upon a similar movement, — by the right flank, across the stream, and take McDowell in reverse. But it was not to be so.

The enemy, tardy in moving, several of those incomprehensible hitches occurring as they always do under such circumstances and upon such vitally important occasions, had not yet started, when McDowell with Hunter's division, safe across Bull Run, debouched into the plain, the turning movement successful in every particular, striking first the rebel Evans, then Bee and Bartow, and uncovering the stone bridge, joined by Heintzelman, sweeping like a tornado the enemy back to the "stone wall."

Beauregard, at length comprehending the nature and significance of this formidable movement, the thunder of the guns coming nearer and nearer, hastily countermanded his orders, recalled and planted his columns in McDowell's triumphant pathway.

In our isolation at home, with no train and no news on Sunday, a seemingly endless period of distressing and exasperating silence followed. During Monday we became conscious of impending calamity. Our "Secesh" neighbors were noticed congregating in good-humored little groups about the streets, smiling and hopeful. Information had reached them by a special overland messenger that the Southerners had achieved a great victory; but evidently their information was of a doubtful character, or they feared it too good to be true; for it only left them in high hopes. We were left in darkness as to the marvellous Battle of Bull Run until midnight of Monday, the day after the battle. The train was due at six o'clock, but was

delayed, and we waited, waited, waited in a state of restless expectancy and uncertainty until I began to think it would never come. At last, however, the whistle sounded on the midnight air, and for the moment, in my condition of mental depression and nervous apprehension, I almost regretted its coming. As I made my way to the station, an eager throng of people pressed forward and I held back for developments. They were not lacking. The first person to step from the train was a well-known gentleman, one of our noisy rebel neighbors; confronting the mob, his eyes blazing in a frenzy of triumph, his voice high and clear, he shouted with an oath: "By God, gentlemen, we have driven the Yankees into the Potomac!"

I waited to hear no more. That was enough and to spare. I instinctively conceded its truth and felt the full measure of its significance. Securing a newspaper I hurried away to the house of a friend, and soon possessed myself of the true situation; I had before me the cruel picture in all its hideous and distasteful details which, bad as it was, did not exaggerate the truth. I hurried homeward, fast as I could go, and bounded up the stairway to my father's door, when he appeared, with the sweet, anxious face of my mother looking over his shoulder, and asked to know what was wanted. With an effort at self-control I replied: "I shall go into camp to-morrow!"

The story is told. Next day, addressing the company, I recounted the incidents of the battle, and then asked as many as would go with me into camp to step to the front. A brief pause, and then seventeen of my companions, all splendid young Kentuckians, accepted the invitation.

When we took the train to join General Rosseau at "Camp Jo Holt," there was in the same car about the same number of "Nelson Grays," among them my chosen friend, going South to join the rebel army. We parted at the "Junction," bade them a ceremonious adieu, and met them no more excepting as public enemies.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PEA RIDGE CAMPAIGN,

And the Army of the Southwest, in 1862.

By JOHN D. CRABTREE.

[Read April 8, 1897.]

WHEN compared with the gigantic operations of greater armies engaged in the War of the Rebellion, the campaigns of the Army of the Southwest may appear relatively small and insignificant; while, contrasted with the battles of Shiloh, Antietam, Chickamauga, Stone's River, and Gettysburg, such engagements as Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, and other contests fought west of the Mississippi River, have but a small part in the history of that great struggle. But some of us who participated in the Fremont campaign in 1861, the Pea Ridge campaign in 1862, the Little Rock campaign in 1863, and the Red River campaign in 1864, believe that for hard fighting, long and weary marches, as well as privations and sufferings endured, no army can show a better record, or one deserving greater credit, than the Army of the Southwest.

That Missouri was saved to the Union was due to the patriotism, courage, and intrepidity of General Nathaniel Lyon and General Frank P. Blair, supported by the loyal Germans of the city of St. Louis.

The decisive action of Lyon in breaking up Camp Jackson and capturing the disloyal forces gathered there had a wonderful effect in strengthening the Union sentiment in Missouri, and saved a great many men to our cause. In the city of St. Louis itself there were many thousands of sympathizers with the objects of the rebellion, and but for this prompt action of Lyon there would soon have been a formidable organization of secession troops upon our immediate border, separated from the loyal

state of Illinois only by the Mississippi River. What the effect of such a gathering of rebel forces might have been we cannot now know, but that the consequences would have been very serious admits of no doubt. Thanks to the loyalty and bravery of Lyon and Blair, and the patriotic Germans behind them, the Arsenal and the city of St. Louis were saved to the Union, and instead of being a base of operations for the rebels, it became such for the Union Army of the Southwest. No more brave or desperate fighting was done anywhere in the war than our troops did at Lexington under Mulligan, or at Wilson's Creek under Lyon, where that officer of such great promise gave up his life for his country, to her irreparable loss and the intense grief of all loyal men.

How well one recalls that sad occurrence! Being then a private in the Thirteenth Illinois Infantry, stationed at Rolla, Missouri, under Colonel John B. Wyman, who commanded the post, I was on detached service at his headquarters, and remember being called up by him, about two o'clock in the morning, and informed of the fight at Wilson's Creek and the death of Lyon. Colonel Wyman was almost beside himself with anger and grief. Poor fellow, he afterwards lost his own life at Chickasaw Bayou, while gallantly commanding his regiment in that desperate conflict.

A day or two after the Battle of Wilson's Creek, General Lyon's body was brought into Rolla, and what was left of his late command returned there, bringing in hundreds of wounded soldiers, from whom we learned the particulars of the fight, and began to realize what the war meant.

Perhaps at this late day it would be doing injustice to blame anyone for the death of Lyon, but at the time it was common talk in our army that he had been needlessly sacrificed.

The Thirteenth Illinois Infantry was ready and anxious to go to that fight, and had it been there with its one thousand men to strengthen and reinforce Lyon, there is no doubt in my mind that the result of the battle would have been a glorious

victory to the Union cause, that Southwestern Missouri would have been held by Federal troops, and that Springfield would have been fortified and occupied by our army, instead of by the enemy, as it was all the following winter. Why this regiment was not sent to the assistance of Lyon has never been explained to my satisfaction.

The story of the campaign under General Fremont in the fall of 1861, and his removal from command, to be superseded by General Hunter, has already been told in a paper read before this Commandery by Major Blodgett. I entirely agree with all that he has said upon that subject, and believe that he has only voiced the sentiment of the entire army under Fremont at the time of his removal. The Army of the Southwest was anxious for a fight to revenge the death of Lyon and the defeat at Wilson's Creek; but instead of being sent forward and giving battle to the Confederates wherever they might be found, as was Fremont's intention, it was ingloriously marched back to Rolla, there to remain in a state of "masterly inactivity" until the latter part of January, 1862, when General Samuel R. Curtis arrived, assumed the command, and at once issued orders for a concentration of troops and a forward movement.

We began to feel then that something was about to be done. General Curtis was a graduate of West Point and saw active service with the regular army in the war with Mexico. He was a cadet at the Military Academy at the same time with General Robert E. Lee, although in a junior class, and the writer has frequently heard General Curtis speak in familiar terms of "Bob" Lee, and the time when they were cadets together at West Point, having no thought then that either would ever take up arms against the government which was educating them as soldiers.

The command started out on the forward movement January 26, 1862, with such troops as had been encamped at Rolla. The organization to which I then belonged, known as Bowen's Battalion of Missouri Cavalry, was selected by General Curtis

as his escort, although only about twenty men of my company (D) usually acted in that capacity. This battalion was composed of four companies, containing about sixty men each, with four twelve-pound mountain howitzers. Those who served in that campaign in the pursuit of Price will not have forgotten this battalion or its brave and dashing commander, Major W. D. Bowen. At Lebanon, Missouri, General Curtis was joined by General Sigel, Colonel Jeff. C. Davis, and others, with their commands, so that there was concentrated at that point on February 10 the entire Army of the Southwest. On the date last mentioned the movement on Springfield was commenced, and February 12 the official reports showed that the command numbered, all told, 12,095 men, and fifty pieces of artillery, including the four mountain howitzers.

At Marshfield our battalion, being in advance, encountered the first rebel pickets; but after a couple of rounds fired from the howitzers they rapidly retreated, and no serious opposition was made to our further progress to Springfield, which we entered the next morning, it having been evacuated by Price the day before. Our flag once more floated from the court-house of the then most important city in the Southwest, and a large quantity of forage, flour, and other stores was captured. On the next morning, February 14, the army started in pursuit of the Confederates under Price, the command being divided into two columns, one under General Curtis taking the Cassville Road, and the other under General Sigel taking the road to Mt. Vernon. In the evening our advance came upon the rebel army in camp, and quite a skirmish ensued, in which Lieutenant Robinson of Bowen's battalion was captured, but the enemy soon beat a precipitate retreat, and got out of the way. That night, Captain T. I. McKenny, of General Curtis's staff, accompanied by myself, carried a dispatch across the country from Curtis to Sigel, giving the information as to our attack upon the Confederate camp at Crane Creek, and urging Sigel to push his command rapidly forward to try and intercept Price at the junction

of the Cassville and Mt. Vernon roads. It has always seemed to me that, had the situation been known, we could, with proper expedition, then and there have "bagged" and destroyed Price and his entire army. But it is much easier to see what "might have been" after the opportunity has passed than it is to realize the possibilities of the present. Whether anyone was to blame for it or not, Price escaped us for the time being and got away with his army.

From this time on there were constant skirmishes between our advance and the rear guard of the rebel army, with which we came in contact several times a day, although it was always retreating. The last man of the enemy to be seen was often the dashing and well-known Emmett McDonald. He became a familiar figure to us, as he frequently sat on his horse in the middle of the road, alone, until we came within gun-shot, when he would fire his pistol in our faces, and then rapidly wheel his horse and gallop away. It was exasperating, but he was too well-mounted to be caught.

At Potts's Hill, on the 16th of February, when General Curtis was well up to the front, we had quite an engagement with the enemy, who from their actions seemed disposed to make a stand and give us battle at that place. The situation and position seemed favorable for that purpose; but after some artillery firing on both sides, General Curtis ordered a cavalry charge, which was led by Colonel Ellis of the First Missouri cavalry, followed by Wright's and Bowen's battalions of Missouri cavalry, and after some severe fighting on the hill the enemy retreated, leaving a considerable number of dead and wounded on the field. Our loss was thirteen killed and twenty wounded, among the latter being Major Bowen of our battalion, and Captain T. I. McKenny of General Curtis's staff, who never staid out of a fight if there was a chance to get into it. It was a gallant charge, and considering the distance covered by the horses before striking the enemy and the unfavorable situation, the ground being covered by timber and thick brush,

it was eminently successful. After the fight we found lying dead upon the ground the horse upon which Lieutenant Robinson of our battalion was riding at the time he was captured at Crane Creek a few nights before.

Aside from skirmishing with the rear guard, we had no further fighting of consequence until the rebel army finally disappeared from our front, and we went into camp at Cross Hollow, about twelve miles from Sugar Creek and Pea Ridge. As garrisons had been left at Marshfield, Springfield, Cassville, and Keetsville, our forces were reduced to about 10,500, and forty-nine pieces of artillery, including the four mountain howitzers. On the 4th of March, the First and Second divisions, under General Sigel and General Asboth, were at Cooper's Farm, four miles southwest of Bentonville. A large detachment under Colonel Vandever was at Huntsville, while others were at Maysville and Pineville. One of these, under Major Conrad, consisting of 250 men and one piece of artillery, did not reach us until after the fight of March 7. About two o'clock in the afternoon of March 5 word came to General Curtis that the enemy was rapidly approaching to give us battle. It was expected that the rebel cavalry would encamp that night at Elm Springs, only twelve miles distant, and no time was to be lost in concentrating our army at some suitable place to receive the attack. Sugar Creek had been fixed upon as that position, and couriers were at once sent out by General Curtis to Sigel, Vandever, and other officers commanding outlying detachments, to move immediately to that point. Carr and Davis were also ordered to move their divisions back to Sugar Creek. All the messengers were successful in delivering their orders. By making an almost unparalleled forced march, Colonel Vandever succeeded in reaching Sugar Creek on the 6th. Sigel made one of his masterly retreats from Bentonville, fighting the enemy all day, but bringing his command back in safety to the point at which he was ordered to take position.

How well those of us who participated in the march from

Cross Hollow to Sugar Creek remember the night of March 5, 1862, when we made our weary way for twelve miles, through a blinding storm of snow and sleet that cut like a knife and covered the "Sunny South" ground with a mantle of white! For a well man it was a hard and trying march; for one who had been sick and confined to his tent for several days before, it was particularly severe. But there was no help for it. One had to go with the command or be captured. Hard as it was, however, that night march through the storm was the best tonic I ever had. Strange as the statement may seem, it has always been my firm belief that the Battle of Pea Ridge saved my life. To you, companions, who passed through the war, such a statement needs no explanation.

General Curtis, with his staff and escort, reached Sugar Creek about two o'clock on the morning of the 6th. Immediately parties were set to work throwing up such fortifications as could be hastily constructed along the north bank of Sugar Creek, and felling timber to obstruct the roads by which the enemy might approach us for the attack. But, knowing the country and the formation of the ground, as well as the possibilities of fortifying for defense, the Confederate commander did not propose to attack us in our chosen position. He made a detour of some eight miles, whereby he gained a position exactly in rear of our army, as the dispositions had been originally made for the battle, and also placed himself between us and our base of supplies.

An entire change of front was thus rendered absolutely necessary, our former right wing becoming the left, and *vice versa*, while the works which had been so laboriously erected were behind us and of no use as a means of defense. Van Dorn in his official report, however, shows that the work of felling timber across the roads delayed his march for several hours, so that the enemy did not reach the telegraph road in our rear until about ten o'clock in the forenoon of March 7, and the surprise which he had planned for us was a failure. The attack was commenced

soon after ten o'clock, and by eleven the Battle of Pea Ridge was fairly under way, in the vicinity of the Elk Horn Tavern. That our army was in a critical position every man in the command felt and fully appreciated. We must either win the fight or be practically annihilated. If defeated there could be no successful retreat, the position of the enemy making retreat simply impossible so far as saving our army was concerned. To many of us this was our first baptism of fire on any large scale; but notwithstanding the unfavorable situation in which we were placed, there seemed to be a spirit of exultation among the men of all ranks because at last the Army of the Southwest was fronting the enemy it had so often sought and pursued, and now had the opportunity of showing the metal of which it was composed.

It is not my purpose to give the general details of the Battle of Pea Ridge, or the movements and positions of the different brigades and divisions, but mainly to refer to such incidents as came under my own observation.

Upon me the duty devolved of commanding the immediate escort of General Curtis, consisting of about twenty men of Company D, Bowen's battalion. The remainder of the battalion, with the howitzers, under command of Major Bowen, was sent early in the fight to the assistance of Colonel Carr, who so gallantly commanded the right wing of the army and bore the brunt of the fight around the Elk Horn Tavern for some six or seven hours before reinforcements could reach him. About eleven o'clock, General Curtis, amid a storm of shot and shell, went up the road toward the tavern, apparently as cool and unconcerned as if on dress-parade. I remember that as we followed him up the road, one shell came over our heads so closely, and with such an unearthly shriek, that some of us involuntarily ducked our heads to the saddle-bow; General Curtis, however, never moved a muscle, but observing us, he smiled grimly, and said, "Boys, you dodged too late." Before the fight was over we became used to that sort of thing, and learned that dodging would do no good.

It must have been between twelve and one o'clock when General Curtis, alone with his small escort, and having no staff officer with him, while the battle was raging fiercely in all directions, turned to me and said: "Lieutenant, I wish you would send an orderly to Colonel Carr with my compliments, and ask him how he is getting along." Seeing what appeared to be an opportunity to do something, I saluted and said, "General, would n't you prefer to have an officer go?" He replied, "I would, Lieutenant. I would be much obliged if you would go yourself." Saluting again, I went at once, and found Colonel Carr in the midst of as gallant a fight, in my judgment, as was made during the war. Just as I reached him he was shot through the wrist, and it was my privilege to hold his arm while the surgeon bound it up. The Colonel did not even dismount, and, notwithstanding the pain he must have suffered, he was far more intent upon his command than his wound. This brave and gallant soldier, although struck three or four different times on that day, staid at his post throughout the whole of the desperate conflict, and well earned the star which afterwards designated him as a brigadier-general.

After his wound was dressed and I had delivered my message from General Curtis, Colonel Carr directed me to say to the General, with his compliments, that he was being hardly pressed by the enemy and could not hold his position much longer unless he had some reinforcements and heavier guns. When I returned to General Curtis and communicated this message, he directed me to go over to Leetown on the left, tell General Sigel and Colonel Davis of Carr's situation, and request them, if possible, to send him some reinforcements and guns. Reaching the left centre, I found Colonel Davis hotly engaged, and it looked to me as though the army in that part of the field had about all it wanted to do without sending reinforcements to Carr. While sitting on my horse and communicating with Colonel Davis, I could see in the woods beyond vast hordes of the enemy deploying for the attack, and the air seemed to be

filled with the missiles of death, although most of them passed too high to do much damage.

Colonel Julius White was just deploying his brigade into action, and as the Fifty-ninth Illinois filed by, I heard a voice say, "Hello, John." Looking in the direction from which it came, I saw two boys who were among my nearest neighbors at home; one of them was Captain John M. Van Osdell of this Commandery, and the other his brother Frank. There was only time for a wave of the hand and a hurried "Good luck to you boys!" and they were gone into that hell of carnage and death. I feared it might be the last time I should ever see them alive.

Colonel Davis and General Sigel promised to send reinforcements to Carr as soon as they could possibly be spared, but I believe it was not until late in the afternoon that any help reached him. It was about five o'clock, as I remember it, when General Asboth came with his command and took position across the road near the Elk Horn Tavern, and here very shortly afterwards he was wounded. About this time General Curtis moved up towards the front, and in passing through the woods we met the Fourth Iowa Infantry falling back, having exhausted their ammunition. General Curtis ordered them to halt and face about. When it was explained to him that they were out of cartridges, he commanded a bayonet charge, and this gallant regiment fixed bayonets, faced about, and moved steadily back to its former position.

General Curtis again moved on toward the front, immediately in the rear of General Asboth, a place of great danger for the commanding general. While occupying this position the General's orderly received a shot, and one of the escort fell dead, his head being carried away by a cannon-ball.

The battery in General Asboth's command, having run out of ammunition, fell back, as did also another battery located on the right of the road, and for a few minutes it looked as if we might have a general stampede. We could see the rebels com-

ing up four lines deep; but our infantry stood fast, repelling the charge, and, darkness coming on, the battle closed for the day, except for a little desultory artillery firing in the main road, each side seeming determined to have the last shot. The enemy fired the last round simply because we could not find another cartridge to give them a parting salute. It was then quite dark, and General Curtis ordered Lieutenant J. M. Adams and myself to carry certain orders to Sigel and Davis on the left. We concluded to try a nearer route than that travelled during the day, and taking a blind wood road we had proceeded perhaps half a mile on the way, when there suddenly came out of the darkness the challenge, "Halt! Who goes there?" We answered, "Friends." The reply came back, "Friends from which army?" and we were in a dilemma, because it is well known that after dark that night there was much confusion in the location of the camp-fires and commands of the contending armies. There was nothing to guide us in making answer, and while we were hesitating and consulting, again came the question, "Friends from which army?" and on a chance we answered, "Friends from the Federal army." Then came the command, "Dismount, advance one with the countersign." We had no countersign, but we dismounted. I took my horse by the bridle and led him forward until I came up to the challenging party, and was much relieved to find a detachment of the Third Iowa Cavalry instead of a body of rebels, as we feared it might be. We went on with our mission, which was performed without further incident, and then returned to headquarters.

The night which followed was one of deep anxiety, and many of us had gloomy forebodings for the coming day. The men were weary and hungry after their hard day's work, as well they might be. Many of them had little sleep that night, and such as they had was broken and disturbed. There were some hopes that the enemy might retreat during the night, for while we had met some reverses on the right, the enemy had been defeated in the centre and on the left. They had also lost some

of their bravest officers, among them being McCulloch, McIntosh, Hebert, and Slack, which left the right wing of their army practically without a commander. But when daylight came we found there had been no retreat, and when the first gun was fired from the bluff west of the Elk Horn Tavern we realized that the enemy was still there, and we had yet a hard fight before us.

It was after sunrise before our troops were all in position, but the men under Colonel Davis in the centre, seeing the enemy in motion, opened fire, and the battle was on once more. The rebels replied with great energy from batteries placed in new positions during the night, and our right wing fell back somewhat but in good order, to avoid the enemy's raking batteries. There was some giving way, also, in the centre, and for a while it looked to me as if we were in great danger of defeat.

I remember as General Curtis was moving over the field accompanied by his escort we met Colonel Dodge of the Fourth Iowa, and the General said to him, "Well, Colonel, how are you getting along?" Colonel Dodge, looking at least ten years older than before the fight, replied, with a gloomy shake of the head: "Pretty hard, General; fifty per cent of my men are down." General Curtis gave him some encouraging words and passed on, taking position in an old orchard, where General Sigel was personally superintending the fire of some batteries directed against the enemy's position upon the bluff in front. While occupying that position a shot from one of the enemy's guns struck the ground near the General and buried itself under his horse's feet. General Curtis never moved, but some of us watched the hole with a good deal of interest, fearing that it might have been made by a shell, which, in case of its explosion, would probably have been serious in its results. But there was no explosion and that danger passed.

About this time our batteries were all in place, occupying a rather semicircular position, and pouring a concentrated fire upon the enemy which it was impossible for them to withstand. Very soon General Curtis said to Sigel, "General, I think the

infantry might advance now," and, the orders being given, the boys moved steadily forward along the whole line. Immediately in our front was the Thirty-sixth Illinois Infantry, and no veterans of the Old World armies ever charged more gallantly than did that regiment. Trailing their arms across the open space intervening, they scaled the bluff on the other side and met the enemy in the woods. For a while there was a fierce rattle of musketry and small arms, then a gradual cessation of the firing until it finally ceased, and then came a calm, — the battle was over and a great victory won. No doubt other regiments did as well as the Thirty-sixth Illinois; but this one, being directly in our front, was more particularly under my observation, and hence it is mentioned here especially, although without any intent to give it undue praise over other commands which fought with equal gallantry to win the battle.

After the firing had ceased and the enemy was in full retreat, General Curtis with his staff and escort rode down the lines in front of our brave boys; their hats were off, and every man was cheering with glad heart over the victory. As we passed along, again I heard a voice ring out, "Hello, John," and there were my two neighbor boys, unharmed in the dreadful conflict, standing there safe and sound. Is it any wonder that my heart gave a great throb, and the tears sprang to my eyes, as I said: "Thank God! the boys came out safely!"

A few moments afterwards General Sigel came riding up, and said to General Curtis in his somewhat broken English, "Sheneral, let your body-guard and my body-guard charge." General Curtis replied, "All right, General, if you think best," and the order was given. It seemed a little absurd at the time, as there were only about forty men in both escorts, but we were the only cavalry available just then, and away we went, pell-mell, down the hill and into the mouth of the gorge or cañon known as "Cross Timber Hollow." There, in the greatest confusion possible, was the retreating rebel army, — infantry, cavalry, and artillery, all mingled together in a struggling mass, each

individual apparently trying to see who could get out of the way the quickest. Our small squad could do little more than make a dash at the rear-guard, cut out a few prisoners, and then get back out of the way. It was a great pity that we could not have had a couple of regiments of cavalry there at the time, because if we had we could have captured many prisoners and guns. Among my cherished possessions is a cavalry sabre taken from a rebel artilleryman in that little charge. It is as dear to me as though it were a veritable "Sword of Bunker Hill."

And so ended the Battle of Pea Ridge. The Union army had won an important victory against a force which largely outnumbered it, and which came upon it absolutely confident of annihilating the Army of the Southwest. The bombastic reports of General Van Dorn, the Confederate commander, clearly show this. But he had not calculated on the unflinching courage and persistent bravery of the Northern troops, fighting as they were in a just and holy cause. He had the notion, probably quite common in the South in the early days of the war, that "one Southern man was as good as five Yankees." His mistake was demonstrated on this as on all other occasions during the war when the troops of the two sections were pitted against each other on anything like equal terms. But the Battle of Pea Ridge was not an equal contest, the advantage in numbers being largely in favor of the Confederates. From the best sources obtainable, General Curtis estimated their number to be from 30,000 to 40,000, as against our 10,500. Van Dorn admits in his official report that he had about 14,000 men. A Confederate major serving on Van Dorn's staff, who came into our lines under a flag of truce, told me personally that they left Fayetteville with 42,000 men, which included some 3,000 irregulars who had enlisted for three days, or during that one fight. Similar stories were told by prisoners who fell into our hands. Making a large discount from these figures, even fifty per cent, the rebel force outnumbered ours about two to one.

Under these circumstances, and considering the fact that we had to make an entire change of front in face of the enemy, the wonder is that we won the battle at all, and the result can only be attributed to the indomitable courage and bravery of the men, and the unparalleled gallantry of the officers who commanded them. To make comparisons between the different commands, or the officers, would be unfair and unjust. All did their duty, and their whole duty. Taken as a whole, no braver army ever fought a battle or won a greater victory for the numbers engaged. Some of the commands lost nearly fifty per cent of their men. I happened to be present at a parade and roll-call of the Ninth Iowa after the battle, and it was pitiful. The regiment was commanded by a captain; several of the companies were commanded by sergeants, no commissioned officer being left for duty; and the list of killed, wounded, and missing at roll-call showed a fearful loss. The total casualties of the entire army in the engagement, as shown by the official reports, were 1,384, of which 203 officers and men were killed on the field, 980 wounded, and 201 missing. The Confederate loss was certainly much greater.

The results of this battle were out of all proportion to its magnitude as one of the engagements of the war. It effectually kept out of the border state of Missouri any considerable force of Confederates, and enabled the Army of the Southwest to march across the entire width of the state of Arkansas, occupy Helena, an important point on the Mississippi River, far below Memphis, and to establish there a depot of supplies for our armies operating in that section of the country. Besides this, it decided many who were hesitating as to which side they should take in the great conflict to espouse the Union cause, and in consequence many men, not only from Missouri but also from Arkansas, enlisted in our armies.

On the other hand, had we been defeated the Army of the Southwest would have been crushed and practically wiped out of existence. There would have been no force of consequence

to resist the march of the victorious Confederates upon our grand depot of supplies at Rolla, and with the accessions which would have been gained from the scattered guerrillas and irregular rebel forces in Missouri, even St. Louis itself might have been placed in a position of great danger. While it may not be considered as one of the decisive battles of the war, such as Gettysburg, coming as the victory did at a time when the Union cause was despondent from recent defeat and disaster, the Battle of Pea Ridge was a most important one, the time opportune, and the results great in their bearing on the outcome of the Rebellion.

It would too greatly extend the limits of this paper to tell of the march made from Pea Ridge to Helena on the Mississippi, and the hardships endured in travelling through the wilderness from Clarendon to that point, without rations and without water. Those who participated in that march will never forget it, and it is doubtful if a harder one was made by any army during the war. But wherever it went, whatever forces it met, and whatever hardships it endured, the Army of the Southwest at all times did its duty bravely, patriotically, and cheerfully. Taking the entire line of march from Rolla, Missouri, around to Cross Hollow, and then to Helena, it is questionable if any other army in the war marched more miles. Certainly none did so under greater difficulties, or farther from its base of supplies. No soldier needs to be ashamed that he served in the Army of the Southwest, or of its record in the history of the war. It always did its duty, and that is the best that can be said of any army, however great it may have been or important its service. We all worked toward the one end of saving the Union and preserving its integrity and honor.

We may well rejoice in having had some part, humble though it may have been, in placing our country on the high plane it now occupies among the great nations of the earth.

SOME BATTLE RECOLLECTIONS OF STONE'S RIVER.

By HENRY V. FREEMAN.

[Read January 10, 1895.]

IN the afternoon of December 30, 1862, the brigade with which the writer was then serving approached its position upon the ground which, on the morrow, was to become the battlefield of Stone's River. At nine o'clock in the morning we had broken camp, or rather the bivouac of the night, and in rain and mud, to the deep continuous music of the cannon, had moved slowly and steadily to the front, along the Murfreesboro Pike. Passing through a strip of timber which had cut off our view ahead, we came somewhat suddenly into a more open space, where, like a wall a short distance in front, stood a blue line of battle. Beyond this the road stretched away to the south, where the cupola of the Murfreesboro Court House held itself aloft, and where nearer by another line of battle in gray stood, prepared to dispute further progress with an unmistakable "Thus far, but no farther." Off to the right, where McCook's troops were forcing their way into position, the sullen boom of cannon still told what was going on. But here in our immediate front the voice of the artillery was for the time stilled, and the distant battle lines confronted each other for the most part in grim silence. Now and then a battery would open up vigorously, but it was at long range and the firing was of short duration. The storm of battle was still gathering, and its hour had not yet struck. I can still distinctly see, despite the mists of thirty-two years, the picture which burnt itself into my brain, as this scene came within our vision. The clouds which had been drenching us most of the day had begun to

clear away in the west, and the light of the setting sun shone full upon the blue uniforms and bright guns of the troops in line, and lighted up the winding march of those still coming up from the rear. Thousands of men there looked that afternoon, for the last time on earth, at the setting of the sun when it sank beyond the trees, which, upon the right, shut off the western horizon.

A pocket memorandum book in which I made daily entries, and which had been commenced on Christmas Day preceding and was sent home in lieu of a letter after the battle, has a concise statement of some events of the day: "Towards noon heard heavy firing in front, continued at intervals all the afternoon." And again, "Sounds like work in front." The day's entry closes with "Camped in the cedar woods near the road." And so night closed down upon the troops, some sleeping upon their arms, and others moving into position in preparation for the mighty conflict of the morrow.

The writer was then serving temporarily with what was known as the Pioneer Brigade. He was a sergeant of Company K, Seventy-fourth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry. About four weeks before he had been detailed to accompany a detachment from that regiment, which was ordered to report to Captain J. St. Clair Morton, an engineer officer of the regular army, who had just been recommended, I think by General Rosecrans, for promotion to brigadier-general, and was acting in that capacity. Under Morton's direction this and other detachments were organized into companies and regiments which constituted the Pioneer Brigade. Each company was composed of four detachments of twenty men, two non-commissioned officers, and one lieutenant, thus making companies of eighty men, eight sergeants, and four lieutenants. Detachments from the four regiments of the same brigade were thrown together, so that our company of the Pioneer Battalion was entirely composed of men from the Fifty-ninth, Seventy-fourth, and Seventy-fifth Illinois, and the Twenty-second Indiana, forming the brigade then com-

manded by Colonel Philip Sidney Post, late member of Congress from Galesburg and a member of this Commandery.

Of this Pioneer company the writer was acting as orderly sergeant, and felt that he had rather more than the average work of an orderly sergeant, which, as many of you know from experience, is not usually a sinecure.

Soon after the Battle of Stone's River I rejoined my company in the Seventy-fourth Illinois, and my experience with the Pioneer Brigade was confined, therefore, to a few months that winter, covering, however, the period of the battle. The companies, it will be seen, were quite full, each over ninety strong, and each Pioneer battalion looked more like a brigade than like the ordinary regiment, reduced as these then were in numbers by the exigencies of service.

The brigade had moved from camp in front of Nashville the day after Christmas, December 26, 1862. On Christmas Eve orders had been received to march the next day, but for some reason the order was countermanded and we were permitted to spend Christmas Day in camp. The note-book record of that date shows that something of the sentiment of the season crept into its story. "Last night," it reads, "was Christmas Eve. It brought to my mind a thousand recollections of the past. The contrast is great. I sat up late in the evening at the [camp] fire, after attending to drawing rations, for we were under marching orders for this morning at five o'clock. A grand movement seems to be at hand. About eleven o'clock at night heard heavy firing in front. Where will the next Christmas Eve find me?"

As the writer reads over this record, he finds himself entertaining a feeling of sympathy for the rather forlorn individual who made that entry, as memory recalls him sitting alone that Christmas Eve beside his camp-fire, after his comrades had retired to sleep. Perhaps the touch of sentiment which he recorded may be forgiven in a boy who, nineteen years of age, had left his home only the September before, entering the army at the time

when he had intended to enter upon his college course, an intention not to be realized until after three years of a soldier's life. His record for that day closes with the following: "10 P. M. — Marching orders for 6 o'clock in the morning." There was no mistake about it this time, for the next day's entry begins, "This morning reveille sounded at 4 o'clock."

The march southward began in a drenching rain. "Fairly poured," says the record; "worst mud I ever walked in." During the day General Rosecrans and staff passed the battalion on the march, which continued until nine o'clock at night, when it bivouacked upon a hillside in the mud. "Went to bed without much supper at midnight, spreading my rubber (poncho) in the mud," says the note-book.

The brigade was now fully organized, and the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, commanded by Captain Stokes, was its brigade battery.

The next morning's first entry is, "December 27th, got up out of my mud-hole all right." A little later it reads: "It is now 11 o'clock. Heavy firing in front of us. All the morning at intervals, the dull boom of cannon has been heard. Now, both cannon and musketry fill the air. I think a severe fight is in progress. A dark, stormy day, drizzling rain."

That night the weather cleared, and Sunday morning, December 28, dawned clear and bright. It was a beautiful spring-like day. The firing had ceased as if in respect for the Sabbath. The brigade advanced only about four miles, and camped in the bright moonlight about seven o'clock in the evening. The next morning, however, being Monday, December 29, it left camp early, marching to the sound of firing, the enemy being in sight just ahead. Again the commanding general passed the battalion on the march, and later General Rousseau in like manner.

Later in the day the battalion was ordered to replace a bridge destroyed by the rebels over a creek. At half after eleven o'clock at night our company took its turn at the work for two hours, and the entry for the record of that day closes thus:

"Dark night, white tents, gleaming bayonets, bright fires, busy men, dark rolling waters." This brings us to December 30, the day preceding the battle, and which has been already spoken of. It was not restful slumber, that night in the cedar woods. But the long winter night passed at length, and at earliest dawn of the last day of the old year, 1862, the battle had already begun. There is some discrepancy in the reports as to the exact time when the battle opened. General McCook, commanding the right wing of the army, says that it was about half after six o'clock in the morning. One of the reports puts the time at half after four, but this is evidently an error. The general statement is that the attack on the right wing began immediately at daybreak.

I do not intend to attempt another description of the Battle of Stone's River. That has been well done by a member of this Commandery, in Colonel Stevenson's published story of the battle. It will be remembered, however, that the Confederate attack upon our right, which was then commanded by General A. McDowell McCook, was completely successful. The whole right wing of the army was outflanked from the beginning, and with the exception of General Sheridan's division, which had more time for preparation, and which fought with desperate valor under his able leadership, was routed almost from the beginning. Swinging in some measure on Sheridan's left as a pivot, the entire right of the army was forced back to the Nashville Pike until it was at right angles with the line of battle it had occupied when the fight began. There the oncoming Confederate legions, badly damaged by the troops they had driven back, were met by fresh troops brought forward from our left; and there at length, with decisive and complete victory almost within their grasp, the Confederate tide of battle reached its high-water mark and was stayed.

Before we were fully awake that morning the sounds of battle from the left had broken in upon our unrestful slumber. The note-book says: "Roused up early. Did not sleep very well.

Drew rations." Those of you who have served as orderly sergeants know that it involves some labor to see to the distribution of rations on the field. This work took up my time and attention until probably between eight and nine o'clock, though it may have been later, when the brigade was ordered to the aid of our defeated right, having learned for the first time of the disasters of the morning. Meanwhile the men had been at work improving a ford across Stone's River on the left, over which it had been General Rosecrans's plan to advance to attack with his own left wing. But the early success of the Confederate plan of battle had dispensed with any necessity for a plan by the Union general further than to defend his army from utter annihilation. While at work on that ford our men had been fired upon by some Confederate cavalry and had retired, having orders not to engage the enemy at that time and place.

I am fortunately not entirely dependent upon present recollection of the events of that morning. In addition to the note-book already quoted from, there is another account preserved, written while the events of that day were still fresh in mind. It is said in the report of our battalion commander that it was about 9 A. M. when the orders came which took us into the fight, and this the note-book corroborates.

At early dawn the sound of cannon had come booming over from the right. But the sound was indistinct in the distance, and, to anxious listening ears on the left and centre, indicated nothing more serious than the skirmishing of the day before. The minutes and the hours passed on. The morning sun shot his rays through the thickets of cedar, and illumined the smoke of battle rising over the distant right. The sounds of battle were unmistakably coming nearer and nearer with omens of disaster. Rumors of trouble began to run through the lines. A few minutes later apparently, the woods were suddenly filled with stragglers, riderless horses, and ambulances driven with frantic speed.

Our time for action had come. All this while the troops composing the reserves and a part of the centre and left had been chiefly spectators and listeners. Now the quick drums rolled, and the hitherto inactive masses on the left became instinct with life and motion. The right corps was evidently being defeated. The rebel advance must be stopped or the army was lost. An aid dashed up to Morton, the brigade commander. A moment afterwards the battalion was moving out of the cedar thicket into the open ground through which ran the railroad and the Nashville Pike, and was passing behind the centre and toward the right. Not until then did we begin to comprehend the full extent of the disaster. Moving at the double-quick, as the brigade emerged from the cedars which had shut off a clear view of that part of the field, the rear of the centre and a part of the right of the army became more plainly visible. It was indeed time. The report of Captain Lyman Bridges, commanding the First battalion of the brigade, states that the Confederate advance was already within eighty rods of us.

In General George H. Thomas's front a fierce contest was now in progress. As the brigade passed in rear of his line the air seemed full of bullets and screaming shells. From the woods to the right of the Nashville Pike issued a stream of stragglers. It was the first, and indeed the last, time that it was the writer's fortune to witness the scenes characteristic of the rear of a partially defeated army. The debris was drifting back rapidly. It is impossible to describe the scene adequately. Cannon and caissons, and remnants of batteries, the horses of which had been killed, were being hurriedly dragged off by hand. There were men retiring with guns, and men without their guns; men limping, others holding up blood-stained arms and hands; men carrying off wounded comrades; and faces blackened with powder, and in some cases stained with blood. Two or three riderless horses dashed out of the woods which

still partly hid the combat, ran for a distance, and stopped and stared back at the tumult. Over all arose, near at hand or more faintly from the distance, the yells of the rebel victors, answered occasionally by a cheer of defiance from the brave fellows who were stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. And all the while the steady crackling of musketry, approaching nearer and nearer, sounded as if some mighty power was breaking and crashing to the ground every tree in the forest. Batteries from the left and centre were galloping into new positions. Among the disorganized men falling back, there were some crying and some cursing. A man of Company K of the Seventy-fourth Illinois, the writer's company, came up and said that a large part of the regiment had been killed or captured, and showed his hand bleeding from a rebel bullet. He seemed to have some doubts whether anybody but himself had escaped.

General Rosecrans, looking every inch a soldier, passed us with a part of his staff riding to the front and centre. The crisis seemed to rouse his every energy, and he appeared the embodiment of strength, courage, coolness, and determination as he directed the organization of his new line, pointing here and there, giving orders and receiving communications from aids who were dashing up and away on panting horses. He himself planted Stokes's battery on a rising ground, and placed the Pioneer brigade in position for its support, the First battalion on the left and the others on the right of the battery. Shells were bursting over and missiles of all kinds hailed around. The writer recalls one shell which he thought from the sound was coming directly for his head. Involuntarily he "ducked." The shell passed thirty feet overhead, and his mortification was relieved when he saw that the whole battalion had "ducked" also. One moment we saw and noted the scene, and the next the battalion was breasting the tide of stragglers and taking position. Crossing the railroad to the open space between it

and the Nashville Pike we filed to the right and formed line of battle. "Battalion, lie down!" was ordered, and the line lay prostrate, each man keenly peering into the thicket in front for the retreating "blue-coats" and "gray-backs" following hard after, of whom the approaching musketry told. Bullets *zipped* over and about, and threw dirt into the faces of the prostrate men. On came the sounds of battle nearer and nearer. Then at length the battle line of struggling blue-coats slowly falling back came into view through the trees. They were loading and firing as they retired. But their ammunition was about exhausted, and they passed over our prostrate line and laid down behind it. The order "Battalion, rise up!" came like an electric shock.

The brigade was by some mischance short of ammunition; some companies had not more than twenty rounds. Morton, the brigade commander, wore rather long yellow hair, and was a man of the Custer type, brave and dashing. He was afterwards killed, I think, on the Potomac. He rode to the front saying: "Men, you have n't got much ammunition, but give 'em what you have, and then wade in on 'em with the bayonets." He then gave the order, "Fix bayonets!" "Confound it," said a lieutenant, "that will interfere with their loading." It *was* a mistake at that time, but the order was obeyed for the time being, though the men soon removed them as the firing began. The battery was stationed at the left of our battalion. It was Stokes's Chicago Board of Trade Battery. The well-drilled men handled their guns as though they were playthings, sending rapid discharges into the rebel ranks. The Confederates were near at hand. Suddenly their line seemed to burst through the thicket just in front. "Commence firing!" and our volleys were fired into them. Men were dropping here and there, and others filled the vacant places. The rebel flag, seen dimly through the smoke and trees, wavered, started forward, and then surged back. Yes, there was no mistake about it, it was going back!

"Pour in the shot, boys!" "Give 'em hell!" were some of the exultant exclamations. The immediate danger was over. The Confederates gave way rapidly, and the line pressed forward after them.

But it was not prudent to push ahead too far. The advance was stopped, the line formed anew and then pushed forward again. The rocky surface in the cedar woods was uneven and progress in line of battle was comparatively slow. Dead and wounded lay everywhere. While advancing in his place at the head of the company, the writer heard someone call his name, and saw in front of him Sergeant Post of the Seventy-fourth Illinois with one leg torn and mangled by three bullets. He stretched out his hand, and a cheerful smile spread over his face as it was grasped. We could not stay, the battalion was sweeping on. A hurried pressure of the hand was all that could be given as I left him. That night, as was afterwards learned, he died. Sympathizing comrades bore him from the field and ministered to his last earthly wants. To-day he lies with the thousands of nameless heroes whose blood has sanctified that cedar thicket near the banks of Stone's River.

In the report of Captain Hood, our battalion commander, is the following statement: "In front of us was hard fighting, when the enemy finally gave way, and our troops advanced to the field beyond the cedars. We moved forward in line with the brigade, my battalion on the right, and took position about midway of the woods, and about 100 rods from the field. The troops in front of us there gave way, and regiment after regiment came through our lines, entirely broken up." Captain Bridges of the First battalion says in his report that General Rosecrans in person gave him the command to charge, when the brigade advanced across the field.

The men who were retreating had passed over our line as it lay upon the ground. In its rear they were halted in large numbers, re-formed, and lay down in battle line. Here, looking

back, the writer saw some of them receiving ammunition, and is strongly of the impression that our men also received ammunition while waiting for the next rebel advance. These troops did not remain there long, for shortly after we saw that they were gone.

A brief lull followed. One had time to note that the bright sunlight was streaming pleasantly through the trees, while small birds were flitting nervously among the branches. It is a trying period, awaiting a charge which you feel sure is coming. We could not see far in front from our position. There was nothing to be done but to lie still and wait. A good many bullets were flying over, and the prone position was the safest. To occupy his attention the writer pulled out his memorandum book, and the continuation of his notes was written then and there. Almost immediately behind, Captain Hood, commanding the battalion, sat erect on his horse, and beside him was his mounted orderly, a man named Bennett Smith of the Eleventh Michigan. A Confederate bullet struck Smith in the forehead. The writer saw him fall, and learned a moment afterward that he had been killed.

Very soon the Board of Trade Battery again opened with renewed vigor. Its shot and shell went crashing into the woods in front. Then through the cedars came dense Confederate columns, flushed with previous success, and rolling forward to anticipated victory. "Battalion, rise up!" and again came the shock of battle. But the fire of the battery demoralized them, and they did not stand long. "Forward!" came the command; and our line steadily advanced, but only for a short distance. The brigade must maintain its position as a part of the new line of battle now organized. In the brief breathing spell before the next rebel onset Rosecrans planted batteries and strengthened his line, against which the Confederates dashed themselves in vain the remainder of the day.

I do not attempt to describe all that took place in front of

the brigade. My note-book states that "The Rebels rallied three times and fought through the woods."

One incident of the afternoon made a vivid impression. It had been quiet for some considerable time, when the uproar of battle arose upon the immediate right of the brigade, some distance in front. Presently, through an open space to the right of our battalion there came rolling back a brigade or more of our own troops, and following them a large body of Confederates in massed battle lines in close pursuit. Our battalion executed a half-wheel to the right, and stood eagerly watching the Confederate advance until the retreating troops were out of our range. "Steady, men! Don't fire! Aim low! Steady!" was passed along the line until at length the victorious Confederates were quite near. Apparently they were not aware of our position, partially concealed by the trees, until they had exposed to us their entire right flank. "Now, men, steady, aim low and *fire!*" rang out the command. The rebel advance was stopped as by an earthquake. The dense mass wavered back and forth. Officers could be seen trying to rally and urge them forward. But it was of no use, and as the retreating brigade of Union men rallied, the rebels broke. Never can one forget the thrill of exultation with which we saw those broken columns, with their flaunting Confederate banners, in full flight, pursued in turn by our men, while above the smoke of battle, and the charging columns, our own beautiful flag floated over the advance. The troops whom we had thus aided were, it is supposed, Colonel Beatty's brigade of Van Cleve's division, and it was at this time and place probably that Van Cleve's acting adjutant, Captain E. A. Otis of this Commandery, had his horse shot under him and narrowly escaped capture.

Says Captain Hood in his report: "The 11th and 14th Texas came on at a charge and tried to flank our right, when my battalion changed positions by the right flank, and fronted toward them. General Van Cleve here rode up from my right,

and asked what troops we were, and said we must fall back. I here learned that a small part of his command was on my right and near the pike. I replied that I was ordered to hold this position at all hazards. I then ordered my men to lie down and wait until the enemy were well upon us. They then rose, gave them a volley, and charged with the 79th Indiana and drove them from the woods." It is presumed that Captain Hood meant by this that the two Texas regiments named led the Confederate charge. They were certainly supported by a strong column, of which they probably formed the advance.

This was the last fighting of the day in our vicinity. The note-book says, "Night is now closing on a hard-fought battle-field." With the darkness, silence settled over the fields and forests. The quiet moon looked down from a clear sky upon the dying and the dead. It was a very chilly night and grew colder toward morning. In the evening some rations of "shoulder" came up, and one box of hard-tack, sufficient to give one cracker to each man, which were distributed. At midnight the writer was ordered on picket and placed in charge of the battalion picket line, taking the place of an absent lieutenant. No fires were permitted, but the officer whom I relieved pointed out a crevice between two rocks, just wide enough to get into, at one end of which he had built a smouldering fire, not visible a few feet away. It made a good fireplace, with a comfortable seat, and here, after each round of the picket line, one could stop and warm up.

A few feet distant lay two severely wounded Confederates, for whom nothing could be done more than to supply water from my canteen to allay their thirst. One of them seemed very grateful. Both were dead when the morning of the new year, 1863, at length dawned. In the still watches of the night their sufferings had ended, before either of them could receive a surgeon's care. In the morning some kindly hand covered their faces with their hats and spread blankets over the poor remains of all that was mortal. Some of the scenes of that

battlefield are not pleasant to recall and not necessary to relate. There were evidences in some cases that fate had been mercifully sudden. Two soldiers whom the final summons had called were in the very act and posture of rising from the ground. In that lifelike position they still remained after the vital spark had fled.

As the day broke on the first morning of the new year a few shots began to be exchanged between the Confederate pickets and ourselves. The picket line became a skirmish line until, probably, about eight o'clock in the morning, when there came an order to draw the line in, which was done. Almost immediately, however, we were ordered out as skirmishers again, while the battalion changed its position and took its place on the brow of a low elevation, the same which, the day before, had been occupied by the Chicago Board of Trade Battery. That morning on the skirmish line, — which was the first time that the writer had taken part in actual skirmishing with the enemy, — it occurred to him that he preferred fighting in line of battle. It is not a distinctively pleasant sensation to feel that the bullets which come in your direction are intended specifically for your own benefit. However, we subsequently had occasion to become familiar with such experiences. The ground over which we were skirmishing was thickly covered with dead Confederates, killed the day before while charging the battery. Beside one of them was a bucketful of brown sugar, which he had evidently been carrying with him in that attempt to capture the battery when death met him. In the course of an hour or so the skirmish line was retired, and the rest of the forenoon of that New Year's Day was passed rather uncomfortably in trying to find out at what point certain Confederate sharpshooters were located, whose attentions became exceedingly unpleasant. Finally skirmishers dislodged them from the woods in our immediate front.

One of the pictures connected with this forenoon which recurs to memory is the shelling of the line by a Confederate

battery posted in front and slightly to our left. There was no other firing at the time in that part of the field, and we watched the shells as they rose gracefully in the air, most of them falling short of our line of battle. We could see them in their flight toward us, and so long as it could be seen that they were not in too close range, we rather enjoyed watching them. Then one of our own batteries opened, and the rebel guns soon ceased firing.

Later in the day the brigade was relieved from the front line, and, retiring a short distance to the rear, made an uncomfortable bivouac for the night. It had begun to rain. Rations were decidedly short, and the men were hungry, tired, and wet.

On the morning of January 2 the Confederate batteries opened very early. Solid shot and shell passing over the front line fell among the men of the battalion, killing three almost before we were aware what the trouble was. The line was immediately moved forward to the brow of a low elevation, it being supposed for the moment that this heavy cannonade was the prelude to a Confederate charge. As the men lay upon the ground, watching the enemy, with the shells coming over fast and furiously, what appeared to be a round-shot struck in front of the line, and ricocheting, passed over the prostrate men, and went through the neck of the horse upon which the acting lieutenant-colonel (Lieutenant Hartsough of the Forty-ninth Ohio) was mounted, missing him by a narrow margin only. Several men were killed and wounded while the line lay in this position, which was uncomfortable while the firing lasted.

When the cannonading at length ceased, the brigade retired somewhat from the immediate front to a less exposed position, and there remained resting in the mud as best the men could until about 4 P. M., when suddenly sounds of battle again broke out fiercely over upon the left. It was the attack of Breckenridge from across the river, the last desperate effort of the Confederates to retrieve the fortune of the field. For the

time it was successful in driving our men back to the river bank. The brigade was promptly ordered forward, and moved at double-quick over the brow of the rising ground down to, and then across, the river. Ahead of us the fighting was sharp. But before we reached the actual front the Confederates were being driven back. Many dead and wounded, both Union men and Confederates, covered the ground over which we advanced. The rebels were retreating, and nothing but the darkness of the night, which came on immediately, prevented the Union troops from following them into Murfreesboro itself, as we then understood would otherwise have been done.

Just before crossing the river an incident occurred which aroused the enthusiasm of the men. The battalion was supporting our battery, which, with others, was dealing havoc among the Confederate troops, when a mounted soldier came riding down the line carrying a captured flag, said to have been the flag of the Twenty-sixth Confederate Tennessee. Loud cheers greeted it. Immediately afterwards came the orders "Rise up!" and "Forward!" The water of the river was then only a little above our knees at the ford where the brigade crossed, but it was rising rapidly by reason of the rainfall.

A Confederate battery had been captured by the troops immediately ahead of us, in their advance, and near that the battalion was halted, and in the increasing darkness began to throw up breastworks. As the men were passing in and out among the guns of this captured Confederate battery, throwing up a breastwork, a wounded Confederate who lay near one of the guns caught hold of the writer's overcoat, and begged to be carried back where he would be less liable to be trodden upon. One of his legs had been mangled by a shell. He was carefully picked up on a blanket and, as tenderly as possible, carried a little to the rear, and given a drink of water from a canteen. He was exceedingly grateful, and requested, in case he died, that his mother, who he said lived in Alabama, might be written to. After the war attempts to communicate with someone living in

that section of the country were made, but no postoffice of that name existed, and gradually the matter passed out of mind until it has been revived by the writing of this paper. The name of the man was M. W. Wildy, Davis Creek Postoffice, Fayette County, Alabama.

Three Confederate flags and eleven of their cannon, as my note-book states, were captured by the line supported by our battalion in that evening's fight. But they cost the lives of many Union soldiers.

Later in the night the brigade was ordered back again across the river, and we had to leave our wounded Confederate, uncertain of his fate. It is not a pleasant thing, at that season of the year, to wade a cold stream, especially late at night. The waters of Stone's River had risen considerably since we had crossed in the afternoon, and the writer confesses that when he approached the river he was quite loath to plunge into it. To avoid doing this, it is to be feared that one soldier was guilty of a somewhat unsoldierly expedient. But possibly it is one of which most of us would have taken advantage under similar circumstances. When approaching the brink, the battery came along, and, as one of the guns passed by, he jumped on it with the idea of getting across the stream high and dry. The cannon was nearly across when Captain Stokes, commanding the battery, came along. Seeing the soldier there, and knowing, of course, that he was not one of his own men, the Captain peremptorily ordered him off into the stream. This seemed rather hard, but it was nothing more than the Captain had a right, and probably thought it his duty, to do. "All right" was the response, but it is possible that the rider on the cannon *was* rather slow in his movements, for every moment the gun was getting nearer to the other bank. Finally, angry at the very manifest disinclination to hasten, the Captain spurred his horse forward, repeating his order in language more peremptory than polite. Just then the wheels of the gun touched the bank. The soldier jumped off then with alacrity, thanked

the Captain with exaggerated politeness, and went his way comparatively dry. The thanks did not seem to be appreciated, and the officer's language, though not lacking in vigor, could scarcely be called courteous. But we were hungry, cold, and for the moment indifferent to strict rules of military propriety, and the Captain was not the only one of the two who was angry.

The night was rainy, and the men were wet and uncomfortable. The first entry in the record of the next day, January 3, 1863, is: "To-day rain, rain, rain. I am almost exhausted. No shelter, and rain all the time. Not much fighting." Then a little later the memorandum says of the same day: "Heavy fighting after dark. Our men drove the Confederates out of their position, and then, being out of ammunition, had to fall back. The First Tennessee Union Regiment fired into some of our men by mistake. It rained all night. I had no shelter. My overcoat is almost wet through; not quite, however, except in one place."

The next day, January 4, was Sunday. With the dawn it began to clear off somewhat, and then it was that we heard the gratifying news that the Confederate army had finally evacuated Murfreesboro and fallen back, thus acknowledging defeat. An entry from the note-book will give, perhaps, a more accurate transcript of our feelings at the time than could now otherwise be recalled. It reads: "Well, the Battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's River is over at last after nearly five days' fighting. . . . It is as though a dark night of anguish and pain and sorrow had at last passed, and surely 'joy cometh with the morning.'" The joy was saddened by the loss of friends and comrades, men to whom we had become closely attached in the camp and upon the long marches of the previous months. Many a familiar name was not responded to when the roll of the company was called. In Company K of the Seventy-fourth Illinois, several good friends and comrades were known to be killed and others wounded, while the fate of still others was in suspense. In

some cases the doubt was not solved until they returned subsequently from rebel prisons.

It is a sombre story, but it was in truth a sombre time. The disasters of the first day, which put the army upon the defensive, the severe losses, the rain and the cold, the inadequate rations, the scarce ammunition at times in some parts of the field, together with the long continuance of the strain of battle, severely tried the endurance of the troops. Such endurance is more heroic, sometimes, than brilliant action. We realized then what war really was, as some of those engaged had not before. Most of us, I suppose, were at one time in our experience as soldiers rather anxious to participate in a battle. Perhaps we were not quite willing that the war should end without our having had that experience. If the writer had cherished any such feeling, it disappeared after Stone's River. The war could not end any too soon thereafter, provided it ended in the triumph of the Union cause. Although three long years of fighting were yet to come, he never afterwards went into an engagement without the feeling, common, I presume, to most soldiers, that he would have been very glad if the necessity could have been rightfully and honorably avoided. We learned to know just what battles meant, and that even though we ourselves should escape that final sacrifice which is the last of earth and which so many of our comrades bravely rendered, our hearts would always be sore for comrades killed or wounded, and for surviving friends, after every battle, of those

> "Whose part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is that their graves are green."

These great contending armies were yet to meet again and again in mighty conflict. The standards which bore the name of "Stone's River" were to float above the flame and smoke of other fields and to be inscribed with other historic names. The Army of the Cumberland thereafter fought its way southward

to Atlanta. There it divided. One section met in victorious battles the Confederate army which General Sherman left behind to be annihilated by General George H. Thomas at Franklin and Nashville. The other section marched with Sherman to the sea, swept up the Atlantic coast to Richmond, and passed in final triumphant review through the streets of Washington. Then the Army of the Cumberland marched into History, and there, like John Brown's soul of which we used to sing, it is still forever "marching on."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF VICKSBURG.

By WILLIAM L. B. JENNEY.

[Read October 3, 1883.]

IT is not my intention to write a history of the Vicksburg campaign. The story of that historic event has been told by Colonel Green and others who have had access to the archives both of the Union and Confederates armies, and I shall therefore confine myself to personal recollections of the military movements and events which resulted in the surrender of General Pemberton at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, referring only to standard authorities for dates.

Those bloody contests occurring in the autumn of 1862 at Antietam, Perryville, and Corinth had checked the advance of the Confederate forces and compelled them to assume the defensive along the entire line from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River. General Halleck was then commander-in-chief at Washington; Rosecrans had succeeded to the com-

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"75 West 71st Street,
"NEW YORK, April 18, 1890.

"COL. W. L. B. JENNEY,
"Chicago, Ill.

"*My Dear Colonel:* — I have read very carefully the MSS. enclosed in yours of the 14th inst., and assure you that I think it admirable throughout.

* * * * * *

"I herewith return the pages, and beg you to be assured that it is always a pleasure to do for you what may be consistent with my military or social standing. With great respect,

"Yours very truly,
"(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, General."

This was the last letter I received from General Sherman.

W. L. B. JENNEY.

(March 21, 1898.)

mand of the Army of the Cumberland, while General Grant was in command of the forces within the military division of the Mississippi, with Sherman at Memphis, Hurlburt at Jackson, Hamilton at Corinth, Dodge at Columbus, and Curtis at Helena. The spirit of the controversy between the contending armies had become intense. President Lincoln had issued a call for 300,000 additional volunteers. By October, 1862, large numbers had been recruited and organized, and Grant had been advised by Halleck that he might expect with reasonable promptness a large addition of new levies to his command.

As early as November 15, 1862, Grant and Sherman held a council at Columbus, Kentucky, where a plan for a future campaign against Vicksburg was arranged. In pursuance of this conference General Grant moved with the troops from Grand Junction, located on the railroad from Memphis to Corinth, on Holly Springs, while Sherman with the troops under his immediate command started from Memphis to join the forces under Grant on the Tallahatchie, and Curtis was directed to threaten Grenada from his base at Helena.

Grant reached Holly Springs November 29, and Sherman arrived at the Tallahatchie three days later, where he learned that the enemy had retreated, but had not forgotten to burn the bridge at Wyatt. A bridge was necessary, and the only available material for re-building it was found in the houses constituting the village. These were rapidly torn down and from such material a new bridge was constructed, over which Sherman and his army crossed. Sherman had taken for headquarters a large timber house owned and occupied by an old farmer. In the evening after dinner, while the staff were smoking their pipes around the wood fire in the big chimney, they would amuse themselves, greatly to the annoyance of the old farmer, by calling General Sherman's attention to the value of the ceiling and roof timbers for use in the new bridge, when the farmer would exclaim: "General, you certainly would not take down your own quarters and sleep out on the lawn in the rain,— you will

all die of colds." To this Sherman would reply: "That bridge must be built if it takes the last house in the town." When Sherman was leaving, many citizens came to him demanding vouchers for the value of their destroyed houses. Sherman replied to them: "Call upon the Southern Confederacy. You let them burn the old bridge and I was forced to build another. To do this I was forced to use your houses, in exchange for which I give to you the bridge. Take good care of it; do not force me to build another." The transformation from village houses to a bridge over which an army might be crossed was so novel that on our military maps, where had been written "Wyatt," we afterwards wrote "Wyatt Bridge."

The weather at this time was unusually bad. Incessant rainstorms had rendered the roads through the alluvial bottom-lands of the Mississippi practically impassable, and the facetious cries of "By the mark twain" and of "No bottom" were often heard as cavalry and artillery frequently sank almost out of sight in the mud.

The campaign against Vicksburg by the way of the Tallahatchie did not succeed, and a new plan of campaign was then determined upon. General Sherman returned to Memphis and sent dispatches to Admiral Porter, who was then at Cairo, asking his coöperation of the river fleet against Vicksburg, and also made requisition upon the chief quartermaster at St. Louis for accommodations for the transportation of 30,000 men. These transportation facilities were promptly furnished, and on December 19, 1862, sixty-seven boats arrived at Memphis and the embarkation of troops immediately commenced. The fleet, under Admiral Porter, had arrived at Memphis the day previous, and was in readiness to coöperate fully and cheerfully with the forces under Grant in the proposed campaign for the capture of Vicksburg.

This army consisted of four divisions, commanded respectively by General Morgan L. Smith, General A. J. Smith, General George W. Morgan, and General Fred. Steele, who joined the

expedition with his division at Helena on the 21st of December. In all, the command numbered about 32,000 men and sixty guns, and reached Milliken's Bend about twenty miles above Vicksburg on Christmas Day. Among the earliest visitors at General Sherman's headquarters at Milliken's Bend was an old planter, in fact about the only caller from the scattered resident population in that vicinity. The vocabulary of this old planter was by no means fertile. He designated all manner of men and all sorts of things as "improvements," and told General Sherman that he "had never seen so many improvements in them parts before." He seemed very anxious to learn what was to be done with them, and was probably a spy. But we allowed him to sample our stock of commissary supplies freely, the quality of which he gratefully and cheerfully approved, and left headquarters for his home stepping quite high and appearing to be very jolly.

The division under A. J. Smith proceeded to destroy the railroad running from the west to Vicksburg, over which the Confederates under General Pemberton were receiving supplies. On December 26 the other three divisions, under command of General Sherman, ascended the Yazoo about thirteen miles, and were landed on the low bottom-lands between the Yazoo and the Walnut Hills. The troops moved forward with little opposition along Chickasaw Bayou until it turned and ran parallel with the bluffs, on which the enemy were posted in great numbers and in strong position. An assault which was immediately made demonstrated that the ground was too difficult and the enemy too well fortified to be dislodged. The only passage across this bayou was in front of General Morgan's division, and this passage was much in the nature of a breach, admitting only a few men at a time, and was swept by numerous guns of the enemy. The way was then across a broad and gently sloping bottom without cover to the foot of the hills, which had to be scaled under the fire of an enemy so securely posted that almost every man amounted to an army on his own

account. It was then determined to try a night attack higher up the river at Haines's Bluff, which was also protected by a bayou at its foot known as "Skillet Goliah," and beyond which the troops must be landed in order to reach the high land. The landing and assault were intended to be made under cover of an attack by the gunboats. For this purpose 10,000 men were embarked on the transports, but the night was so intensely foggy that the boats could not move and the moon rendered no service whatever to such a movement. On learning the next morning that secrecy was no longer possible, the contemplated attack was abandoned as too hazardous and Sherman reëmbarked his troops, without opposition from the enemy, on the night of January 2, 1863. At daylight the next morning Sherman, learning that General John A. McClernand was at the mouth of the Yazoo with orders from the President to assume command of the river expedition, left his troops all on board of the transports and promptly steamed down the river to report to the new commander. We waited with the boats lying against the river bank for about three hours, expecting every moment to see the enemy coming through the woods, but in this we were happily disappointed, and finally orders were received to proceed to Milliken's Bend, the enemy only showing himself as the last boat left the bank.

On January 5, 1863, the entire force then under command of McClernand left Milliken's Bend for Arkansas Post, which was surrendered after a combined attack by the gunboats and the army. The capture of Arkansas Post was an important event, resulting in the surrender of more than 5,000 men and a large number of guns and a quantity of munitions of war. The event was heralded by General McClernand as a great victory, although he really had but little to do with the details of it. After the gunboats had opened fire the attitude of McClernand became quite theatrical; but the reduction of that rebel stronghold was largely due to the skill and efficiency of the gunboats under Porter.

McClernand next proposed to push on to Little Rock, but peremptory orders were received from General Grant directing the return of the army under McClernand at once to the Mississippi River where Grant met the troops in person at Napoleon. After a conference with his subordinates, Grant returned to Memphis and ordered McClernand to proceed to Young's Point immediately opposite Vicksburg and there complete the canal that had been commenced long before and was known to Sherman's army as "Butler's Ditch." This canal had long been discussed and its completion seems to have been a pet idea of Mr. Lincoln.

As soon as a landing was made in the vicinity of Young's Point, Sherman and his staff rode over to inspect the canal, the completion of which, it was then expected, would give us possession of Vicksburg, and would, as often remarked at that time, "leave that city an inland town"; but all our hopes were doomed to utter disappointment. The line of the canal was soon reached, and as Sherman checked his horse on the bank he remarked, "It is no bigger than a plantation ditch." But this was not all. Both ends of the proposed canal were in slack water and its entire length was within the enfilading fire of the enemy's batteries at Vicksburg, which stretched along the bluff to Warrenton, a point quite as capable of being strongly fortified as any other in the vicinity of Vicksburg. It was soon learned that the proposed canal, if completed, could be of but little practical use. While we were discussing how it could happen that so trifling an affair could have been considered of such great importance that an army of 30,000 men should be collected to complete it, an orderly arrived with a peremptory order from McClernand to General Sherman, which read: "You will proceed immediately to blow up the bottom of the canal. It is important that this be done to-night, as to-morrow it may be too late." General Sherman handed me the order with instructions to go and do it. I read the order, and looked at General Sherman. There was a roguish twinkle in the General's eye,

indicating that he knew as little what the order meant as I did. A few minutes later I met General McClernand, and with all the politeness and diplomacy at my command endeavored to obtain some definite instructions. My endeavor, however, to obtain information as to what the order really meant was futile. General McClernand, pursuant to his customary manner in those days, flew into a passion, exclaiming, "You can dig a hole, can't you? You can put powder into it, can't you? You can touch it off, can't you? Well, then, won't it blow up?" With these interrogatories ringing in my ears I rode away, and a suppressed "Damn" was all the "blowing up" it received that night.

We subsequently learned that a steamboat captain, one of that ignorant class from whom so many absurdities in military affairs were derived, had told General McClernand that the bottom of the canal was a thin stratum of hard clay with sand below, and that by exploding some powder in the sand the clay bottom would be shattered and washed out with untold quantities of sand by the rapidly rising river. No condition of the kind existed save in the turbid fancy and grotesque superstition of an over-officious Mississippi River steamboat captain. It was one of this class of captains who went to General Grant when the army was on the bluffs behind Vicksburg, and in all seriousness proposed to Grant that he should send north for all the steam fire-engines that could be obtained, back them up against the enemy's parapets, and wash Vicksburg into the river. This watery method of reducing the stronghold of Vicksburg was never tried. But inasmuch as we had been directed to complete the canal at Young's Point the work was commenced and pushed as rapidly as possible. It was nearly completed, when one night during a heavy rain the levee gave way at the upper end of the canal and inundated the whole of the lower peninsula, driving the troops to the levee, where the tents were huddled together as closely as they could be pitched. Dredging machines were then tried, but our men were driven off by the

enemy's guns; for although the attempt was made to carry on the work at night, the light of their fires exposed their positions as soon as they opened the boiler furnace doors.

It was at this time that the governor of one of the northwestern states made us a visit. He became the guest of General Sherman, and was entertained as became his high political station. He expressed to the General his great desire to hear the sound of a shell, and, in order to gratify his ambition, Sherman sent him under escort of Colonel Dayton to the dredge, where his curiosity to hear the whiz of a hostile shell was soon adequately satisfied, and this war governor thereupon fully and cheerfully expressed himself as quite ready to go home.

The army remained for nearly four months at Young's Point with the weather very disagreeable, and the troops, huddled together on the levee, by no means comfortable or very cheerful, although complaints were rarely ever uttered either by officers or men. There seemed to be a feeling pervading the rank and file that they were the vanguard in a campaign which would be successful, and for that reason whatever of hardship was necessary to the supreme purpose of the campaign was borne with a silent heroism which was at least grateful to General Sherman.

Some amusing incidents, however, relieved the monotony of our stay at Young's Point. It was during this time that Admiral Porter constructed a dummy gunboat from a large coal barge. This dummy was rigged up with smokestacks and sloping sides, and all were covered black with a coat of coal tar so that in the obscurity of darkness, or even of moonlight, she looked very much like an ironclad. One dark night some smoke-making combustibles were lighted below the smokestack, the dummy was pushed down the river as near the Vicksburg batteries as it was prudent to go, and was then set adrift in the middle of the steam, and floated silently and majestically down the current of the Father of Waters. As soon as this dummy was discovered the Confederate batteries one after another opened fire as she came in range, but the dummy behaved

admirably and kept steadily on her course without returning a shot. When General Pemberton saw that what he supposed was a real ironclad was likely to run his batteries, he sent a swift messenger down the river to where the ironclad *Indianola*, which had been captured by the Confederates, was being repaired, with orders to blow her up; but when, later, the trick perpetrated by Porter with his dummy was discovered, Pemberton sent another messenger to countermand the order to destroy the *Indianola*. This messenger, however, was too late, for we heard the explosion which destroyed the *Indianola*. Not long after this event Admiral Farragut came up the river and anchored his fleet below Warrenton. Farragut was short of coal and provisions, and in order to supply him Admiral Porter loaded some barges with coal and provisions and sent them down the river as he had sent the dummy. These barges passed the Vicksburg batteries without notice and their contents were appropriated by Admiral Farragut. The next day a flag of truce was received from Vicksburg with General Cheatham in charge. After the business connected with this flag of truce had been concluded, General Cheatham remarked, "You Yanks make very good dummy gunboats and we wasted lots of powder and shot on one of them, but you must think us green if you expected to fool us a second time by the same trick. We saw your dummies last night, but we do n't waste any more powder on such trash." We smiled pleasantly and bade them an affectionate good-bye, permitting them to go away in ignorance of the fact that the second lot of dummies were really engines of destruction, because they carried the sinews of war to the fleet below.

The numerous projects which were tried one after another for the purpose of reaching high ground in the rear of Vicksburg are known to everyone. One of these expeditions consisted of an endeavor to force the gunboats through the bayous up the Yazoo above Haines's Bluff, but when an effort was made to put this plan in execution it was discovered that the

enemy had cut down trees across the bayou above and were doing the same below the gunboats, and that the Confederate sharpshooters from behind the trees killed or wounded almost every man that showed himself. In this situation Admiral Porter sent a colored man with a note to Sherman begging him to come to his relief. Sherman received this note about nine o'clock in the evening, and by midnight had embarked his troops and left the Mississippi. The enemy were soon driven away and some three hundred axes were captured, which were used to help clear the bayou behind the boats, which were backed out into the river. Sherman returned in the night, and the next morning Major Chase, commanding the battalion of the Thirteenth regulars, came to my room, carefully closed the door, looked around to see that we were alone, and in a manner that indicated that he had a great secret to impart, whispered to me, "I command a battalion of regulars,—I have been on an expedition,—I must write a report,—I want you to tell me where I have been, how I went there, what I did, and if I came back the same way I went, or if not, how I did get back." Major Chase was an old soldier who had won his shoulder-straps on a battlefield in Mexico, and this incident serves to illustrate how little even battalion commanders knew of what was being done at this time. Many of these moves on the Vicksburg chessboard were very bold in their conception, made with secrecy, energy, and rapidity, and all failed from a combination of natural causes, very materially assisted by an active and watchful enemy.

General Grant finally decided to make a landing below the Vicksburg batteries, and a new canal was started farther up the river where a short cut would open into a system of bayous that would take small steamboats from a point below Warrenton. These bayous were filled with trees of young growth averaging about six inches in diameter.

I was sent with the One Hundred and Seventeenth Illinois, under command of Colonel Eldredge, to clear out these trees.

For that purpose we made saw-frames in the shape of the letter A with a crosscut saw across the bottom, and hung them to the trees to be cut, by a pin at the apex. The saws were put in motion by ropes worked by men on rafts. We soon found, however, that our work was rendered especially dangerous by an enemy that did not carry rebel guns. Poisonous snakes were very numerous at that season of the year in that region, and frequently hung from the trees which stretched their branches across the water. A slight tap on the branch and the snake would fall, so that, in order to keep them out of our boats and rafts, we were obliged whenever we moved to station men forward with long poles to clear the track from snakes. With our force we cut off at a point six feet under the water about seven hundred trees per day, but the trees were in great numbers and our progress was slow. One stern-wheeler forced her way through the bayou; but the next day the river began to fall and the passage of the bayous became impracticable.

Next came the running of the Vicksburg batteries, and a fleet was soon collected below Warrenton sufficient to transport the troops designed for the expedition in the rear of Vicksburg. The gunboats attacked the batteries at Grand Gulf, silencing the guns, but failing either to force the evacuation or the surrender of the works at that point. That night the attack was renewed, and under its cover the transports passed below, and the next morning picked up a part of McClernand's corps, the Thirteenth, and ran up and down the river so that the enemy could form but little idea where the landing was to be attempted. After some maneuvering the troops were landed at Bruinsburg, and the balance of McClernand's corps was ferried over. By noon of May 1, 1863, 18,000 men were on the east bank of the Mississippi, with no enemy in sight. Grant's movements were so well planned, and conducted with so much celerity and skill, as to have caused the utmost confusion to the enemy's camp.

General Grierson was at this same time making his raid from La Grange to Baton Rouge, and this daring attempt had caused Pemberton to send various detachments from the Confederate army at Vicksburg in several different directions in an effort to intercept and capture Grierson. This added to the confusion of Pemberton and the army under him. In order to further increase the confusion in the mind of Pemberton, Grant, before he attempted to cross the river with his troops, wrote to Sherman at Milliken's Bend, saying: "If you will make a demonstration against Haines's Bluff it will help to confuse the enemy as to my intentions. I do not give this as an order, for the papers will call it another failure of Sherman to capture Haines's Bluff." When this letter was received by General Sherman he remarked, "Does General Grant think I care what the newspapers say?" and jumped into a boat at once and rowed to Porter's flagship, where Sherman and Porter then arranged a jolly lark.

Some of the newspaper correspondents had written that Sherman protested against the running of the batteries and the crossing of the river below Vicksburg, but Sherman made no protest, and later said to me, "The campaign was entirely Grant's conception, and when Grant told me he had decided to execute it I offered him my hearty support." It was at this time that Grant adopted the motto, "Waste no time in trying to shift the responsibility of failure from one to the other, but take things as you find them and make the best of them." In all his vocabulary Grant found no such word as "can't."

But to return to the lark on the Yazoo. Sherman spread his command over the decks of the transports, with orders that every man should be in sight and look as numerous as possible. Porter ordered every boat to get up steam, and even took a blacksmith shop in tow, which he left behind a point near to and concealed from Haines's Bluff, with orders to fire up every forge and make all the smoke possible. The gunboats and transports whistled and puffed, and made all the noise they could.

They showed themselves to the garrison at Haines's Bluff and then drifted back and landed the men, who were marched through the woods toward Haines's Bluff until they were seen by the enemy, marched a mile or so down the river, and taken again on board the transports, to go through the same farce again. The boats were kept in movement up and down the Yazoo all night, as if they were bringing up more and more troops. As soon as Grant had effected his landing he sent word to Sherman, "All right; join me below Vicksburg."

Later we learned the good effect of the demonstration of Sherman and Porter. The commander at Haines's Bluff telegraphed to Pemberton: "The demonstration at Grand Gulf must be only a feint. Here is the real attack. The enemy are in front of me in force such as we have never seen before at Vicksburg. Send me reinforcements." Pemberton recalled troops marching against Grant, who had already reached the Big Black, and sent them by forced marches to Haines's Bluff. The citizens turned out with wagons and carriages to help along the stragglers. The Confederates had no sooner reached Haines's Bluff than the nature of Sherman's maneuvers was discovered, and they were marched back again, to arrive finally in front of Grant, tired out and half demoralized.

Pemberton had a force exceeding that of Grant's in number, but it was badly scattered and handled with little ability. Grant kept his forces well in hand, so that at Champion Hills he completely routed the enemy and drove the greater part across the Big Black into Vicksburg, cutting off Loring's division, which joined General Johnson at Jackson, without transportation or artillery.

You all know the details of that brilliant campaign, which had for its object to place the Union army in a position to invest Vicksburg, and at the same time have a base of supplies on the Yazoo River. In speaking of this afterwards, Sherman said: "Any good general will fight a battle when the chances are three to one of success. Grant will fight if the chances are two

to three in his favor, but in this campaign he took all the chances of war against himself, and *won*."

The morning after the battle I rode across the field of Champion Hills. At a place where the fight had raged the fiercest there remained a solitary house, with all its surroundings swept away as clean as if a cyclone had passed that way. On the front veranda stood a woman weeping. I was so near her, as I turned the corner of the house, that I could not avoid speaking. I expressed the hope that she had not been unnecessarily annoyed. "Annoyed!" said the good lady, "a big battle passed by here yesterday." "Where were you?" I asked. "I was trembling with fright down cellar," she replied. *Annoyed* was in her opinion too mild a word for the occasion.

On the 18th of May, 1863, Grant's army appeared in sight of the fortifications of Vicksburg, and on the 19th, when Sherman's corps was in position, a general assault was ordered at 2 P. M. which did not result with any success.

That night I was ordered to lay a pontoon across Chickasaw Bayou at the point crossed by Morgan's command some five months before, in the first move in Grant's campaign against Vicksburg. The supplies we had already received had come by way of Haines's Bluff, which had been abandoned with all its artillery the morning after the battle of Champion Hills. I started at 9 P. M. with a regiment that had been detailed to do the work. The troops were worn out and hungry, and when we had made half the distance the colonel commanding ordered his men to bivouac. At daylight next morning there was a grand hunt. A flock of sheep had been discovered and soldiers were chasing sheep in every direction. Soon mutton chops were broiling at a hundred fires made from fence rails. I protested against the long delay, but the colonel insisted, stating that his men had not had a square meal since they crossed the Mississippi. At length the last bone was picked, and the march was resumed. On reaching the bayou, we found Lieutenant Freeman of General McClernand's staff, who, not having had a flock

of sheep to consume, and looking for his breakfast to come from the Yazoo across that pontoon, had the bridge half completed. With the additional force I had brought the bridge was quickly finished, the wagon trains from the Yazoo commenced to cross, and the campaign of investment was complete.

A little incident occurred here. Lieutenant-Colonel McFeeley, then chief commissary and now commissary-general, came to the bank from the hills at a moment when the bridge was filled with wagons coming from the Yazoo. He was about to cross, when the guard said to him, "The orders are to pass but one way at a time"; but McFeeley, knowing that it was important that he should reach the transports at once, and being impatient of delay, attempted to force his horse beside the wagons, when, in the middle of the bridge, the animal took fright and leaped with his rider into the middle of the muddy bayou. They both went out of sight, but were quickly pulled out on the opposite bank.

Another attack was made on the Vicksburg fortifications on the 22d. By noon, when it was evident to General Grant that the place could not be carried by assault, he received a note from General McClernand stating that he had taken three of the enemy's works, "that the flag of our beloved country floated over the stronghold of Vicksburg"; he asked for reinforcements and begged that the enemy be pushed at every point, so that he might not be overwhelmed. Grant read the note and handed it to Sherman, with the remark, "If I could only believe it." Sherman, however, favored a renewal of the assault, saying, "A corps commander would not write a misstatement over his own signature at such a time." Grant replied, "I do not know," but finally decided to renew the assault, with no other results than a heavy loss.

That night there were stirring times at Grant's headquarters, where most of the corps and division commanders were assembled. McClernand was spoken of in no complimentary terms. Rawlins ordered Major Bower to open the record book and

charge a thousand lives to that —— McClernand. Rawlins used strong language when the occasion required, and this was one of them.

The only works McClernand had captured were some advanced picket posts abandoned by the enemy before our line came in sight.

In due time the St. Louis *Democrat* arrived in camp containing a vain-glorious congratulatory order from McClernand to his corps, telling them in the most laudatory language what "bully boys" they were, and what they had done. It also asserted that "at Champion Hills, where they were truly the Champions, and at Vicksburg, where, had the other corps but done their duty, the stronghold would now be ours." The publication of this untimely and indiscreet order created much excitement and indignation among the other corps. General Frank Blair wrote a letter to General Sherman and told him that if he and McPherson did not take it up, he, who had already made a campaign against another general officer, Fremont, would commence another against McClernand. Thereupon General Sherman and General McPherson each wrote a letter to General Grant, enclosing letters from their subordinates. Grant wrote to McClernand asking him if the order published in the St. Louis *Democrat* was substantially correct, and stating that he had not received a copy of the order as regulations required. McClernand replied that the order as published was correct, and that he was ready to maintain its statement; that he supposed a copy had been duly forwarded to headquarters, and charged his adjutant-general with the neglect.

Grant immediately relieved McClernand, and appointed General Ord to the command of the Thirteenth corps. The order relieving him was sent to McClernand by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Wilson, then of General Grant's staff, and later the General Wilson commanding the cavalry division that captured Jeff Davis.

There was a particular bit of malice in selecting Wilson to

carry this order, for Wilson had been a boy in the town where McClernand had formerly lived, and McClernand had never lost an opportunity to annoy Wilson with reminiscences, — of no account were they not told in an unpleasant way. Wilson handed the order to McClernand, who threw it on his table unopened. Wilson stated that he was instructed to wait and see him read it. McClernand then read the order, and, after a few moments' silence, said to Wilson that he much doubted the authority of General Grant to relieve a general officer appointed by the President, but that he would not make a point of it, — a very wise conclusion on McClernand's part, since Grant had all the bayonets.

The departure of McClernand was a relief to the whole army, and the appointment of General Ord materially increased the efficiency of the Thirteenth corps.

Grant enclosed McClernand's published order, the letters of Sherman, McPherson, and Blair, and his own order relieving McClernand and ordering him to return to Illinois and report to the adjutant-general, by letter, and ordered C. C. Chaffee, lieutenant of ordnance on his staff, to take them to Washington.

Chaffee was tenting with me at General Sherman's headquarters at the time, and, as he could not leave until the next morning, we spent the night together. Chaffee remarked that as General Grant had given him the papers unsealed, with the envelope gaping open, he evidently intended that he should read them; so, lying on his cot, by the light of a candle he read them aloud. Sherman's letter was very bitter; he said that it was "the first instance on record of a commanding general congratulating his troops on their defeat"; it was not, however, for the troops at all, but to make political capital to be used thereafter in Illinois. McPherson was more mild, but very sarcastic, and in his letter said, "Although born a warrior as he himself has said, he forgets one of the traits of a true soldier,— generosity and justness to his companions in arms." McPherson alluded to a story often told at that time, that in a public

speech in Illinois McClernand was said to have told his audience that "Some men were born to one walk in life, and some to another. Thank God, I [McClernand] was born a warrior insensible to fear."

The siege went on. There were so few engineering officers that Chief Engineer Captain Prime did not attempt to control the approaches, but let each brigade dig as they chose toward the enemy, remarking that they were ready enough to dig in that direction. The engineers were mostly employed in preparing gabions and sap-rollers; in building batteries and in making parallels connecting the numerous zigzags, and in mining.

During the night pickets were advanced beyond the parallels by both parties. When no officers were within hearing the pickets would indulge in a friendly truce, and it was not unusual to hear, "Johnny!" "Hello, Yank!" "Do n't shoot and I 'll come out." "Come on." "Any tobacco, Johnny?" "Yes; have you any coffee, Yank?" Our men used to dry their coffee-grounds and exchange them with the "Rebs" for tobacco. "It is n't real strong, Johnny," they would say, "but it will give you some *grounds* for calling that rye drink of yours coffee." They would also exchange newspapers, and every morning we had at headquarters the Vicksburg paper of the day before. Toward the latter part of the siege these newspapers were printed on the back side of cheap wall-paper.

By the end of June the approaches were within a few feet of the enemy's ditch at several points, and General Grant then ordered preparations to be made for a general assault on the 6th of July. The ditches in the immediate vicinity of the enemy were widened and straightened, and long lines of rifle-pits were built with sand-bag embrasures for riflemen to command the enemy's parapet, so that not a man might show himself above the rebel breastworks and live.

Pemberton saw all these preparations, and fearing an assault on the 4th which he felt must be successful, surrendered on the 3d, and the Fourth of July was celebrated by the ceremony of

the surrender,— the army marching with colors flying and bands playing, while on the river the fleets from above and below, with vessels decorated with flags, sailors in holiday dress, and guns firing, were united once again.

As soon as our men were relieved from duty they made friends with their late enemy, separated into squads, and as usual commenced to boil coffee and fry hard-tack and bacon. At noon I rode inside the fortifications of Vicksburg.

The place seemed filled with a gigantic picnic; thousands of little parties were seated here and there on the ground, the "Yanks" playing the host. They were talking and laughing and telling the incidents of the siege, and comparing notes. I stopped several times to listen to some of the Confederate tales of what "You-uns" and "We-uns" did. I heard one "Reb" say, "You outgeneraled us, you did. 'T was General Starvation that outflanked us."

The fall of Vicksburg gave us Port Hudson and opened the Mississippi River from Canada to the Gulf.

NOTE. — I desire to acknowledge the kindness of Companion Colonel Francis A. Riddle for assistance in editing this paper.

THE NASHVILLE CAMPAIGN.

By EPHRAIM A. OTIS.

[Read February 14, 1895.]

THE Nashville Campaign was in many respects one of the most important and decisive of the Civil War. It included two great battles, and the complete destruction of the only Confederate army in existence outside of the Army of Northern Virginia. After an interval of more than thirty years the official reports and correspondence relating to it have been published, and we are now able to observe more clearly than ever before the plan upon which it was conducted, and the movements of the two opposing armies. It would certainly seem as if it were time that the material was gathered and the actual occurrences written down to aid the future Motley or Bancroft or Prescott in writing the truthful story of the Great Civil War. I shall not attempt to do more than give a bare outline of the events of that campaign which come back to us so vividly, even after the lapse of so many years, nor do I expect that others will necessarily reach the same conclusions that I have with respect to it.

General W. T. Sherman, on the third day of September, 1864, after more than four months of almost continuous battle, stated in a dispatch to General Halleck, crowding an official report into a sentence, "So Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." It had, however, required the united efforts of the three Armies of the Tennessee, of the Cumberland, and of the Ohio to accomplish this splendid result. But the Confederate army under Hood, which had so skilfully contested every step of our progress, was still unbroken, and Sherman had hardly got his command together in what had once been the thriving and prosperous city of Atlanta, before Hood began moving toward

his rear and across the only line of railroad by which Sherman was supplied. Altoona and its stores were only saved from capture by the heroic resistance of General Corse and his brave men, against overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Sherman's message to Corse, signalled over the heads of the army of Hood during the battle, "Hold the fort, for I am coming," was made the refrain of one of the songs of Moody and Sankey, and has been sung by millions of people on both sides of the Atlantic, few of whom realize where and under what circumstances the phrase originated.

Sherman had scarcely formed his plans for the great March to the Sea before he was reminded that the powerful Confederate Army of the Tennessee was prepared either to oppose his further advance, or begin an aggressive campaign against his lines of communication. By the latter part of October, 1864, Sherman had driven Hood away from the Western and Atlantic Railway leading from Chattanooga to Atlanta, but had failed to bring him to battle; and at Gadsden, close to the state line between Georgia and Alabama, he could see the veteran columns of the enemy in full march northwest toward the Tennessee River, with little prospect of overtaking them until they reached it. Hood was nearer to Sherman's base of supplies than Sherman himself was; and the question presented itself whether Sherman's favorite design of marching a strong column through Georgia to the Atlantic coast, to which Grant had assented, should not be abandoned, or at least delayed until the army of Hood was overtaken and defeated. General Grant telegraphed to him as late as November 1, 1864: "Do you not think it advisable, now that Hood has gone so far north, to entirely ruin him before starting on your proposed campaign?"

We had been taught by this time that the Confederate armies were really the objective points of a campaign, and that the possession of Atlanta itself was of little importance as long as the powerful army which had formerly defended it remained unbroken. The official correspondence on the subject, recently

published, conclusively shows that it was the belief of General Grant that Hood would be forced to follow Sherman into Georgia instead of invading Tennessee, and that it was this that secured final approval of Sherman's cherished design. It is extremely improbable that the great march to the sea would ever have been made if the authorities at Washington had foreseen that Hood would surely invade Tennessee as soon as Sherman had fairly started. Mr. Lincoln himself "was anxious, if not fearful," as he stated afterwards, and gave a reluctant consent to Sherman's plan.

Hood's army continued its movements to the north and west, and having secured a crossing of the Tennessee River, at Florence, Alabama, by the end of October, 1864, waited only for necessary supplies to commence the campaign against Nashville, many hundred miles in Sherman's rear. We were soon to witness the unusual spectacle of two opposing armies moving directly away from each other in opposite directions, each invading the territory of the other, and seizing its lines of communication.

On the 29th of September, 1864, long before Hood's plans had developed, Sherman had sent Major-General George H. Thomas, with only three divisions of his army, back to Chattanooga to guard his communications and hold that important position; and when he had finally decided on his march to the sea, the responsibility of resisting the advance of Hood and of holding all the territory which had been won, from Chattanooga back to the Ohio River, was thrown upon General Thomas. It appears from the published correspondence that this position was not sought by General Thomas, who preferred to continue in command of that splendid "Army of the Cumberland" which he had helped to organize, and had led so often in battle, and with which his name and fame were inseparably united. He accepted the new command as a matter of duty, and not from choice, without a thought that the result would prove the crowning glory of his long and splendid military career.

It was the original intention of Sherman to send back only the Fourth army corps with Thomas, and to take with him the entire Armies of the Tennessee and the Ohio, and two of the three corps of the Army of the Cumberland; it was not until Hood's plans for an offensive movement against Nashville had become fully apparent that the Twenty-third army corps under General Schofield was ordered back to join Thomas. In addition to this, Major-General A. J. Smith, with two divisions of the Sixteenth army corps, then engaged in an active campaign in Missouri, was directed to report to General Thomas at Nashville at the earliest possible date.

The location of these different commands at that time had a very important influence on the campaign which followed. On the last day of October, 1864, the veteran army of Hood, embracing, according to the official reports, about 41,000 infantry and artillery, and a cavalry force of about 13,000 under Forrest, making an aggregate of 54,000, reached Florence, Alabama, only one hundred miles south and a little west of Nashville, and secured an unobstructed crossing of the Tennessee River. It was the same army that had so gallantly contested every foot of ground against Sherman's entire command, from Tunnell Hill to Atlanta, and it was now inspired by the enthusiasm which follows a vigorous offensive movement.

Not until the 3d of November did the Army of the Ohio under Schofield begin moving from Dalton, Georgia, back to Tennessee; while at this time the troops of A. J. Smith were still at Warrenton, Missouri, several days' march from St. Louis, from which point they were to be transported by steamers down the Mississippi and up the Ohio and the Cumberland Rivers to Nashville. To defend Tennessee and the long line of railway extending from the Ohio to Chattanooga, General Thomas had the Fourth corps and the Twenty-third corps, after Schofield joined him, aggregating about 23,000 men, and a cavalry force of about 6,000 more, making, until the reinforcements from Missouri should arrive, less than 30,000 men to oppose the

advance of Hood. There were, in addition to this, the garrisons at Nashville, Murfreesboro, and Chattanooga, no larger, however, than had heretofore been found necessary to protect the public property and guard the bridges and railways. The town of Murfreesboro, thirty miles southeast from Nashville, had, after the Battle of Stone's River, been strongly fortified by Rosecrans with many heavy guns, requiring a strong garrison to protect it from the enemy. For this reason it was in some respects a source of weakness instead of strength; for, if occupied by the rebel army, it would have been difficult for General Thomas to recapture it with any force which he could bring against it.

From this statement of the strength and position of the respective armies, the grave difficulties and responsibilities will be seen which were forced upon General Thomas at the very commencement of the campaign, and which were destined to become still more serious in their character; difficulties and responsibilities which were never adequately appreciated either by the authorities at Washington or by General Grant or by General Sherman himself. Not only was the army of General Thomas widely scattered, but in many respects it was without organization or equipment for an active campaign in the field. The dismounted cavalry, the convalescents from the hospitals, the surplus artillery, and in fact all the men and material not needed by Sherman, were sent back to Thomas; out of them he was required literally to create, organize, and put into the field a new army to oppose Hood, then less than a hundred miles away. Fortunately for General Thomas, the supplies which Hood had expected to find at Florence, Alabama, were delayed, and it was not until November 20 that his army was put in motion for the Nashville campaign. This delay was improved by General Thomas in organizing the miscellaneous forces which had been left him by Sherman; but until Smith arrived from Missouri with part of the Sixteenth corps, and until the cavalry was remounted, his army was greatly the inferior of Hood's in num-

bers and efficiency. Delay was of the utmost importance for safety or success, and every day that Hood could be kept back in his advance on Nashville brought the expected reinforcements so much nearer to the point where they were so greatly needed. General Schofield, with the Twenty-third corps and the Fourth corps of the Army of the Cumberland, was hurriedly moved to Pulaski, Tennessee, a little over a day's march from Florence, with instructions to delay the Confederate advance as much as possible, while the most strenuous efforts were made to organize and concentrate an army which should be able to meet the enemy in the field with reasonable assurance of success.

It should be borne in mind that Sherman, though he had no reason to believe that he would meet with resistance more serious than a thin line of cavalry and a few regiments of Georgia Home Guards, took upon his great expedition over sixty thousand of the very flower of the army, with the pontoon trains, supplies, and equipments, leaving Thomas to create an entirely new army powerful enough to hold the lines of communication and defeat Hood in battle. There was certainly good reason for the reluctance of Lincoln, and for the suggestion of General Grant that Hood's army should be first disposed of, before the powerful army under Sherman should be divided.

On the 20th of November, 1864, General Beauregard telegraphed General Hood to "push on active offensive immediately," and on that day the head of his column was started in the direction of Columbia and Nashville. He hoped by a rapid march, on the flank and rear of Schofield who was then at Pulaski, to reach Columbia, only about forty miles from Nashville, ahead of him; and so nearly was this accomplished that Schofield's infantry, under Major-General Cox, arrived in Columbia only just in time to save it from capture by Forrest. By the 26th of November Hood had brought his entire army in front of Columbia, and was ready for that "active offensive" which he

had been ordered to take. The rebel commander was fully informed of the failure of A. J. Smith to reach Nashville as early as had been expected, and he knew that until this reinforcement arrived his army was largely superior in numbers and efficiency to any force that Thomas could bring against him. As it was soon apparent that Columbia could not be held, Schofield promptly crossed to the north side of Duck River, in order the more easily to cover his retreat toward Nashville. His orders were to delay the advance of the enemy as much as possible, but not to bring on a decisive battle if it could be avoided. Schofield's position was, however, easily turned, as the result showed; for Duck River could be crossed in a dozen places from which good country roads led straight to Spring Hill on the Nashville Turnpike, directly in Schofield's rear.

General Thomas was in constant communication with Schofield, and at a late hour on the night of the 28th of November, he learned that the main body of Hood's army had actually effected a crossing at Huey's Mill, and was ready for the movement which would cut off Schofield's retreat. At half-past three on the morning of the 29th he sent a telegram to Schofield, saying, "I desire you to fall back from Columbia and to take up your position at Franklin, leaving a sufficient force at Spring Hill to contest the enemy's progress until you are securely posted at Franklin." This order General Schofield, in a report to General Thomas, dated at half-past eight in the morning of that day, admits having received. If it had been promptly obeyed, as it should have been, the great peril in which the whole army was placed on that day would have been avoided. The advance of Hood's army did not reach Spring Hill until after three o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, and by that time the entire army of Schofield could have reached and passed that place with perfect ease by the direct turnpike road. Schofield, however, only sent a small part of his army to Spring Hill instead of the whole of it, and did not leave Columbia with the

remainder until that evening, thus giving Hood his one opportunity of the whole campaign to cut off the retreat of Schofield and destroy his army.

No explanation has ever been given in the thirty years that have passed since that date for Schofield's failure to obey promptly the order, which, he admits, was received in ample time to fall back from Columbia. How Hood, after having reached a point almost in Schofield's rear and across his only line of retreat, quietly went into camp, left the road open, and allowed Schofield's army, trains, and artillery to pass quietly in plain sight of the campfires of the whole rebel army without firing a shot is familiar to everyone, and is certainly one of the most remarkable incidents of the war.

It must, I think, be the verdict of history that the great peril in which Schofield's army was placed, and from which it barely escaped destruction on the night of November 29, 1864, might have been avoided if he had obeyed promptly the orders which Thomas had given at half-past three that morning.* It was indeed fortunate that the rebel commander failed to improve his advantage, for on the morning of the 30th Schofield, with the bulk of his army, was at Franklin and in a position to give battle under fairly favorable circumstances.

It is not necessary to speak of the Battle of Franklin and its results; it is sufficient to say that at no time during the war were the soldierly qualities of our veteran Western army displayed to better advantage. One assault after another was made upon our lines by the enemy with a desperation seldom seen in the history of war, only to be repulsed with a loss that was almost appalling. When the battle was ended, late in the evening of that soft November day, Hood's army had received

* Since this paper was prepared, General Schofield, in a recent volume of "reminiscences," says this telegram of General Thomas did not reach him, and that the order he did receive and acknowledge, as stated, permitted him to exercise a discretion as to the time he should fall back on Franklin.

a blow from which it never wholly recovered. Schofield the next morning withdrew his command to Nashville, where the reinforcements from Missouri were beginning to arrive, giving Thomas for the first time an infantry force equal to that of the enemy.

Many years after the war ended, the action of General Thomas in directing Schofield to fall back from Franklin to Nashville was severely criticised by General Grant. It is, perhaps, only necessary to say that General Schofield was directed to remain if he could hold his position until Smith's Missouri forces could be disembarked from the transports and moved to his assistance; and that Schofield in reply stated that he had already "Run too much risk in trying to hold Hood in check," and in another dispatch that "It appears to me that I ought to take a position at Brentwood [close to Nashville] at once." Again, in his official report of the Battle of Franklin to General Thomas, General Schofield says: "To remain longer at Franklin was to seriously hazard the loss of my army by giving the enemy another chance to cut me off from reinforcements, which he had made three desperate, futile efforts to accomplish. I had detained the enemy long enough to enable you to concentrate your scattered troops at Nashville, and had succeeded in inflicting upon him very heavy losses, which was the primary object. I had found it impossible to detain him long enough to get reinforcements at Franklin. Only a small part of the infantry and none of the cavalry could reach me in time to be of any use in a battle, which must have been fought on the 1st of December. For these reasons, after consulting with the corps and division commanders, and obtaining your approval, I determined to retire during the night of the 30th to Nashville." It should be borne in mind that among the corps and division commanders referred to who advised falling back to Nashville were such men as General David S. Stanley, General Jacob D. Cox, General Thomas J. Wood, General Ruger, and others equally able. It

is evident General Grant was mistaken, and that General Thomas was fully justified in his approval of the request of Schofield to fall back immediately to Nashville.

It appears from the correspondence and official reports that up to this date Wilson's cavalry force, small compared with that of Forrest, had been a source of serious embarrassment. Schofield reported that this inferiority was so great that his cavalry could not protect the flanks or rear of his army, and that his communications with Nashville were constantly interrupted. Wilson had in the field only one-fourth the number of the enemy, while the camps at Louisville and Nashville were filled with dismounted cavalry sent back by Sherman. A short delay would enable Wilson to reorganize that branch of the service and put into the field a force sufficient, as the result proved, to become one of the most powerful instruments in the final destruction of Hood's army. Thomas had already sent Rousseau to Murfreesboro with a command of about 7,000 men, largely made up of new hundred-day regiments, who would be far more efficient in defending the powerful earthworks at that place than they would be in the field. This fortunate disposition compelled Hood to send Forrest's entire cavalry, supported by a division of infantry, to that place, in order to cover the right flank and rear of his army. Forrest was thus prevented from making any aggressive movement until Wilson was strong enough to meet him. There was, therefore, no pressing need of immediate action on the part of Thomas, for every day's delay made ultimate success more certain.

On the 2d of December Smith's last division arrived, and that evening Steadman, with about 6,000 men from Chattanooga, also reported at Nashville to General Thomas, who for the first time had a sufficient infantry force to hold Nashville and the line of the Cumberland River securely and take the offensive. On that day, in answer to a dispatch criticising his retreat from Franklin to Nashville, Thomas telegraphed to General Grant, informing him of the situation of the forces,

and saying that as soon as McCook's cavalry division should arrive,— which was expected in two or three days,— he would attack Hood. General Grant was reminded that Thomas began the campaign with only two of the weakest corps in Sherman's whole army and the dismounted cavalry, and that delays in organization and equipment, so far from the North, could not be avoided, so that Hood had been able to take advantage of his crippled condition. But explanations were useless, and the burden of care and responsibility which had been thrown upon General Thomas was now greatly increased by the evident distrust and impatience of General Grant. On the evening of the 5th of December, Grant telegraphed advising an immediate attack upon Hood, to which Thomas replied on the 6th that men were out in the country pressing horses; that Wilson had been ordered to remount his men as rapidly as possible, and that he could move in three days from that date. Grant immediately replied, "Attack Hood at once, and wait no longer for a remount of your cavalry." This was immediately answered by Thomas, "I will make the necessary dispositions and attack Hood at once, agreeably to your orders, though I believe it will be hazardous with the small force of cavalry now at my service." This telegram was sent from Nashville on the 6th of December and reached General Grant on the 7th. That night, in a telegram to Secretary Stanton, General Grant says: "You probably saw my order to Thomas to attack. If he does not do it promptly, I would recommend superseding him by Schofield, leaving Thomas subordinate."

No act could be more humiliating than that proposed by General Grant, which required General Thomas to turn over the command of his army to an inferior in rank, on the eve of a decisive battle, and to accept a subordinate position. It was absolutely unnecessary, for Thomas was then making the necessary disposition of his men for an immediate attack, as he had been directed to do, and no one who knew him doubted that the order would be loyally carried out. The next day, in a dis-

patch to General Halleck, dated December 8, General Grant says, "If Thomas has not struck yet, he ought to be ordered to hand over his command to Schofield." To the credit of General Halleck, the following reply was immediately sent to Grant: "If you wish General Thomas relieved from command, give the order. None here, I think, will interfere. The responsibility, however, will be yours, as no one here, so far as I am informed, wishes General Thomas's removal." To this General Grant replied immediately: "I want General Thomas reminded of the importance of immediate action. I sent him a dispatch this evening which will probably urge him on. I would not say relieve him until I hear further from him." Soon afterwards another impatient dispatch was sent to General Thomas urging an immediate attack, and expressing fears that the campaign would result in a foot-race between him and Hood for the Ohio River.

On the same day, December 8, General Wilson, one of the most gallant, bold, and efficient cavalry leaders the war produced on either side, stated in a dispatch to General Thomas, "The cavalry forces cannot be assembled and put in a proper condition to move in a general campaign before Sunday afternoon; 3,000 well-mounted men are absent, and cannot be got back before that date." He urgently requested that the movement might be suspended one more day. Before Thomas could act on this suggestion General Grant, without waiting for answer or explanation, sent General Halleck the following dispatch on the morning of December 9: "Dispatch of 8 P. M. last evening from Nashville shows the enemy scattered more than seventy miles along the river, and no attack yet made by Thomas. Please telegraph orders relieving him at once and placing Schofield in command. Thomas should be ordered to turn over all orders and dispatches received since the Battle of Franklin to Schofield." No dispatch, telegram, or letter of that date from Nashville to General Grant giving any information of the position of the enemy of that character

can be found in the published records or on the files of the War Department. To whom the dispatch referred, from whom it came, or why it has disappeared from the official files, is left to conjecture only. At that time the enemy were not "scattered more than seventy miles down the river," but were concentrated in front of Nashville, with Forrest at Murfreesboro, while the preparations of Thomas were complete, and the orders actually made out and issued for the offensive movement against Hood.

The order relieving Thomas and appointing Schofield in his place was prepared, but before it was formally issued Halleck sent a dispatch to General Grant to know if it should be telegraphed to Nashville. During this interval General Thomas sent General Halleck the following dispatch:

"NASHVILLE, December 9th, 1864.

"Your dispatch of 10:30 A. M. this date is received. I regret that General Grant should feel dissatisfaction at my delay in attacking the enemy. I feel conscious I have done everything in my power to prepare, and that the troops could not have been gotten ready before this, and if he should order me to be relieved I will submit without a murmur. A terrible storm of freezing rain has come on since daylight which will render an attack impossible until it breaks."

A telegram of similar purport was sent direct to General Grant. The result was that the order to relieve Thomas was suspended by General Grant, who expressed the hope, however, that there would be no necessity of repeating it. The "storm of freezing rain" to which Thomas referred will be remembered by all who were present in the field at that time. For four days the whole region was covered with a sheet of ice, making it physically impossible for men to form in line of battle, or execute any military movement. General Grant was fully advised of the situation and was informed that the troops were ready to attack the moment they were able to march. But while the army was thus ice-bound, still another dispatch was

received, insisting upon an immediate attack without longer delay for weather or reinforcements. General Thomas immediately replied that the order should be obeyed as promptly as possible, but that the whole country was still covered with a sheet of ice, making it difficult for troops to move even on level ground, and that he had intended to attack Hood as soon as the ice melted, and would have done so before but for the storm.

The next day General Grant ordered General John A. Logan to proceed immediately to Nashville and relieve Thomas from the command of the army, but not to disclose this fact until he had arrived. Not satisfied with this, Grant started for Washington, intending to go to Nashville himself. During all this time General Thomas, ignorant that his successor had been named and was *en route* to relieve him, a fact not disclosed until years after the war, impatient at the delay, and weighed down by the burden of care, responsibility, and unjust criticisms, was literally forced to remain idle until the storm had broken sufficiently to enable horses and men to move. But by the time Logan had reached Louisville the storm had ended, the attack on Hood was immediately begun, and Logan went back to Washington without disclosing his errand. It is only just to the memory of General Logan to say that his selection for the command of the army opposed to Hood was not the result of any request or act on his part, directly or indirectly. He was in Washington, on the way to join his old corps with Sherman as soon as communication with it should be opened. He simply obeyed an order which came to him from his superior, and his conduct in the whole matter from beginning to end was frank, manly, and generous.

It is impossible to read the whole correspondence between General Grant and General Thomas, in connection with the surrounding circumstances, without reaching the conclusion that Grant's action in relieving General Thomas and appointing Schofield, and afterwards Logan, to succeed him on the eve of

battle, with his preparations made, as Grant knew, for an attack as soon as the ice melted and the men were able to move, was one of the most inconsiderate, wanton, and unjust proceedings of the whole war.

It must be borne in mind that General Thomas was at this time no new or untried man. He had been connected with the Army of the Cumberland since 1861, and had borne an honorable part in every campaign it had made. He won the first complete Union victory of the war at Mill Springs in January, 1862, and at Chickamauga he had saved the Army of the Cumberland from defeat, if not, indeed, from complete destruction. He had received the thanks of Congress for courage and soldierly qualities which had been tested upon many trying occasions, and had been specially selected by General Sherman for the very position he then held, the duties of which he had discharged during the whole campaign with a devotion that never faltered. In his decision to remount the cavalry before attacking Hood he had the support of every division and corps commander in his army, including General Schofield himself. His order to fall back from Franklin to Nashville, after the battle, was at Schofield's request, and was eminently proper.

At a council of war held at General Thomas's headquarters during this interval it was the unanimous judgment of all present that the delay in making the attack on Hood was absolutely unavoidable. It was not known at the time that the removal of Thomas was under consideration, although it was known General Grant was greatly dissatisfied at the delay. In all that General Thomas did he was cordially supported by his subordinate division and corps commanders, not one of whom, so far as we have any information, has ever endorsed the action of General Grant.

There was no man in the army, with the possible exception of Grant and Sherman, who was held in higher esteem by the authorities at Washington. No one there wanted his removal, and General Grant was distinctly informed by General Halleck

that the responsibility for such an act must rest on him alone.

It is fair to assume that with his knowledge of the situation, together with his military experience and soldierly qualities, General Thomas was more competent to determine when and where to attack than General Grant, or anyone a thousand miles away, could possibly be. As the records show, there was in fact no unnecessary delay in the preparations to attack Hood, and General Grant had no reason to believe there would be any. At the very time when the orders were issued, Thomas had completed his plans and his army was actually in line of battle, ready to advance upon the enemy as soon as the ice melted enough for the troops to march. A change of commanders must, of necessity, have caused still longer delay, for Thomas was better prepared to make an early attack than either Schofield or Logan could possibly have been. Any general commanding an army should be allowed reasonable discretion as to the time and circumstances under which that army shall deliver battle. General Thomas was given no discretion, and was ordered immediately to attack an enemy, strongly entrenched, at a time when a successful assault was almost impossible. It would certainly seem as if some influence had been brought to bear on General Grant that has never yet been disclosed. Otherwise, General Thomas would not have been shown so little consideration, or treated with such gross injustice. No one questions the patriotism or the sincerity of General Grant, whose distinguished services will always be gratefully remembered, but the simple facts of history show that in this instance his action was inconsiderate, unwarranted, and unjust to General Thomas and the brave army he commanded. This, I believe, will be the verdict of anyone who gives the correspondence a careful, deliberate, and thoughtful investigation.

The Battle of Franklin has been aptly described as the "Soldiers' Battle," where preparation and direction by the commanding general were impossible; but the Battle of Nashville was carefully planned, and every detail worked out in

advance. It is stated that it is the only battle of the Civil War which is made the subject of study in the military schools of Germany. The action began on the morning of December 15 by a demonstration on the rebel right, while Wilson, at the head of his now powerful cavalry force, followed by the corps of General A. J. Smith, and supported by the Fourth corps, with the Twenty-third corps in reserve, moved upon their left and pushed the attack with a dash and enthusiasm that nothing could resist. One position after another of the enemy was taken by assault, until by night Hood's lines had been rolled up and his army driven back eight miles into the Brentwood Hills, with heavy losses of prisoners and cannon. That evening General Thomas had the satisfaction of telegraphing General Halleck the result of the first day's battle, and of receiving the next day from President Lincoln the following dispatch:

"To Major-General Thomas:

"Please accept for yourself, officers, and men the Nation's thanks for your work of yesterday. You made a magnificent beginning. A grand consummation is within your reach. Do not let it slip. A. Lincoln."

Stanton and Grant also telegraphed congratulations, and a hundred guns were fired in Washington in honor of his success.

There was no danger that the consummation of his victory would not be reached. On the morning of the second day, the right flank of Thomas was again pushed forward, and Wilson directed to swing around for the Franklin Pike directly in the rebel rear. When the decisive moment arrived, McMillen's brigade of General John McArthur's division dashed up the steep hillside in its front and drove the rebel division of General Bate in headlong flight, capturing all the artillery and many prisoners. This example was followed along the whole line, until every position of the enemy was carried by assault, and what was left of the powerful army of Hood was a mass of fugitives in full retreat, with the whole army of Thomas, headed

by Wilson's cavalry, in hot pursuit. Instead of being a foot-race to the Ohio River, as Grant had feared, it was a foot-race for the Tennessee, which Hood was trying to put between himself and the victorious army of Thomas.

In the two days of battle about five thousand prisoners and fifty-three cannon were captured, besides an immense amount of small arms, transportation, and supplies. The pursuit was vigorously followed up until, ten days later, a mere fragment of the rebel army crossed the Tennessee River, with the cavalry of Wilson close behind. A few days after the battle, General Halleck, evidently in ignorance of the actual situation, telegraphed to Thomas urging the necessity of a vigorous pursuit. The dispatch reached him in the December mud and rain near Duck River, forty miles from Nashville, where, without pontoons and with inadequate supplies and transportation, he was pushing the retreating army with the utmost energy. In view of what he had done and was doing, General Thomas felt that the time had come when complaints from Washington should end. His reply was characteristic and vigorous. In the course of it he says: "General Hood's army is being pursued as rapidly and vigorously as it is possible for one army to pursue another. We cannot control the elements, and you must remember that I had to reorganize and almost thoroughly equip the force now under my command. . . . I am doing all in my power to crush Hood's army, and, if it be possible, will destroy it. But pursuing an enemy through an exhausted country, over mud roads sogged with heavy rains, is no child's play and cannot be accomplished as quickly as thought of. I hope in urging me to push the enemy the Department remembers that General Sherman took with him the complete organization of the Military Division of the Mississippi, well equipped in every respect as regards ammunition, supplies, and transportation, leaving me only two corps, partially stripped of their transportation to accommodate the force taken with him, to oppose the advance into Tennessee of that army which had resisted the

advance of the Army of the Military Division of the Mississippi on Atlanta, from the commencement of the campaign to its close."

These plain truths were finally appreciated, and it is hardly necessary to say that no further complaints were received from the authorities at Washington. Indeed, Secretary Stanton, after reading Halleck's dispatch and Thomas's reply to it, hastened to assure him of his entire confidence. He says: "It is proper for me to assure you that this department has the most unbounded confidence in your skill, vigor, and determination to employ to the best advantage all the means in your power to pursue and destroy the enemy. No department could be inspired with more profound admiration and thankfulness for the great deed you have already performed, or more confiding faith that human effort could do no more, and no more than will be done by you and the accomplished, gallant officers and soldiers of your command." This warm and voluntary endorsement from Secretary Stanton was most grateful to General Thomas, especially in view of the distrust and suspicion to which he had been so recently subjected by those high in authority. On the 26th of December a mere fragment of Hood's army crossed the Tennessee River at Bainbridge, and for the present was safe from pursuit.

Some of the letters and dispatches recently published throw an interesting side-light on the situation from the Confederate standpoint, and furnish, perhaps, more conclusive evidence of the complete demoralization and destruction of Hood's army at the close of the campaign than anything that has yet been published. In an order issued by Lieutenant-General Stewart of the Confederate army, on the 2d of January, 1865, *the bare-footed men* of his corps are ordered to be collected together and sent, under proper officers with cooked rations, to Tupelo, Mississippi, while the remainder of the corps was directed to march in another direction. Whether the bare-footed men were more numerous than the rest of the corps is left to conjecture. A very inter-

esting letter, written over a campfire in a furious snowstorm, from Captain E. T. Freeman, a Confederate staff officer, to the rebel General French, and dated January 10, 1865, gives a graphic account of the disaster of Nashville and its results. He states that Walthall's division lost every piece of artillery it had, and the other commands, with one exception, were in substantially the same condition. Hood's pontoons, trains, and artillery were all captured, with no means in the whole Confederacy to supply the loss. The writer says: "The whole army cannot muster 5,000 effective men. Great numbers are going home every day, many nevermore to return I fear. Nine-tenths of the men and line officers are bare-footed and naked."

Hood, at his own request, was relieved from his command, and the first dispatch of General Richard Taylor, his successor, was a telegram addressed to Jeff Davis, saying that "any attempt to move the army would complete its destruction." Its destruction, however, was already complete. Demoralized by defeat, its artillery and transportation captured, the men and line officers naked and bare-footed, it disappeared from history and never afterwards fired a hostile shot in battle. There are few, if any, instances in the history of war where such splendid results were accomplished in so short a time. Hood crossed the Tennessee on his campaign on the 20th of November, and on the 26th of December, less than five weeks later, the powerful army which followed his standard had ceased to exist as an organized body.

It is interesting to notice the official recognition by the authorities at Washington of the great services which General Thomas had rendered in the campaign which was just ended. In the summer of 1864 there were two vacancies in the position of Major-General in the regular army of the United States, which, it was expected, were to be filled by appointment of such officers as had rendered the most distinguished, faithful,

and patriotic service during the Civil War. It was the highest distinction the Government could confer, a greater honor than to be a Marshal of France. One of these vacancies had just been filled by the appointment of General Sheridan, in recognition of his splendid services in the Valley of the Shenandoah. The other was still open. On the 19th of December, three days after the Battle of Nashville, Secretary Stanton telegraphed to General Grant, "What about the vacant Major-Generalship; has it been won?" But General Grant was not ready at that time to confer such honor upon one whose conduct and management of the campaign he had so recently and strongly censured. He replied the next day, as follows: "I think General Thomas has won the Major-Generalship, *but I would wait a few days* before giving it, to see the extent of damages done."

Three days later, when reports in full were received and published, and the whole country was electrified by the intelligence of Thomas's splendid achievements, General Grant telegraphed the Secretary: "I think it would be appropriate now to confer on General Thomas the vacant Major-Generalcy in the Regular Army. He seems to be pushing Hood with energy, and I do not doubt he will completely destroy that army." The great War Minister needed no further approval. On the twenty-fourth day of December, 1864, he telegraphed as follows to General Thomas, who was then in the field at the head of his victorious army, pushing on the pursuit of Hood with tireless energy:

"War Department,
"Washington, Dec. 24, 1864.

"Major-General George H. Thomas:

"With great pleasure I inform you that for your skill, courage, and conduct in the recent brilliant military operations under your command, the President has directed your nomination to be sent to the Senate, as a Major-General in the U. S. Army, to fill the only vacancy existing in that grade. No offi-

cial duty has been performed by me with more satisfaction, and no commander has more justly earned promotion by devoted, disinterested, and valuable service to his country.

"EDWIN M. STANTON,
"Secretary of War."

The closing sentence of Secretary Stanton's dispatch will be the sober verdict of history. No man in the great Civil War had more justly earned promotion, honor, and lasting fame, by devoted service to his country, than Major-General George H. Thomas.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

By GEORGE R. PECK.

[Read November 12, 1896.]

BEARING, as this organization does, in its very name the word "loyal," I am sure I cannot be wrong in believing that you cherish in your hearts the truest reverence for one in whom loyalty was a constant and enduring sentiment. Courage and fidelity have always been counted among the highest ideals in human conduct. And yet, the merely heroic is often but a wild unregulated enthusiasm, an ardor in the blood, or a boyish fondness for dramatic effect. The Murats and Ruperts of history fascinate and bewitch men's minds by the very audacity of their soldiership. They are the leaders who face danger with scorn and laughter, and ride into battle as gayly as to a festival. The plume and the bugle have, no doubt, their uses in war; but, after all, the issues of life and death take on a sober coloring in minds which look beneath the surface. The world can never restrain its praise for the brilliant and the daring, but who does not feel a deeper thrill in the presence of those rare, calm natures, whose depths are not sounded in a moment, and whose plain, steadfast sense of duty inspires but does not dazzle? Such a man was George H. Thomas. Those who served under him, or with him, knew then, as they know now, why he was the idol of his soldiers. They knew he could be counted upon, always and always, to stay by them and with them whatever fate might come. Faith is a curious sentiment; but when it once gets into the heart, it does more than remove mountains. The Army of the Cumberland believed in their great commander unreservedly, and with a confidence that was based on something better than admiration. They had seen him tried; they had been in the storm with him, and they had learned

how God had gifted him with the sublime quality of being able to stand fast, wherever it was right for him to plant his feet. "Here I stand, I can no other, God be my help!" said Luther at the Diet of Worms. "It is better that every man of Her Majesty's Guard should lie dead upon the field than that they should now turn their backs upon the enemy," said Sir Colin Campbell on the slopes of the Alma. "I will hold the town until we starve" was the grim message Thomas sent to Grant from beleaguered Chattanooga. It stirs the blood in our old veins to think of it, for we know how well he kept his word.

The years have transformed him into a type. He is no longer merely the successful general, the leader of an army, sage in counsel, and resolute in battle. He has become a symbol; a synonym; an emblem. When an American citizen seeks for a word which shall mean duty, honor, modesty, and worth; and which shall signify the courage, which, because it is both moral and physical, can alone carry its possessor to the highest heights; when he would put purpose, will, and strength into a single name, he thinks of George H. Thomas.

> "Oh, iron nerve to true occasion true,
> . . . that tower of strength
> Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew."

Look with me somewhat more closely into his career, and into the influences, which, perhaps joined with hereditary traits, made him what he was. He was a Virginian. Let us be just: We who were born in the North cannot fully comprehend the significance of birth. Personally, I count it more distinction to be of kin to those who won at Naseby and at Dunbar than to trace ancestral lines to those who lost. It is a matter of taste. And yet, I can well understand how some should think it more honorable to have been defeated for the King than victorious for the Parliament. The history of Virginia is tragic from beginning to end. Proud—and justly so—of her great names; proud of Washington and the rest, she has drunk the cup of sorrow, and worn the weeds of mourning. But she has never

forgotten her ancient lineage, nor yielded one jot of her asserted superiority. It would be better, I think, if she had; but in sadness and humiliation she has kept the faith that Virginia is, by right, first among states and greatest among sovereignties.

Under such influences General Thomas was born. In his veins Cavalier and Huguenot mingled; and this fact, if it has any significance, must be considered in estimating his character and his career. I cannot find that he belonged to what is called an old family, or that he ever counted much upon blue blood; but doubtless he felt something of the pride which even the lowly-born experience in the thought, "I am a Virginian." His home and his birthplace were in Southampton County, in the southeastern part of the state, on the North Carolina line. It is not an attractive region, but there is no law governing the birthplace of great men. His boyhood was, doubtless, like that of all boys the world over: not entirely happy, nor altogether unhappy; full of adventure and of play, with glimpses — such as come, alas! too soon — of the sorrows and the disappointments which are in store for all.

He was twenty years old when he entered West Point, June 1, 1836. Graduating from the Military Academy, he served in the Everglades of Florida against the Seminoles, and then in the Mexican War under General Taylor. In 1855 he came to an important event in his career. He had served in the regular army fifteen years, always faithfully and well. Jefferson Davis — how strange it seems now! — was Secretary of War. Under his orders and direction, the cavalry service of the army was reorganized, and the new Second regiment had for its officers a list which cannot at this day be read without mingled feelings of anger and of shame, for it is only too plain that the man specially charged with the defense of the national honor already meditated its destruction. The field officers of the regiment were: Colonel, Albert Sydney Johnston; Lieutenant-Colonel, Robert E. Lee; Senior Major, William J. Hardee; Junior Major, George H. Thomas.

All were of Southern birth; but one, the greatest and the best, was an American, and, what is more, one who believed that his oath as a soldier meant what it said. It is hard to understand now the situation in which George H. Thomas found himself at the outbreak of the war. It was not difficult for us to be for the Union. Education and tradition united to make us so. But we had never been taught that the State is superior to the Nation. We had not been born in Virginia. To us, the American flag meant everything, — all that could possibly be in sovereignty and in power, —

"The attribute of awe and majesty."

If you would know what George H. Thomas went through in those days, inquire what became of his daily friends and companions. They were the men who turned their faces to the South, the men who were whispering in his ear the sweet counsels of the hour, the wooings of home and family and birthplace.

Albert Sydney Johnston resigned to go into the rebellion, and died at Shiloh fighting a desperate battle against his country. That was Albert Sydney Johnston's reward. Robert E. Lee,— it seems hard to speak ill of him,— dallied a while with chance; coquetted with good old General Scott, who trusted him as a father trusts a well-beloved son; and finally went his way, saying good-bye to country, flag, and honor. He, too, had his reward — at Appomattox. Hardee flitted through the war, sometimes fighting, sometimes marching, and finally hurried out of Savannah when Sherman was at the gates with an army which carried the flag that made men free. And so Hardee had his reward. God's mills keep grinding, however much men may think they have stopped.

I know not what you may think, but to me there is something inexpressibly sad in the crisis which came to General Thomas in 1861. It seems to us so easy to choose whom we would serve. But think what it must have been to a Virginian in those eventful days to choose between North and South, — not between North and South, but between the United States

and its enemies. He did not deliberate long, — so far as we know he did not deliberate at all. He touched the right key at the first. But influences surrounded him that had swept from his feet many a weaker man.

History is always drawing parallels. Robert E. Lee and George H. Thomas, because they were both Virginians, will be kept in the light, the strong, bright, pitiless light, which history turns backward on the past. Comparing them, I think it is certain that the future will give the meed of greater patriotism, of clearer views of right and wrong, to Thomas, and, unless I greatly err, it will concede to him, too, a higher order of ability. There were some points of resemblance between them, but their differences were clearly, even strikingly, marked. All of Lee's biographers publish the letter he wrote to his son as far back as 1852; a kind, fatherly letter, in which this sentence appears: "Duty is the sublimest word in our language." I do not question his sincerity. Duty *is* a sublime word, but it is a sublimer thing. George H. Thomas, in all his great career, seldom indulged in philosophical reflections, said little of duty, but in camp and march and battle he was its very incarnation.

That he should remain firm in that memorable spring of 1861, when all around him seemed going to pieces, is characteristic of the man. It was his nature. In order to do what to him seemed clearly right he had to break with his nearest associates, with every field officer of his regiment; and he had to bear the glorious odium of being for the Nation instead of Virginia, for the whole instead of a part. But more than this, he had to stand for what seemed an unpromising cause. And here I must speak with careful deliberation, for, as soldiers, we have been taught by tradition and by example to be generous, magnanimous, and fair. We won, — not in a day, nor in a year, but — we won; and for thirty years men have been explaining how it came about. It is much the fashion in some quarters now to say little of right and wrong, but much of "superior numbers" and "overwhelming resources," and of the hordes

that swept down from the North, whereby the cause was lost. It is time that someone should, in all kindness, dispel this illusion, for it *is* an illusion and nothing more. It is not true, and never was true, that the South was conquered by such means. It is useful to go back to times as they were, instead of measuring events by times as they are. The simple truth is that when Lee went South and Thomas stood fast by the flag, all the world outside of the loyal North said Lee had chosen wisely and Thomas had made a bitter mistake. And so it seemed, for the world is always wise in its own conceit. I cannot recall a single military critic in Europe, writing from the cold, scientific point of view, who did not demonstrate to his own satisfaction that the South would win. Unquestionably the South thought so. The high officials, the great generals, the orators and the editors, discounted any advantages which the North possessed by holding up those of the South. How familiar we used to be with the argument that the Confederates had the interior lines; were in their own country and in a climate to which they were accustomed. Even in the North, and in the minds of men who were devotedly attached to the Union, there were doubts and misgivings when all these things were taken into consideration. The greatest soldier whose sword was drawn for the Confederate cause was, in my opinion, Joseph E. Johnston. In 1874 he published his "Narrative," and in an able summing-up of the reasons which gave victory to the Union, he says:

"The cause of the subjugation of the Southern States was neither want of wealth and population, nor of devotion to their own cause on the part of the people of those states. That people was not guilty of the high crime of undertaking a war without the means of waging it successfully. They had ample means, which, unfortunately, were not applied to the object of equipping great armies and bringing them into the field."

This is the language of a great Southern soldier who is too high-minded to charge his own people with recklessly engaging in a war against overwhelming numbers and resources. A writer

in the current number of the *Century Magazine*, Mr. Duncan Rose, himself a son of a Confederate officer, denies in honest indignation the claim that the South was overpowered by superiority in strength and resources. He points out, what every student knows to be true, that in a war for independence, superiority in numbers is by no means the determining factor. He says truly:

"No; in a war for independence numbers do not count, and it has not often happened in the history of the world that a people who have fought with such desperate valor as the Confederates displayed, have failed to win independence. No; there was no lack of men and warlike resources in the South: the causes of failure must be looked for elsewhere."

There is a refreshing and manly frankness in the above language which shows that Mr. Rose does not hold a brief to pervert history, but has the clear, good sense to see things as they really are.

I beg you to believe that I speak of this matter of the relative advantages and disadvantages of the two sides in the war only to emphasize the greatness of Thomas's conduct. Contrast it with the officers of the old army who gave up their commissions to go into the service of the South. Educated as soldiers, trained in the principles of military science, they saw — they could not help seeing, — that the South entered the struggle with a large preponderance of chances in its favor. Never did an enterprise look more rosy and inviting than that of the South when it embarked in the scheme of independence; never did a cause look more dark and unpromising than that of the Union. Lee, Sydney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Cooper, Hardee, Longstreet, Hill, — threw themselves into the arms of the South, to become the darlings of popular favor, and to be loaded with honors, rank, and power. Thomas stood by his flag, and had to fight his way slowly upward, till his country learned how great and good and true he was. The contrast between his course and that of his associates is an object-lesson

in American patriotism; a sad pathetic story, but good for us to hear, and good for those who shall hear it when we are gone. When Lee and Thomas parted company in 1861, each went his allotted path. Lee saw before him fame and victory, and dreamed, perhaps, that his name should some day be like that of the illustrious Washington. To Thomas came only the thought of his country and his oath. Both, now, have passed beyond the reach of praise or blame. The world's annals have preserved the story of their lives; but we need not fear that the name of our old commander will suffer when the two Virginians stand side by side at the bar of history.

I would not praise him overmuch, though I cannot help knowing that your hearts are giving him more praise than it is possible for my lips to utter. Do you remember when the country first heard of him? It was at Mill Springs. The news came like dew unto our weary souls, for it was our first clean-cut victory. Then we learned that our side could smite with hard blows. Like all his battles, it was well considered, carefully planned, and successfully executed. True, it was a small campaign, but it fitted with soldierly precision into the larger tactics of the war. Those were hurrying days. The country was learning its lesson; reaching out in every direction for men whom it could trust; forwarding troops in hot haste to Virginia and Kentucky, and projecting campaigns in all directions, — campaigns which often came to naught, save lives wasted and hearts made sad forever. But the war was moving on, and a noble and puissant nation was "rousing herself like a strong man after sleep."

General Thomas was in the Corinth campaign, where he did duty silently as was his wont, but attracted no special attention. Then came the reorganized Army of the Cumberland with Rosecrans in the lead and radiant hopes of things to come. What times those were! The romantic side of war never shone more brilliantly than in the days when the Army of the Cumberland was preparing to make its swoop upon the South

and to cut into the heart of the Confederacy. It was looking for a chance to meet the enemy, — and found it at Stone's River. What George H. Thomas was on that field you know full well. He kept the centre like the keystone of some great arch. After the first day, when the army, bleeding and bruised but undismayed, slept for a little in the thickets which covered that memorable field, the generals came together to consider of the future. All had something to say except Thomas, who sat in silence, filled with such thoughts as come only to men of heroic temper. When asked: "Will you protect the retreat?" he started up with the grim, determined answer, "This army can't retreat." And he had his way. The army did *not* retreat, but at the morning call stood to its arms, and won the day.

It would not be right to claim all the honor of Stone's River for Thomas. Other gallant men mingled in that fierce conflict, and amidst the stars and the eagles there was a nameless host to whom rank and epaulets might never come, but who were the blood and brawn of the mighty West.

After Stone's River came the resting and the waiting, and the Tullahoma campaign, which, although brilliant when strategically considered, was ineffective so far as the destruction of the enemy was concerned. And before that gallant army, in the brooding silence of the future, was — Chickamauga.

Here I must pause. Chickamauga seems like some horrible dream; a nightmare which still haunts the memory of the Nation. But it was a glorious field. A mistake, such as Fate so often throws into the scale of great events, alone kept it from being a magnificent victory. We are accustomed to count it an ill-starred battle, but in truth it was one of the grandest of the war. In that fierce tempest, regiments, brigades, and divisions crumbled like clay, but Thomas, immovable as granite, stayed where he was appointed to stay, and saved the gateway of the North. The stake for which both armies were playing was Chattanooga, and when Thomas's guns boomed

defiance from his bleeding lines on Horseshoe Ridge, Chattanooga was lost to the Confederacy forever.

Thomas at Chickamauga is one of the unique characters of our history, and of all history. He was like Massena, of whom it is said that his faculties always rose to clearer perceptions when he could hear the music of his cannon. Some men, indeed most men, are capable of being, in some sudden emerggency, seized by panic and swept from their balance. But no one would ever think of George H. Thomas being disturbed by any shock. They well called him the "Rock of Chickamauga," for against him every wave that dashed was shattered into spray.

You remember how the army went back to Chattanooga. It was not defeated, except in the purely technical sense that it did not remain upon the field. But Thomas showed that it could stay, and it *did* stay until he was ready to leave.

I must not linger on the days that followed: the hunger and the suffering of the army holding the town; the supplies delayed or cut off; the gaunt spectre of starvation which stared them in the face. Grant came; and Thomas became commander of the Army of the Cumberland with which he had served so long and so illustriously. Missionary Ridge was captured with a wild rush, and Lookout lifted its brow unvexed by any enemy of the Nation. Then we had the battle — summer, the marches, the assaults, the frowning mountains to be turned and the gorges to be crossed; but ever onward swept the colors and the stout hands that carried them, until Atlanta was ours. Thomas was there, doing his duty in soldier fashion, slow, perhaps, but terribly sure. When Atlanta fell it was plain to all that the end was not far off. But it is hard for men to yield! — the harder when they are wrong, — and so the end was not yet.

The Atlanta campaign is one of glorious memories. The army went forward, sounding its way through valleys, over ridges, singing the old songs, pressing on with light hearts to the citadel, Atlanta the Beautiful. There were some sad days!

some nights when that which is best in life seemed almost lost; and yet, it was a great campaign, joyous, gallant, and victorious. Who that was there can ever forget the rapture of the day when we knew for certain that Hood was broken and that Atlanta, and all that Atlanta meant, belonged to the United States of America? Then we rested, but not for long. Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad. Hood, restless, disappointed, fretting like a caged animal, scented the North, and could not be content until his weary followers were marching toward the Tennessee, and the fields and pastures that lay beyond. Sherman, always hungry for adventure, seeing far off the gates of destiny, plunged headlong into the South and was off and away for Savannah and the Sea. And so we played a Titanic game of chess. It was my fortune to go with the army of Sherman. We knew not the fate in store for us, but by many a campfire we thought of those we had left behind to fight the great battle of the war. Often, now, our hearts are stirred when we hear that universal melody, "Marching through Georgia," but its strains mean the common glory of those who marched and those who saved the day at Franklin and swept the rebel lines at Nashville. We were all one army, fighting in front and rear for the country which was dear to all alike.

The war of the Rebellion threw men into strange relations, particularly the officers of the old regular army. Thomas and Hardee, the two majors of the Second cavalry, faced each other repeatedly on hostile fields. Far back in the Mexican War, Thomas was a lieutenant in Bragg's famous battery at Buena Vista, when General Taylor called for a little more grape. And these two men, who had been comrades when they faced a foreign foe, were fated to meet under other skies in the deadly grapple at Stone's River and Chickamauga. It is like a play upon the stage, and yet how real. In the Nashville campaign, Hood, once a lieutenant in the Second cavalry, but now a lieutenant-general, marched north to meet his old major, now a major-

general, upon the heights that surrounded the capitol of Tennessee. It was an uneven contest. Hood and Thomas were to each other like child and man. And yet, I suppose the Confederate authorities hoped that somehow the sun would pierce the clouds, and that the cause would not be lost. Hood was a leader noted for gallantry, reckless to the last degree, loving war, fearing nothing. He was endowed with a resolute, onward temperament, but utterly lacked the cool judgment so essential in a great commander. What a strange, almost grotesque, culmination of his career was waiting him, as he moved north to join issue with the steady, methodical, indomitable Thomas. I need not follow that memorable advance and retreat. Thomas did not hurry. Nature had not made him nimble, and when the enemy was pressing him, it was his disposition to move with reasonable deliberation. At Franklin, Hood came up with Schofield in one of those fierce conflicts which all history shows are most common when great wars are ebbing to the close. Franklin has some points of resemblance to Ligny and Quatre Bras in Napoleon's advance upon Waterloo. It was a notice and a warning to the advancing enemy that the road to victory would not be lined with roses.

I shall not describe the battle of Nashville. The military books have given it a permanent place. Something was said in those days about the slowness of General Thomas; that the battle ought to have been fought sooner; and it is no doubt true that the fiery heart of the War Department at Washington was troubled by his delay. It is said that even General Grant was becoming restless, and that General Logan was on his way to supersede Thomas. Patience is a noble virtue! but it does not come easy to nations which have been fretted with the stress of a four-years' war. George H. Thomas, mature of years, accustomed to war and with the field of action under his own experienced eye, knew the conditions of success far better than those who were far away; he knew, if any man on this

earth knew, what was necessary to insure such a victory as Cromwell called a "crowning mercy." He had that rugged fortitude which enabled him to say, "I will move when I am ready, and not before." While we rested in Savannah the news of the great victory came to us, and we sent up thanks that good old Thomas had fought his fight in his own way. We had been marching through Georgia, gathering trophies here and there, and always keeping time to the music of events. But meanwhile, steadfastly and surely, Thomas was biding his time! And when the time came, you know what happened. Hood was seized in the jaws of the old commander's army and ground into pieces.

And here I leave him. Some little service he saw after Nashville, which he did quietly and in his own modest fashion. But his career was over. It ended well; for the guns of Nashville could be heard in echoes when the curtain fell at Appomattox. George H. Thomas is our ideal soldier. It is good for us to think of him, and restful to view, even in memory, that large nature, and that strength which nothing could break. We may not, perhaps, count him a great genius, in the sense that Napoleon and Cæsar and Marlborough were. But he was reliable; and never, I think, failed in the task set for him to do. And is not that, in itself, genius? Does not all earthly wisdom end in doing bravely and well the duty that lies nearest?

When General Gordon, not long ago, in the Senate of the United States, pledged the South to stand by the national authority, and for law, order, and the settled institutions of the country, did we not all feel that the war had not been fought in vain? The example of our great Virginian has not been lost. That plain, solid, practical mind never took kindly to the shallow clamor of agitators and professional patriots. He believed in the sanctions of civil order, the constitution of his country, the well-being of all, which comes from the obedience of all to the national authority.

His simple faith rested calmly and confidently in the belief that he fought for a government which was able to vindicate its authority over every foe, and which, by night and by day, should be the embodiment of majesty and power. Out of the shadows of the past his form rises in august proportions. He did this Nation such a service as it can never forget, and when he died, — not in the roar of battle, but still on duty for the country and its honor — we thought of those sad, proud words:

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well."

A SKETCH OF NAVAL LIFE.

By JOHN A. GRIER.

[Read December 12, 1895.]

IT has become a custom with us, on set occasions, to have someone read a paper giving part of his personal experience in the army or navy. We may perhaps need these backward glances as a stimulant to our patriotism, preserving through them a more vivid recollection of that specially trying era in our national life in which we, the seniors of our Commandery, participated. Within the past three years I have become a resident of Chicago, and as a Pennsylvanian my membership in the Loyal Legion has been transferred from the Pennsylvania Commandery to yours. Pennsylvania, being on the sea-coast, is well represented in the navy, while here our naval contingent is very small. As one of the naval representatives I have naturally prepared something with a salt-water flavor. To give you some account of my personal experience in the navy, with some remarks on nautical affairs, will be my task this evening. If I can be fortunate enough to interest you, the object of your committee in thus honoring me will be accomplished.

These personal reminiscences have their utility. Following the track of one sailor may help you to grasp the operations of our navy as a whole during the late war; for at its termination I was only one of the 51,500 sea-rovers on duty.

In 1860, our navy numbered 7,600 men and eighty-nine vessels, fifty-two of which were sailing vessels. A war vessel that depended upon sails alone for motive power was found to be obsolete for modern war purposes. Our government had been accustomed, for years previous to 1861, to expend millions of dollars annually in maintaining sailing war vessels instead of building steamers. The progressive men in the navy knew

that a sailing vessel, compared with a steamer, was as utterly unfit to perform much of the duty exacted from a man-of-war as a road wagon would be to transport grain from Chicago to the seaboard, when compared with the steam railway. But such was the blind conservatism of the age that intelligent men, ashore and afloat, constantly pointed with pride to the apparent power and majesty of the old-fashioned full-rigged sailing man-of-war. Such vessels did magnificent service in former times, but their days of usefulness and reliability as men-of-war were ended long before 1861. But we did not have enough business sagacity to entirely abandon them. Looking backward we can easily see that nations, just as individuals, are constantly engaged in unreasonable actions.

It has been frequently, and in my judgment erroneously, asserted that our national administration of 1860, before the commencement of hostilities, had designedly and traitorously scattered our navy to the more distant parts of the world, so that our government in this anticipated emergency should be almost powerless at sea on our own coast. At that time I was familiar, either by personal visits or by information gained from others, with the approximate location and condition of every steam vessel in the navy. As an engineer personally interested, I had a far better opportunity to know their condition than some of our historians. At that time I gave this grave accusation considerable investigation and I make this denial with great emphasis in opposition to views held by some who, in other respects, are worthy of high regard.

Only a fair portion of our navy was in distant seas, where it was needed to perform its accustomed and necessary duty; the remainder was at home waiting for or under repairs or near by ready for duty. We were short of cash and credit in those days. At best our navy was small and inefficient. The logic of events, always stronger than argument in educating an individual or a nation, made the then startling announcement that the days of sailing war vessels were ended and that steam was

the sole master of the situation. As early as 1858, I, as well as many others, was on record through the public press as again and again calling the nation's attention to the folly of expending money on sailing war vessels. Our fifty-two sailing vessels did not count in 1861, except as a delusion, and many of our thirty-seven steamers were, in fact, ready for the scrap-pile.

After our line officers had spent the energies of a lifetime in learning the splendid art of handling a ship under full sail, of which art they were justly proud, it was a severe blow to which many of them never became reconciled to realize that this special part of their occupation was comparatively useless. Experience since then has taught their successors that the modern man-of-war has given them all the duty and responsibility they can bear. Shortly after the United States Steam Cruiser *New York* was put in commission, I received a letter from her commander, Captain Robley D. Evans, one of my old messmates. Writing of the present style of men-of-war in comparison with the older ones, he says: "These new machines we are getting are wonderful things to study and to put white hairs on our heads, and they do not leave us much time for pleasure. They are very exacting mistresses." And as if overwhelmed with his present duties, and looking backward for thirty years, he writes, "I recall with the greatest pleasure our service together in the good old days and the good old ship." The handsome compliment paid to him by the German Emperor (no mean authority on naval affairs), at the late celebration of the opening of the German Ship Canal, was a pleasing incident, showing that Captain Evans was equal to his new duties. The Emperor dined with him on the *New York*, while at Kiel, and, after making a thorough inspection of the vessel, on leaving said to Captain Evans, "I have never imagined that a vessel of war could be in the condition of the *New York*."

As I had seen nearly six years of naval service before the war I do not have the great honor to say, as most of the senior members of the Loyal Legion can, "I was a volunteer." In

November, 1860, I was on duty on the United States Steamer *Crusader*, at the Pensacola Navy Yard, as her chief engineer, but with the rank and pay of first assistant. Officers of my rank were assigned to such duty on our smaller vessels. The *Crusader* was a screw steamer of about 700 tons, carrying ten small guns. She was commanded by Lieutenant John N. Maffitt, who, as commander, had the title of captain by custom. We had just arrived for docking and repairs after a year of very active cruising on the coast of Cuba. The *Crusader* was one of the four United States naval steamers engaged in suppressing the African-Cuban slave trade. I could fill the remainder of my article with the details of that interesting cruise after these pirates. In passing, let me say that this little squadron was wisely sent out on this anti-slavery duty by the Buchanan administration, and that we were almost successful in eradicating this infamous sea traffic in slaves. We captured six vessels and over 1600 negroes.

Buchanan's administration was then drawing to a close, and Illinois was ready to supplant Pennsylvania and send the matchless Lincoln to serve as our next President. The country was at a fever-heat in politics. This was the era when the New York *Tribune*, as one of the leading representatives of Northern public sentiment, instead of standing up for the American Union, as a loyal paper should, was shrieking its cowardly blasts against the Union by saying, "Let our erring sisters depart in peace." About one-half of the officers of the navy were Southern men, and secession was almost the sole question of discussion among us. To illustrate the intense mental strain of these times at the Pensacola Navy Yard, let me relate a little incident. There was a government chapel built and maintained in this yard in which the chaplain, who was a regular naval officer belonging to Georgia, officiated. A disloyal bishop in one of the Southern states had recommended a new form of prayer in which the petition usually offered on such Sunday occasions for the welfare of our commander-in-chief, the President of the

United States, was omitted, and in its stead a plea for the South inserted. On hearing the prayer, I concluded that it was nearly right, as the South at least at that time seemed to need praying for very badly. The paymaster of the yard, a large, elderly, impulsive Union man, was one of the worshippers. He was from Virginia. He listened attentively, and when the prayer was over, yet the service going on, he walked down the middle aisle toward the door, and was indiscreet enough to do a little audible praying on his own hook, without the advice of a bishop. He did not like the change in the prayer, and as he marched along, his face flushed with anger, he quite distinctly and earnestly cursed the chaplain. Although profanity is forbidden in the navy, he was not court-martialed. But should I repeat his sulphurous words here you would condemn me for profanity.

On the 2d of January, 1861, we sailed from Pensacola, and in a few days afterwards the United States flag was ignominiously hauled down at this yard. We had sailed for Mobile in obedience to orders from Washington, and during the first night we were in that harbor Fort Morgan, at the mouth of the harbor, was seized by the Alabama state government. We were virtually prisoners of war, and you may notice that this was about three and a half months before the attack on Fort Sumter. No overt act was committed against our vessel, however, and Maffitt was at that time, I believe, a true, earnest Union man. He made haste to transact his business, which was to get a draft cashed by the United States collector of the port of Mobile. We lay at anchor several miles below the city, and several of us were sent up to find out the general condition of affairs. Secessionists were rampant, and there was considerable excitement about our presence. Partially to allay this, I forwarded an official telegram from Maffitt to the governor of the state at Montgomery, reporting the cause of our visit. There were strong threats of a night expedition to seize our ship. Maffitt, who was a South Carolinian and was personally well known in Mobile, told me to take special pains to say very positively that

although he was a Southern man, he would put a match to his powder magazine rather than have the flag which was intrusted to his honor hauled down. However, fearing treachery, Maffitt, on a dark, foggy night, put all lights out and, in perfect silence, slipped out of the harbor with compass and lead line through the shallow and crooked channel, and brought his ship safely to Key West, and afterwards to New York. Three years and seven months passed away before Farragut, in open daylight and without regard to noise, again carried the stars and stripes into this harbor and made satisfactory amends for this compulsory sneaking out of the little *Crusader* in the dark.

On reaching Key West, we found that this important Southern outpost, with Fort Taylor, and Fort Jefferson at Tortugas, near by, was seriously threatened by the enemy. Maffitt gave Captain Montgomery C. Meigs, a native of Georgia, who was then the United States army engineer officer in charge of these unfinished and ungarrisoned forts, all possible assistance and moral support. It was one of the fortuitous circumstances of the war that Meigs was here at this time. He was sent here partially as a mark of displeasure by Secretary of War Floyd. Captain Meigs happened to be the right man at the right spot, for to him, in great part, we owe the retention of these forts. Afterwards he became quartermaster-general of the army and served in that capacity through the rebellion. After the war was over we renewed our acquaintance, and he always referred to his Key West experience with special satisfaction. The retention by the Union of these two important forts was of inestimable service for all army and naval operations in the far South.

The *Crusader* reached the Brooklyn Navy Yard a few days before the inauguration of Lincoln. Maffitt still professed devotion to the flag. He went to Washington, and much to our surprise, a few days after the inauguration, went over to the enemy. Our navy lost a gallant, dashing officer. I, being a native of Pennsylvania, experienced none of that heart-tugging

that was felt by many of the poor fellows who loved the stars and stripes, but had to listen to the earnest but false pleading of those who were dearest to them at home. Three of that small band of officers who were attached to the *Crusader*, one from Kentucky, one from Tennessee, and one from Virginia, remained true to the flag. It was no credit for the men of the North to stand firm in this crisis, but great credit is due to the men of the South for withstanding a terrible temptation. These three Crusaders each did splendid service throughout the war. Admiral Jouett was one of these Southern messmates. One of our Northern messmates was Admiral Benham, that gallant sailor who, at Rio de Janiero scarcely two years ago, made all of our hearts glad by showing the world that our flag meant protection to American shipping. The navy lost 322 Southern officers by secession, but more than 7,500 loyal men took their places, drawn from the merchant marine and private life.

We justly call these misguided comrades, who broke their oath and abandoned their flag, traitors, although we feel more charitably toward them now than we did then. Their misguided love for part of their nation was greater than for the whole. And although they were our fellow-countrymen then, and are our fellow-countrymen to-day, they made a tremendous mistake. On some great national questions of to-day we have a condition existing that in many respects resembles the condition of 1860–61. We find class arrayed against class, mutually accusing each other, with great earnestness, of an attempt to wreck our national prosperity. Although there are many who fear serious domestic trouble in the near future, I trust that an enlightened patriotism may properly adjust these great questions without another appeal to arms.

A few days after the inauguration of Lincoln, while we were at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, hourly expecting our ship to be put out of commission to receive a new boiler, we unexpectedly received orders to go to sea. Captain Tunis Augustus M. Craven, that Sydney of the American Navy, was ordered to command,

and remained with us until we returned to this navy yard seven months later. In a few hours coal and sea stores were hurried aboard, and under sealed orders we put to sea, in a fierce, blinding March snowstorm, for a definite latitude and longitude. The seal being broken, we found our destination to be Fort Pickens, Pensacola, and our pleasing duty was to carry orders to the gallant Slemmer "to hold the fort as relief was coming." We all knew Slemmer personally, and had confidence in his pluck and patriotism. Putting into Key West for some extra coal, we found the *Brooklyn* there with steam up ready for sea. By order of the senior naval officer at Key West our dispatches were transferred to her, and much to our disappointment, we were retained as guard-ship for Key West. At times our vessel was used as a dispatch or transport boat, and brought men, horses, and implements from Havana to strengthen the two forts, Taylor and Jefferson. We did no fighting but were intensely engaged in warlike duty — capturing a few prizes and assisting to keep the peace in Key West, which was full of rabid secessionists.

About the first of July the rebel steamer *Sumter*, under Semmes, escaped from the Mississippi River and started out on her piratical career of devastation. When the news reached Key West, the *Niagara* was in port with us, and we sailed together on a hunt for the *Sumter*. The *Niagara*, being much faster than our vessel, soon left us to shift for ourselves, hunting for a vessel with heavier guns and greater speed. We were familiar with the *Sumter* as a merchant steamer and knew of the changes that had been made. Semmes had captured six American merchant sailing vessels, and instead of burning them, as he did others, he had taken them into Cienfuegos on the south side of Cuba, in order to bond or sell them for prize money. Craven was considerable of a diplomat, and by earnest telegraphic correspondence with the Captain-General of Cuba, soon obtained possession of these six vessels. We proudly took them all in tow, in single file, and went out of the harbor, con-

veying them to the west end of Cuba. The New York Board of Underwriters presented Craven's wife with a handsome silver set as a recognition for this service. Perhaps it was lucky for us that we did not find the *Sumter*.

Did it ever occur to you, who served in the army, what a good place the navy is to develope courage? When a fight is about to commence, or any other special danger is near, there is no chance, as our genial companion Stibbs assures us there was sometimes in the army, for a cautious "Schneider" to say, "I have urgent beesiness twenty miles avay." Under ordinary circumstances, on our old style of vessels a man was in about as much danger in one place as another. If anyone had urgent business twenty miles away it would have been better policy to have stuck closely to that business centre before he entered the naval service. If, as Froude says, "The essence of true nobility is neglect of self,"—then let me assure you that the sea developes many true noblemen. There is no class of men, tossed as they are year after year in the hands of the Almighty, who are made to feel their own littleness and helpfulness more than seafaring men. They are taught reverence by constant association with the grandest work of nature — the Sea. If the test of righteousness is willingness to risk life to aid a fellowman at an instant's notice, many seafaring men would stand this test remarkably well.

Do you recall the incident concerning the last moments of that gallant sailor who commanded the *Crusader* at this time? If not, let me refresh your memory. It will ever remain as a model for gentlemanly conduct in a dire emergency; and as an act of heroism it is worthy of being recorded as one of the brightest gems of history. In August, 1864, about three years after our unsuccessful search for the *Sumter*, Craven led in the Farragut attack on Mobile in command of the Monitor *Tecumseh*. He was in the steering turret with the pilot. This is a small iron turret situated on the roof of the gun turret. He was pushing his vessel ahead, then being under the heavy fire of the

forts, and steering for the formidable rebel ironclad ram *Tennessee*, only a few hundred yards distant, when a torpedo exploded under his vessel. The *Tecumseh* rose in the water, lurched from side to side, and then plunged head foremost under the water. The captain and the pilot were both looking through the peep-holes and saw what was coming. The only way to escape from the steering turret was through a small trap door in the floor leading to the gun turret. The pilot relates that they each instinctively stooped for escape. Craven reached the trap door first, then magnanimously drew back and said, "After you, Pilot." That was the last of this brave commander and ninety-three of his crew. The water rushed in as the pilot safely shot through the trap door.

One of the fixed customs in the navy is for the commanding officer to mess alone in his cabin, in order to help sustain the dignity of his position and the discipline of the ship by this seclusion. Both of our captains broke through this custom by a request from them to mess with us in the ward-room. They were both exceptionally good messmates. In order to associate as intimately and closely for months and years as naval officers are compelled to do, and show no serious defects, some enduring qualities of manliness are required.

The *Crusader* returned to New York in the fall of 1861. Passing the examination for chief engineer, I received my commission. As naval methods have changed since then, I might explain here that all naval engineers under the grade of chief, in my day, received their appointment from the Secretary of the Navy after a competitive examination. Nearly all engineers, when I entered the navy, were practical machinists, having either served an apprenticeship as I had, in engine-building establishments or served as engineers in the merchant marine. The assistant engineers were divided into three grades. The juniors were called third assistants, and, after suitable sea service and a competitive examination, were made second assistants. After a third examination they were promoted to first

assistants. At their final examinations they were commissioned as chief engineers by the President and confirmed by the Senate.

At that time the pay of the commanding officer of the *Crusader* was only $1,500 and one ration per year, with the extra allowance of $200 per year for the labor and responsibility of being paymaster of the ship. My pay on the *Crusader* was $1,200 per year and one ration; but I was comparatively a young man. Thus you see none of us were in a fair way to become wealthy. In regard to the pay of the line officers, please remember that these two commanders were about forty-seven years of age, with their hair tinged with gray, had served from their boyhood in the navy, and were exceptionally well educated and efficient naval officers. I never knew a body of men who were more indifferent to the desire of being rich or who were less ashamed of a scant purse than my companions, the officers in the old navy. None of the older line officers I served with had been educated by the government, except in actual practice at sea. The Naval School at Annapolis was established after their early days, graduating the first officer in 1853, and engineers were not educated there until after the war. As far as the older naval engineers were concerned they obtained their appointment and secured their promotion by competitive examination, devoid of partisan politics, long before the present civil service was in existence.

After being employed for a few months in construction duty on one of our new steamers, in July, 1862, I was for a short time chief engineer of the *New Ironsides*, but before she was quite ready for sea I was transferred to that historic old side-wheel steamer, the *Powhatan*. She was my home for thirty-seven months. She was a wooden vessel of about four thousand tons displacement, carrying nineteen heavy guns, and her first cost to the government was about a million dollars. She had just received a new set of boilers, had been thoroughly refitted at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and was the fastest heavy

steamer in the navy. Let me tell you confidentially that we could steam, sometimes, thirteen knots an hour! Compare this with the *Columbia* of the present day at twenty-two and one-half knots an hour. We carried thirty pounds of steam; our modern men-of-war carry one hundred and eighty pounds or more! We burned about four pounds of coal per hour per horse power, while a pound and a half does the work to-day! The contrast between first-class steamships of to-day with those of 1860, is simply wonderful in almost every particular.

We spent about thirteen months on the blockade off Charleston, part of the time as flagship under Admiral Godon. After the army got a footing on Morris Island in front of Fort Sumter we went ashore occasionally to see how our army friends were getting along in the swamps and sand. Some of you were there perhaps, and as these visits were exchanged you may have been envious of our comfortable quarters at sea. We knew that we had the best of it.

Blockading was in some respects arduous duty, requiring a great deal of patience and watchfulness. Up to this time the idea of anchoring off a seaport in an open sea during heavy stormy weather on a blockade was unknown. Steam solved the problem. The government could at that time spare only about eight steamers and two small sailing vessels for this blockade, and the stretch of coast to be blockaded off Charleston was about twelve miles. We managed to catch some of the blockaders and destroy others, but with all our care we could not entirely suppress blockade-running. Dark nights made it impossible to see these swift, dun-colored, low vessels, and they would slip in and out through our line, sometimes not even receiving a shot. Had we at that time the present electric search-lights, it is probable that the war would have been shortened by many months; thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of dollars could probably have been saved by this single modern invention. We always lay at anchor ready to slip our cable by a blow from a light sledge. The cable was attached to a buoy so that we

could find and pick up our dropped anchor the next day by daylight. We kept our fires clean and heavily banked all the time and our engines ready at an instant's notice to go ahead at full speed. We would usually remain at sea for about seventy days, and then go to Port Royal for coal and supplies. Transport steamers would bring us our mail about once in ten days while we were off Charleston. By them we would also get a short stock of fresh meat, vegetables, and sutler's stores. Every vessel on the blockade was kept in the highest state of discipline. Between watching for the blockade runners and the rebel rams and torpedo boats, we were kept on a constant nervous strain. Our officers and men were often detailed for special shore and boat duty. Night and day for these long months we could see the smoke and hear the rattle of the musketry as well as of the heavier guns ashore. We could note the progress of the army in its besieging duty and occasionally see a skirmish.

Our ship drew about twenty feet of water, and hence could not participate in the attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1863. However, we had a clear, unobstructed view of that grand combat. The sight of the *New Ironsides* and the monitors, steaming up to the attack on Sumter and coming out again, apparently unhurt, was a thrilling and novel exhibition, on a large scale, of fighting by machinery inclosed in heavy iron, such as the world had never seen before. With all their efforts, much to our mortification, nothing decisive was accomplished. As spectators, we witnessed many minor attacks in which some of our ships participated. There was a constant and hearty coöperation between the army and navy in this long siege of Charleston.

Our ship was needed in the West Indies, and Admiral Lardner took command of her as the flagship of the West India squadron. We had a fleet of six or eight vessels with us to keep this portion of the sea free from rebel cruisers, and spent nearly a year cruising among these interesting islands.

When the attack on Fort Fisher was in contemplation, we

were ordered North to lend a hand. I will not attempt to describe the attack on this strong fortification manned by 74 heavy guns, as its history is so well known. We had 55 vessels and 430 guns. The *Powhatan*, commanded by Commodore Schenck, was the flagship of the third division. Admiral Porter gave us one of the orchestra seats in this spectacular event. We were under the fire of Fort Fisher for two days during the first attack. The enemy hurled lots of shot and shell at us, but only a few hit our hull or cut our rigging. Not a man was hurt in these actions while on our ship. I have looked up Commodore Schenck's official report, and find that during these two days the *Powhatan* fired 730 9-inch shells, 106 11-inch shells, and 154 shells from our 100-pounder Parrott guns, — in all, about 50 tons. As we fought most of the time at anchor and were held broadside to the fort with a spring cable leading to a light anchor at our stern, we used only our starboard battery. This was on the 24th and 25th of December, 1864, and was the time when General Butler, who had command of the army contingent, most unfortunately abandoned an almost sure chance of victory. We spent this Christmas Sunday without much peace or good-will. The attack was temporarily abandoned, but Admiral Porter did not feel satisfied and in this opinion he was sustained by his own officers, as well as by many army officers who were present. The President and General Grant fortunately shared in Porter's opinion. Many of the heavy vessels went to Beaufort for ammunition and coal. We received ours aboard while at anchor at sea off Beaufort. On the 14th of January we resumed our old position, strengthened by a heavier army force, this time in command of General Terry. We fought all that day and the next. We again unloaded, in anger, on Fort Fisher about the same amount of hot iron in fragments. That evening, January 15, 1865, before ten o'clock, the American colors flew over this rebel stronghold. About 100 men from the *Powhatan* were ashore in the unfortunate sea-face assault of that afternoon. Our naval assault met with a clean-cut defeat.

The army, at the other end of the fort about a half mile landward, made a successful assault. It was a victory in which the army won the greater laurels in a brilliant hand-to-hand fight, part of which I saw distinctly through a powerful field-glass. It was an exceedingly daring thing for Porter to make this sea attack in the dead of winter, but the importance of sealing up this, the last port open to foreign importations, was imperative.

These four days' fighting were all that I actually participated in in my naval service of over ten years. I have on many other occasions seen our vessel cleared for action, decks sanded down, and things looking as if there would be some blood spilled, and yet this was the only chance, while under orders, that I have had to be killed by a shot from the enemy. You may be sure that I did not complain about the bad marksmanship of the rebel gunners. A naval life is filled with chances to bring life to a short stop through collisions, explosions, heavy gales, hurricanes, fire, and disease, without an enemy's shot. I am very thankful for the many narrow escapes I have had in my 145,000 miles of sea roaming.

The capture of Fort Fisher left the *Powhatan* free to go to the Norfolk Navy Yard to plug up shot-holes and to repair damages.

We were then sent South as flagship of the East Gulf Squadron, and in May, 1865, when we thought the war was about over, we had one of the most exciting times of the entire cruise. The rebel ironclad ram *Stonewall* had just arrived in Havana from France, and it was rumored that she was coming over to Key West. We immediately put to sea, our admiral remaining at Key West, and found our enemy in the harbor of Havana, reported as feeling very frisky for a fight. We lay at anchor alongside of her for a few hours, but, owing to the neutrality laws, we were both on our good behavior. Captain Reed Worden, who had command of our ship, gallantly put to sea to lay off the mouth of the harbor as a challenge and to watch for the rebel ram to come out. In a few days some other smaller ves-

sels joined us. As the *Stonewall* was an ironclad and carried heavier guns than ours our chances were not particularly good, but Worden was willing to take them. He explained his plan of action, and ordered me to keep an extra watch on the condition of the fires and steam, as his intentions were to try to run her down, drop one of our bow anchors into her, and then grapple and board her. He said that he would not depend on his guns alone. After about ten days of this cheerful state of affairs we had to go back to Key West for coal. The rebels wisely concluded that nothing substantial could be gained by a fight at this late day, and under some extra pressure from our navy, they gave their vessel up to the Spanish government. On demand from us, Spain surrendered the vessel to our government and we afterwards sold her to Japan for a large price.

In August, 1865, we reached Boston and I was detached. I had spent but twenty-four hours at home in over three years. Having married in the early part of the war, I concluded that as I had but one life to live I would take my chances and live at home. Getting married spoiled me as a seafaring man in times of peace. The war being over, I resigned my commission, giving up the position which had many attractions. Like Ulysses of old, I surrendered to my Penelope without regrets; but I have never lost my love for the old navy.

One of the customs maintained in the navy until 1862 was the daily serving out of two rations of grog. Up to that time every person was entitled to a pint and three-quarters of whiskey per week. This could be received or we were allowed its price in cash in addition to our pay. Every day at eight o'clock in the morning, just before breakfast, and at noon before dinner, a small cask of whiskey, of about the capacity of half a barrel, was brought on the quarter-deck. This open-topped tub had a narrow shelf on the inner side near the top, on which were placed a number of small tin vessels called "tots." The paymaster's assistant, on bended knee, filled each one to overflowing, and the crew, being called aft by a well-known drum-

and-fife call, stood ready for their nip. As each man's name was called in regular order under official inspection he reached for his portion, consisting of one-eighth of a pint of strong whiskey. He had to drink it then and there, unwatered. He could not give it away or take it with him except in his own skin. If he wanted to water it he went to the scuttle-butt and sent the water after the whiskey. Our sailors did not seem to object to taking their liquor straight. Occasionally, after some special duty being well done, all hands were called to "splice the main brace," and each man would get an extra drink. At times some very dry man would risk punishment and come around for a second tot, or "double the tub," as this crime was called. It was predicted that stopping the spirit ration would bring ruin on the navy; but our navy still exists. Officers were unfortunately favored and had no special restraint on the amount of whiskey they could purchase from the paymaster, and, at thirty-three cents per gallon, they could "double the tub" without crime. Self respect kept us in restraint, but I regret to say that intemperance has carried off too many of the best officers in the navy before their time. Put yourself in our place; on my first cruise we left port with about four thousand gallons of choice whiskey, but, for economy, dispensed with the services of a chaplain.

Death will overtake man at sea as well as on land, and a burial at sea is a novelty to a landsman. When a person dies on shipboard immediate preparations are made for the burial. The grave is always ready. The first burial I witnessed at sea was about forty years ago, but it seems as if it were but yesterday. We had been at sea only about a week when one of our seamen died. His body was laid out and prepared for burial by his immediate friends and messmates. After lying in state for a few hours it was carefully and most securely sewed up in stout white canvas with a 9-inch solid shot secured at the feet. At sunset the hoarse voice and shrill whistle of the boatswain and his mates called all hands aft to bury the dead. When all the

officers and men who could be spared from duty were assembled on the quarter-deck, his messmates came aft, bearing the corpse. An unpainted plank was the bier; the pall was the American flag. The engines were stopped. With uncovered heads and solemn hearts we listened to our executive officer reading an appropriate funeral service. The outer end of the plank rested on the gangway leading over the side of the ship while the inner end was supported by the pall-bearers. As the chaplain for the occasion said, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the pall-bearers raised the inner end of the plank and the body shot through the air for about twenty feet, plunging into the sea feet foremost. On this occasion I stood on the bulwarks and my eye followed the shrouded body as it sped downward in the clear blue sea, leaving nothing to mark the spot to mankind but a few sparkling air-bubbles.

In this sketch of naval life I shall merely mention a cruise in the United States Steamer *Susquehanna* to the Mediterranean, with the interesting episode of spending about four months in Great Britain, in assisting at the first attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable in 1857. We also made two trips to the Isthmus of Panama and Nicaragua, trying to suppress the American filibuster *Walker*. On the last one we were successful, but we afterwards lost about fifty of our people with the yellow fever, having a terrible time of it. I participated in a very interesting cruise to Paraguay in 1858 and 1859, when I had the luck to be on the flagship *Fulton*. We went up into the heart of South America to Asuncion, the capitol of Paraguay, which is about as far up as St. Louis is in our country. About thirty vessels and 2,800 men were on this expedition, collected in the river below Paraguay. We won our point by an exhibition of force and diplomacy, without firing a gun in anger.

Before I close let me take this opportunity to add a few words about a national issue of great importance to us as individuals and to the Loyal Legion as a patriotic organization,

baptised in blood. Nearly three-fourths of the world is covered with water. The sea is an untaxed road, requiring neither bridges, iron rails, nor repairs, leading to all parts of the world, —to fame and fortune. When we were a comparatively feeble nation we went boldly on the high seas and gathered a rich harvest from all the nations of the world with our own ships. In these later years, by neglect and by unwise legislation, we have almost abandoned the foreign trade of the sea to our commercial rivals. It is estimated by careful statisticians that we expend about 150 million dollars a year in paying sea freight to foreign nations. This sum must be paid in cash or property, and is a constant and almost an unrecorded drain on our national resources. The merchant marine is the militia of the sea. It was from this source that we drew so heavily and so successfully during the late rebellion for ships and skilful sea-going officers and men to fill up our scant navy. Our merchant marine is now in a shockingly feeble condition. As I do not think that there is anyone present who supposes that we have reached that era when war shall cease, I would urge that every patriotic American satisfy himself as to the facts, and, if my statements are found to be correct, seek the proper remedies, and then throw his influence in building up and maintaining a more healthy, vigorous American merchant marine. It seems by our experience that this cannot be done without active national aid. That it should be done, however, is a national issue of the first importance. There is more cause to accuse every national administration for the past twenty years of treason, if it is treason to be unprepared at sea for a possible enemy, than there was to make such an accusation for this reason against Buchanan and his secretary of the navy in March, 1861. We were unprepared then, and now we all acknowledge the fact. We are, perhaps, relatively less prepared to-day to meet an enemy at sea than we were then, but our people generally do not realize the situation. Taking the world's naval progress into consideration since 1860, our navy and merchant marine,

taken together, occupy a lower relative position now than it did then. We trusted to luck then and are trusting to luck now, but for my part I do not believe that the millennium is in sight.

A first-class sea-going steamship is the most remarkable specimen of highly concentrated skill and labor that the mind of man has ever conceived or the hand of man has ever executed. There is scarcely any branch of human ingenuity or skill that is not represented in some way, in her outfit or construction. Sending her out on a trackless ocean, unmarked except by the position of the heavenly bodies, guided in part by that mysterious force of magnetism, seems like imitating Providence in whirling the planets through space. A first-class ship is built with such consummate skill and judgment that she can successfully contend against the most violent winds and heaviest seas; however, in this gigantic contest man's best efforts sometimes bow to the inevitable. We have lately built at Cramp's Ship Yard, at Philadelphia, and at the Union Iron Works, on the Pacific coast, some of the very best seagoing vessels afloat. Is there a single patriotic American who does not feel proud of such industrial victories? Shall we not endeavor to maintain such establishments, increase their number and their products? Men of great ability occupying the most exalted political positions, who would feel hurt should you intimate that they are not wise statesmen, are practically saying, "If you think a merchant marine desirable, go to our commercial rival, Great Britain, and she will build and navigate your ships for you twenty per cent cheaper than you can." We might as well give these foreigners a contract to fight our foreign wars or employ them to build forts on their side of the Atlantic to defend our seaboard, providing they will do it for less money! It costs millions of dollars and years of time to construct one well-equipped, first-class ship-building establishment and to instruct and maintain a suitable body of men skilled in this special work. Such establishments are as necessary for our national independence as an army or a navy. We cannot afford to abandon first-

class ship-building as a lost art and should not remain in our present helpless and humiliating condition. It requires years of personal experience to make an efficient sailor. Should our patriotic organization throw the weight of its influence in the right direction, can we not make some impression on national legislation tending to change our present policy of comparative indifference to one of greater activity?

Permit me to refresh your memories with some startling statistics in reference to our national humiliation as a sea-faring nation. In 1859 our flag sheltered 66.9 per cent of the value of our foreign carrying trade at sea; in 1894 it sheltered but 13.3 per cent. In 1859 we carried 466 million dollars' worth of our foreign commerce at sea; in 1894 it fell away to 195 millions, a decline of almost two-thirds. In 1859 foreign vessels carried about 230 million dollars' worth of our foreign commerce; in 1894 they carried 1273 millions, an increase of more than five-fold. In addition to the value of our freight, our great commercial rivals at sea transport a very large percentage of our passengers. Why should we, as an organization knowing what war means, not be aroused? We know the possibilities of future wars and know that these magnificent foreign mail and passenger steamers, which we are fostering by indifference to our own, can be made ready, at a few weeks' notice, as fair war vessels, but as enemies. Our foreign cousins emphatically recognize this fact. At present we are tending, in a very mild way, towards a change of this policy fraught with so much risk in the future.

Should everything else that I have said be blotted from your memories, let me ask you not to forget that I have called your special attention, as patriots, to the feeble condition of our merchant marine. You doubtless watch the gratifying progress of our modern navy with pride, but please remember that the basis of a formidable navy is a healthy merchant marine. Perhaps one who has spent so many years under the old stars and stripes, and one who has seen it with pride so often in foreign ports,

may have a little more sentiment than some others about this flag; but in this case it is not sentiment. It is not even commercial success and enrichment, which seems to be sure to follow the fostering of the American merchant marine that actuates me in this plea. I make this plea to secure strength and independence for our nation in times of a foreign war. By this triple industrial alliance,—building, owning and navigating a first-class seagoing merchant marine,—we shall always furnish our regular navy with an economical and reliable basis in times of emergency. Am I not, then, justified in earnestly appealing to you, as influential, loyal Americans, to give this most vital but neglected question more consideration?

SOMETHING ABOUT OUR NAVY.

By DAVID P. JONES.

[Read November 11, 1897.]

IN these days when the navy is attracting so much attention in the public press and the country at large, and the interest of the people, regardless of territorial position, has been awakened to the necessity of having that arm of the military service of a size and character more appropriate to the dignity and power of the nation, a brief review of what has been accomplished by that branch of the government may not be inappropriate. Indeed, this year of 1897 is the centennial year of the beginning of our permanent navy, for the first regular ships of war were launched in 1797,—the *United States* in May, the *Constellation* in September, and the *Constitution* in October. Three famous vessels they were, whose victorious cruises curbed the pretensions of France, and shook England's prestige on the water, while it taught her that one of her children had grown to man's estate and would dispute her claim to being mistress of the seas.

While the navy has always enjoyed a certain amount of popularity, its condition of existence, the routine life of its personnel, and the general character of its vessels have been a sort of *terra incognita*. Unlike the army, where the officers and men are thrown into contact with every section of the country, and their daily lives seen and known, there exists among the people in general but a hazy impression as to what a ship-of-war or ship life really is.

This ignorance is naturally greatest in the parts of the country remote from the seaboard, but even in the states bordering upon the ocean there is much to be learned. Indeed, a better public knowledge of the life in and character of the navy, as well as of other branches of the national service, is most neces-

sary. The authority, almost of life and death, invested in the commanding officer of a sea-going vessel, whether in the military service or in the commercial marine, should always be surrounded by the safeguards of intelligent scrutiny and criticism by the people at large; for the natural tendency of man, when invested with autocratic authority, and exercising that authority away from the immediate supervision of the supreme law, is to become arbitrary, intolerant, and a law unto himself. Especially must this be the case where, owing to ignorance, the public cannot intelligently judge and criticise what has been done.

The glorious record of the navy is one of which every American can be justly proud. In 1799–1800, the speedy capture of the French frigates *L'Insurgente* and *La Vengeance* checked the haughty demands of France and taught her the meaning of the determination of our people: "Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute."

The disciplining of Algiers and Tripoli put a quick stop to the depredations of their pirates, and won the gratitude and admiration of Christendom, whose nations had ever shirked this undertaking. It was this work that first brought Stephen Decatur into prominence.

Not only in times of war has the navy stamped its illustrious record upon the log-books of the nation, but in the paths of peace it has ever contributed to the glory and well-being of the country. Its benefits to science, to commerce, to material progress, and to humanity cannot be overestimated.

The great exploration of Wilkes was a lasting credit to his name and to his country. The inestimable benefit to commerce of the charts on which were indicated the permanent winds and currents of the trackless ocean, has covered with deserved fame the name of Maury.

The expedition to Japan of Commodore Mathew C. Perry, conducted with so much sagacity and wisdom, first opened the ports of that country to foreign nations. The arctic explora-

tions of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane contributed much to science, and pointed out to future explorers the paths to be traveled and the pitfalls to be avoided. The great reception given him upon his return to civilization may bring back to many of us the days of our youth.

The pathetic cruise of the *Jeannette*, her destruction, and the dreadful retreat across the bitter frozen seas, will forever linger in the memory of all who love brave deeds and heroic sacrifices.

Who, with one spark of feeling, can read without emotion of the death of the ever-lamented DeLong, when at the end of his awful journey he was found with note-book in hand and pencil clutched in stiffened fingers, faithful to the last, and in his death testifying to his beloved country and to the world that he could die as he had lived, "doing his duty." Nor should be forgotten the desperate heroism of Melville in bringing to safety his own command, and his hurrying back in the face of the pitiless arctic blasts to try and save his beloved commander. The recital of such deeds will never fail to stir the heart and awaken the spirit of true emulation wherever courage and determination and dauntless energy are estimated at their real worth.

In the advance of material progress, naval construction had its highest exponent in the great constructor John Lenthall, whose ship models are to this day copied the world over. In mechanics, the Engineering Precedents of Isherwood still command the respect of the scientific world as they did thirty years ago. And there is George Westinghouse, the inventor of the air-brake, that savior of thousands of lives. In the silent watches of the night on the dreary blockade, as an engineer officer in the navy, he studied out and perfected the wonderful mechanism that has revolutionized railway travel and benefited humanity.

Such are a few of the names of those officers, who, in paths other than war, have covered the navy with renown and reflected lustre upon the country.

When the rebellion broke out, the navy was poorly equipped for battle. There was not one full-powered steam vessel-of-

war afloat. Many of the ships were sailing vessels, and in the balance steam propulsion was simply auxiliary. But the first contest on the water marked the doom of the spars and sails. It required but a few hours to revolutionize the preëxisting methods of naval warfare. Picturesque, indeed, were the "top-sails" and the "royals free" of the old sailing frigate, with the halo and glamour of romance around them. But although the more practical steam lacked the glowing and attractive effects of the swelling canvas, its power was irresistible.

Great Britain has always claimed that it was her flag that was first successfully borne across the ocean by a steam propelled vessel. The *Royal William*, an English steamship with paddle wheels, was the first real passenger steamer to cross the ocean, as she sailed from Liverpool for New York on July 5, 1838. This vessel was divided into four water-tight compartments, the first to be so constructed. Her speed was about ten knots. Previous to this voyage, however, Colonel John Stevens built at Corlear's Hook, New York, an auxiliary steam vessel (that is steam and sails) called the *Savannah*. She was first constructed as a sailing vessel, but was afterwards fitted with engines and boiler, and steamed from the city of Savannah May 25, 1819, reaching Liverpool in thirty-five days. Steam was only used for eighteen days.

But, disregarding these rival claims, it is indisputable that it was American genius, American ingenuity, and American skill, that, many years before the voyage of the *Royal William*, built the first steam vessel-of-war. During the hostilities of 1812, Robert Fulton designed and supervised the construction of the steamer *Fulton* or *Demologos*. This vessel was not completed in time to use against the British fleet then hovering around New York. Unfortunately for a test of the powers of the *Demologos*, peace had been declared before the vessel was completed, for the subsequent performances of the new craft showed all too plainly the probable fate of any sailing vessel with which she might engage in conflict.

Independence of wind and tide would have been a formidable element against any enemy. Had an engagement taken place between the *Demologos* and the British sailing squadron, the result would have as completely revolutionized the then method of fighting, as, some fifty years later, did the combat between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*.

The battle to introduce steam and steam machinery as the propelling power of the navy, was long and bitterly contested. Indeed, even to this day may be occasionally heard the regretful sigh for the spars and sails of "antiquity."

The introduction of steam as a motive power in our navy did not at first seem to arouse the serious antagonism of the old naval officers. It was to Commodore Mathew C. Perry, and Commodore Stockton, to whom the credit is principally due for the earlier steam naval vessels, but no sooner was the success of steam-propelled ships assured, than the bulk of the older officers seemed to resent bitterly the intrusion of the new motive power, and this opposition continued in a greater or lesser degree until long after the Civil War. Indeed, vestiges of the Benbow type of sea captains were apparent at the commencement of the building of the "new navy" in 1883.

The earlier opposition to steam as a motive power can be traced to natural causes. Conservatism and Precedent, with their hand-maiden, Tradition (so often synonyms for prejudice and hatred of innovation), were the supreme beings of the old-time naval commanders of every nation. The nature of their employment, their frequent aud long absences from the immediate supervision of a higher authority, the practically unlimited power invested in them, their autocratic rule, all tended to foster a spirit of intolerance, opposition to modern progress, and a deep antipathy to anything that savored of the new; and they could not endure the thought of the introduction into their beloved service of the smoke and the noise, the grime and the dust, of the unwelcome intruder, with the new and strange beings who were to control the innovation. How much better it was, in

their opinion, to sail into action, back the foretopsail, and "Fight like seamen, sir, not like firemen!"

Prejudice and ignorance are, and always have been, the most stubborn enemies of progress. An eminent writer says: "How history repeats itself. All innovations have to battle for existence. When gunpowder and cannons were first used in war they were regarded as unworthy weapons for the soldier. As gunners did not take part in hand-to-hand conflicts, they were regarded as non-combatants and quite inferior to the bold warriors of the mace, the battle-axe, and the broadsword. It was not until just before the American Revolution that the British artillery service was considered an important combatant arm." Times have changed, and we can now afford to smile at such absurdities.

The advent of the Civil War made a tremendous demand upon the engineering talent of the Navy Department. Vessels, *steam* vessels, were imperatively needed, vessels for cruising, vessels for the blockade, vessels of shallow draft for the bays and inlets on the sea-coast, and steamboats for patrolling the mighty rivers of the interior. It is a rule of life, that in times of great public gravity the men can always be found who are preëminently qualified to meet the crisis. So it was in the case of our war; and, in the need of a skilled engineer, the navy found in one of its own officers the man of the hour,— Chief Engineer Benjamin F. Isherwood. Patriotic in the highest degree, gifted with extraordinary engineering talents, and with that prescience that instantly detects the flaws in the most promising machine, he was made Engineer-in-Chief of the navy, and at once took his proper place in the front rank of the distinguished engineers of the world. His colossal work in designing the large number of marine engines to fit vessels for every kind of service during the rebellion, has passed into history and forever marked him as a man of genius and energy.

In the early part of the war Secretary Welles sent him to the Norfolk navy-yard to see if the ships lying there, notably

the first-class frigate *Merrimac*, could not be brought out and saved to the country. He found the machinery of the *Merrimac* disabled, but with characteristic energy he put it in order in brief time, and urged upon the commandant to send the ship to Hampton Roads. But the crushing apathy that seemed to hang like a pall over many of those in authority at that momentous time, the reluctance to assume responsibility, and the dread of wounding the Southern sensitiveness, exercised a fatally procrastinating influence, and the ship was lost to the Union, to reappear at no distant day, and send a thrill of apprehension through every loyal heart, until she was checked in her destructive career on a memorable Sunday in March.

Within a brief time after Isherwood's inauguration in office, the plans were out for the machinery of many classes of vessels, which were at once constructed; and year by year during the whole period of the war he furnished the plans and supervised the construction of the propelling machinery of different classes of steam-vessels, that, for speed and novelty of design, left every other nation far in the rear.

The crowning triumph of Mr. Isherwood's work was the fast cruiser, the *Wampanoag*. This extraordinary vessel (one of a class of several) was designed for the purpose of overtaking such privateers as the *Alabama*. Her completion was unavoidably delayed until after the war. Her trial trip was a revelation, for she easily maintained a speed of over nineteen miles an hour, with a maximum speed of twenty and one-half miles an hour, a speed for an ocean-going vessel that, in those days, was phenomenal. The effect upon the European world was electric. Great Britain, while pretending to disbelieve, hastened to devise vessels that might do as well. The origin and development of the high speeds of the present ocean greyhounds undoubtedly had their stimulus in this wonderful performance of the *Wampanoag*.

Incredible as it may seem, this Atlantis of the sea was never permitted to make a cruise, but was relegated to the hulk-yard as receiving-ship at New London, Conn. And other vessels,

too, the finest specimens of naval architecture then extant, with powerful and effective propelling machinery of the latest design, were banished to the "in ordinary" yard, or had the power of their machinery so changed by boards of survey that they were not of much account afterward.

But time, the great equalizer, brings its own revenge; for such was the irony of fate, that the very acts of the detractors and opponents of these fine vessels made the ships an object of study to those officers far sighted enough to realize that what is often condemned as useless innovation, is but the forerunner of what the future universally accepts as necessary. For, as this *Wampanoag* rusted and rotted away in mournful exile, the young cadets of the Naval Academy on their summer cruises made pilgrimages to the once famous cruiser, and as they studied her dying form and wondered at the perversity and prejudice that condemned to oblivion so fine a ship, there was born within them a prophetic spirit of emulation. In after years this spirit of emulation bore golden fruit, for these same cadets, grown to mature men, and having a less stubborn generation to contend with, have been potent factors in designing and constructing the bulwarks of our nation and the pride of our country,— the New Navy.

The remarkable condition of affairs referred to was due to the intense desire of many of the older naval officers, then in authority, to return to full sail power, with steam as an auxiliary, and thus live over again the traditions of the past. The awful lesson of having sailing vessels pitted against steam and iron, that resulted in the destruction of the *Cumberland* and *Congress*, was forgotten. Referring to this subject, an eminent writer, Professor James R. Soley, tersely remarks: "Nothing shows more clearly the persistence of old traditions than the presence of these helpless vessels in so dangerous a neighborhood."

During the trying times of the war, the opposition to the employment of steam machinery, as full power, was soundly slumbering. Eternal vigilance and constant work were then the

order of the day, and all were expending their best energies in aiding to crush the rebellion. The newest and most improved fighting implements were eagerly sought after and utilized, and every new weapon of war was judged by its merit and not by prejudice.

With the revival of peace, however, conservatism, or rather what it typified, again caught its breath. With its awakening, came the longing for the romance of the spars and the sails; and, as though struck with a bludgeon, modern progress in the navy was paralyzed for many a year.

From 1866 our navy slumbered in a Rip Van Winkle trance for seventeen years. There were, it is true, some slight spasmodic signs of life in the early seventies, but the movement was feeble and resulted in but a few very indifferent vessels.

The general policy of our government has always been adverse to the maintenance of large standing armies or great war fleets in times of peace; but in 1883 the question of adequately protecting the harbors and wealthy cities of the coast suddenly leaped into prominence, and that year saw the beginning of the construction of the New Navy. The first vessels (the White Squadron) were the *Boston*, the *Atlanta*, and the *Chicago*. Two years later, the country was further aroused to the absolute necessity of protecting our immense coast line; and since that time each great political party, regardless of doctrinal issues, has carried out a policy of construction that will ultimately give the United States a modern naval fleet which will properly represent the might and dignity of the nation.

With the building of this New Navy, arose the necessity for the engineering genius whose part in this reconstruction would be of such vital importance. Again the law of supply and demand demonstrated the correctness of its predications, — *i. e.*, that in time of need the need would be supplied; for the man was found, and in him was found the original genius, the trained engineer, and the very intensity of energy and progress, — Commodore George Wallace Melville, the hero of the *Jeannette*, the

man of iron will, of powerful frame, of the strength and courage of his convictions, and of indomitable pluck and resource. He was appointed engineer-in-chief of the navy, and to this day has held the position with infinite credit to himself, with great benefit to the country, and with the boundless admiration of the engineering world.

Just previous to the selection of Commodore Melville to carry on this important work, Secretary of the Navy Whitney had been importuned by those near him to send abroad for plans and specifications of new vessels. It was represented to him that there was no constructor or engineer in this country who could properly design and carry out such important work. This, to a limited extent, was actually done; but it is a fact that these same foreign designed vessels, now in the navy, owe whatever good there may be in them to the American constructors and American engineers, whose skill made their partial success possible.

Undoubtedly the suggestion of this purchase of outside ideas was influenced by the inherent feeling within the bosoms of the superficial and weak imitators and admirers of alien manners and customs, to regard everything of foreign origin as immeasurably superior to the productions of their native land. Think of such a feeling in a country where the very nickname — Yankee — is synonymous with mechanical skill and ingenuity. There is yet to be built the first piece of foreign naval architecture, or engineering work, that cannot be improved upon in this country. The day for quoting foreign vessels-of-war as better than our own has passed away forever; for, when our spirit of invention is stimulated, and our mechanical genius is urged to bring its quickening powers to bear upon the problems of engineering construction, our nation, in its destructive implements of war, as in its beneficent appliances, will be among the foremost. The land that gave to humanity a Fitch, a Fulton, a Stevens, a Morse, an Isherwood, and an Edison, the land that cherished and fostered an Ericsson, need not look abroad

for its models, for it can never lag in the march of material development.

But nations may build their fast cruisers, their colossal ironclads, and their monster guns, and nations may vaunt their great fleets, and point with pride to the perfect mobilization and manœuvres of their squadrons (especially in times of peace with no hostile adversary to interfere with their plans); and while we may regret that in the number of ships we do not equal many of the foreign powers, it must not be forgotten that whatever may be the type of vessel, whatever may be the power of the guns, and whatever may be the character of the implements of naval warfare, we are of the blood that has ever been preëminent in fighting on the waters.

Race characteristic is a mighty factor in deciding the issue of conflicts at sea. Success in ocean warfare, in contentions between vessels or fleets of practically equal force, is not so much a question of personal courage and general fighting qualities, as it is of calmness and judgment in decision at critical moments. Winds and tossing waves are great disturbers of mental equilibrium, and many a brave captain has lost his ship, because at the supreme moment his judgment was warped by the physical annoyance due to an unsteady platform. The Anglo-Saxon race seems to possess, in the highest degree, the traits that insure success. Indeed, modern history has shown that the supremacy of the seas belongs to the English-speaking race, and modern history has further shown that in every contest where the two mighty nations, representatives of that race, have grappled in antagonism, our country has had no reason to blush for her defenders.

The achievements of John Paul Jones, of Truxton, of Preble, of Hull, of Decatur, of Porter, of Bainbridge, and of Stewart, are inseparably interwoven with our national glories. The words of the dying Lawrence, "Do n't give up the ship," are to this day taught to our youth as models of emulation, and as what the country expects of its defenders. In the traditions of

the naval service, these words are treasured and held as an unwritten law. The terse and stirring message of Oliver Hazzard Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," conveyed far more than the mere announcement of a victory, for it startled the mother country and continental Europe into realizing that perhaps, after all, Brittania did *not* rule the waves.

In the brief French war and in the war with Great Britain, the two wars in which our navy forever endeared itself to the nation, our success was due not only to the causes before stated, but to superior seamanship. Our doughty captains always did manage to rake their adversaries. But not only did our sailors excel in handling their ships, but they could shoot straight. Always deliberate in firing, and firing on the fall instead of on the rise of the wave, it took but a brief time to reduce the opposing ship to a wreck.

But not to the war of the Revolution, nor to the French war, nor to the war of 1812, are the glories of the navy confined. In that mighty conflict to preserve the unity of this government, that conflict whose titanic blows struck the shackles of bondage from the quivering limbs of millions of fellow beings, and made this country in fact as in name, the land of the free, the navy covered itself with imperishable renown. Who among us, contemporaries of that epoch and participants in its trials, cannot recall in vivid panoramic review the illustrious naval heroes whose names were then on every tongue: Farragut, that embodiment of the sparkling epigram that "iron hearts in wooden ships are better than wooden hearts in iron ships"; and Stringham, the courtly Dupont, and the energetic Porter; Thatcher, and the fearless Theodorus Bailey; Thornton Jenkins, and James Alden; the valorous Melancton Smith, and the scholarly Dahlgren, the conscientious Foote, and the intrepid John Rodgers; and finally, he of Monitor fame, who but a few months ago sailed on his last cruise piloted by Valkyrie to join the mighty heroes in Valhalla,—John L. Worden.

How time flies! It seems but yesterday that these great

names were on every lip, and their deeds engraven in every heart.

Who can study the naval operations of the great rebellion and not admire the masterly strategic combination, that at Hatteras Inlet, at Port Royal, at Roanoke Island, at Charleston, at the Delta of the Mississippi, and along the entire coast, grasped the throat of the Confederacy and fastened on the gateways of her seaports the endless fetters of the inexorable blockade that slowly but surely strangled the life out of her main arteries of foreign supplies? During that memorable epoch the successful guarding of the Southern Coasts alone covered the navy with honor. The ceaseless activity, and the tireless vigilance that maintained an almost impenetrable blockade of a line of coast extending from the capes of Virginia to the Rio Grande, and effectively patrolled nearly three thousand miles of inland waters, stands without a parallel.

Graphic and successful as were the general operations of the fleets and squadrons, there were many special combats and incidents, involving momentous and far-reaching results, upon the details of which the nation, at the time, hung with breathless intensity. Forever in the memory of every loyal contemporary of that memorable period, is the recollection of the agony of apprehension that filled every Northern heart when the news was flashed through the country of the sortie of the *Merrimac* on the fatal 8th of March, 1862. And the sequel! That glorious Sunday morning of March the 9th! To this day does not that wonderful story of the little *Monitor* barring the path of her formidable antagonist still quicken the pulse and fire the blood of every loyal survivor of the period? Is there a schoolboy in the land who does not know the story of the cheese-box on the raft? Does not the very recollection of that historic, that dramatic duel, where the staunch and well handled *Kearsarge* sent the *Alabama* to that grave where *she* had hurried so many poor unarmed merchantmen, awaken in every American bosom a throb of deathless exultation? The thrilling and des-

perate midnight trip of Cushing with his torpedo, the destruction of the *Albemarle*, and the momentous consequences of his amazing deed, read more like romance than reality.

But not alone to the seacoast were the exploits of the navy confined, for on the great Mississippi, on the Tennessee, on the Cumberland, and on all the navigable streams on the borders of the Confederacy, valorous deeds were performed that will live in history, and reflect unfading lustre upon the officers and men who manned and fought the tinclads and the ironclads and the unarmored river boats composing the flotillas of the southwestern waters.

The development and evolution of war ever brings courage and genius to the front. Men leap to fame at a single bound. The modest plodding boy and the unknown soldier of to-day may be the great heroes of the future.

All great nations have their military idols and their naval heroes. England cherishes the memory of her Drake, her Collingwood, and her Nelson; France is proud of her Jean Bart, and her Villeneuve; and Holland boasts of her Van Trump, and her De Ruyter; but far, far above all in purity and simplicity of character, surpassed by none in glorious achievement, unequalled by any in coolness and quickness of decision at supreme moments, shines with meteoric radiance, yea, with electric splendor, the name of our great Viking,— the immortal David Farragut.

It is the boast of believers in the divine right of kings and of heaven-born rulers, that republican governments soon forget the services of their defenders and their benefactors. A strange boast truly, when there exists to-day in Continental Europe a powerful monarch who has ever ignored and repressed the mighty statesman who made his country a great empire. The generous pension laws of this Union are a lasting refutation of such an illusion if applied to this country. Our national cemeteries, those silent cities of our soldier dead, and our beautiful Memorial Day, with its emblematic garlands of eternal remem-

brance, testify to the undying affection for the memory of those who served their country. True, we have no imposing classic Pantheon in which to enshrine our heroes. We have no venerable Westminster Abbey, or lofty St. Paul's, with their kingly mausoleums to perpetuate our great; but we have in the hearts of millions of a free and enlightened people a gratitude that will never die, for in all the loyal cities of this broad land stand the commemorative monuments in marble, in granite, and in enduring bronze, erected by the people and dedicated to those who served their country on land and on sea, conveying to future generations the impressive lessons of the reward of duty well done, and testifying to the whole world the falsity of the venerable monarchical sophistry,—that republics are ungrateful.

The great rebellion has faded into history. The call to arms, the wild rush of impetuous patriotic thousands to the front, the tramp of armed hosts, and the crash of contending forces, have long since ceased to distract the land. The sullen boom of heavy guns, the deadly rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery, and the thunder of hostile broadsides, now reverberate but in the memory. To the surviving participants of that mighty struggle the bell of fate is daily striking its grim signals, the summons to some dear comrade, some loved companion, to "Fall in" for the final muster, the silent last march to eternity. Other wars may come, other great naval battles may be fought, other great victories may glorify our historic annals, other triumphs, won under the Union Jack and the broad pennant, by heroes yet unborn, may dazzle and electrify the country; but the memory of the fiery and desperate passage of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, of Chalmette, of Port Hudson, of Vicksburg, and of glorious Mobile Bay, will forever thrill the heart of every Union-loving American with exultant pride and emotion, and be the theme of song and story as long as this nation endures.

OUR GERMAN SOLDIERS.

By WILLIAM VOCKE.

[Read April 9, 1896.]

THIS commandery has, in its hours of recreation, been often regaled with the highly amusing and entertaining ballad of "Schneider's Ride," which, written as it is in the mixed jargon of the ordinary American Teuton, contributes largely to the merriment of the occasion whenever we hear it. The lowest humor has its charms, and since that which cheers the mind is also healthful to the body, we should laugh whenever we can and not "sit like a grandsire, cut in alabaster." Nor matters it whether we laugh at our own or some other fellow's expense. A disposition to do the one alone justifies doing the other, for it is well said that he who cannot laugh about himself has no right to laugh about others either. For this reason I have never scrupled to laugh heartily at the ludicrous story of "Schneider's Ride," notwithstanding the fact that its hero, designed as he is to stand as a type, happens to be a particular favorite of mine. Indeed, I was cradled on the same soil from which he hails; I have wept with him and I have laughed with him all my life; at all times I have been profoundly concerned not only in his welfare, but more especially in his good conduct, and to be frank, during the war I even served in one of his own regiments. Having, therefore, been always on terms of great intimacy with Schneider, I may justly claim to be more familiar with his true character than those are whose relations with him have been less close than mine. According to the ballad, Schneider, following Falstaff's golden rule that "discretion is the better part of valor," skedaddles in the battle's roar with his whole regiment twenty miles to the rear in the same incredibly short space of time in which Phil Sheridan, according to Buchanan Reid's

fiction, speeds that same distance on his black charger to the front. Since we have heard the piece so often, you will surely, in a spirit of fairness, permit one who is somewhat posted concerning Schneider's exploits to cite a few examples from which he may appear for once in an aspect different from that in which you have heretofore viewed him. In so doing I shall have recourse only to official reports and other reliable accounts. If it appears therefrom that Schneider was a pretty steady man in action, and not, when the combat deepened, as the ballad has it, "In Vinchester dventy miles avay," but fully abreast with the others, and at times even somewhat ahead, then, no doubt, our appreciation of "Schneider's Ride" will be correspondingly increased; for the very exaggeration and perversion, which constitute the vital elements of the burlesque, will appear to still better advantage than heretofore.

According to the tables compiled by Dr. B. A. Gould for the United States Sanitary Commission under the title, "Investigations in the Military and Anthropological Statistics of American Soldiers," Schneider furnished for the Union armies during the rebellion 176,817 men, whereas, upon the basis of the population of the loyal states, as ascertained by the census of 1860, he would, with reference to the whole number of enlistments during the war, have been obliged to furnish only 118,402 men, had all the people of every nativity at that time represented here, enlisted in the same ratio. It is claimed by other well-informed writers that Dr. Gould's estimate is below the mark, but be this as it may, the above figure of 176,817 constituted about 15 per cent of Schneider's whole American population and should, therefore, satisfy even the most fastidious. Since the days of Cæsar and Tacitus historians of no mean order everywhere have given Schneider credit for being a good fighter, which means, to quote the exact language of Lord Macaulay, that "the military character of the Germans justly stands high in the world." Nor should we forget that Schneider was at all times an uncompromising opponent of negro slavery, and in the

Presidential campaign of 1860 furnished in proportion to his population by far the largest contingent of voters for Abraham Lincoln. It was this which prompted the pure-minded Sumner to express his views about Schneider on the twenty-fifth day of February, 1862, as follows: "Our German fellow-citizens, throughout the long contest with slavery, have not only been earnest and true, but have always seen the great question in its just character and importance. Without them our cause would not have triumphed at the last Presidential election. It is only natural therefore, that they should continue to guard and advance this cause." The correctness of this statement needs no demonstration here.

Right at the outbreak of the rebellion Schneider took a bold hand in shaping the destinies of our country. But for him Missouri would have been taken out of the Union, and St. Louis, with its immense stores of wealth, made a confederate city. When our President issued his first call for 75,000 men, Schneider was the only one in that state who responded like a patriot, and in the shortest possible time organized four regiments for the Union. With those he marched out under command of Frank P. Blair to a large camp of rebels south of the city, "moved immediately upon their works," captured the whole gang and brought them all into town as prisoners. General Grant, in his tour around the world, speaking about this affair, says to his literary companion, John Russell Young: "There was some splendid work done in Missouri, and especially in St. Louis, in the earliest days of the war. If St. Louis had been captured by the rebels it would have made a vast difference. . . . It would have been a terrible task to recapture St. Louis, one of the most difficult that could have been given to any military man. Instead of a campaign before Vicksburg, it would have been a campaign before St. Louis. . . . The rebels, under pretext of having a camp of instruction, sent their militia regiments into a camp, called Camp Jackson. . . . It was necessary to strike a decisive blow and this Blair resolved to do.

. . . Blair called out his German regiments, put himself under the command of Lyon, went out to the camp, threatened to fire if it did not surrender, and brought the whole crowd in as prisoners. . . . The taking of this camp saved St. Louis to us, saved our side a long and terrible siege, and was one of the best things in the whole war." So we see that at the very outset Schneider, prompted by his strong patriotic impulses and his great good sense, threw himself with his ponderous body into a yawning and dangerous breach, in order to prevent the destruction of our national government.

During the first part of the war Schneider had quite an advantage over his native American fellow-citizens, because thousands of his men who had served in the armies of the fatherland had considerable knowledge in military affairs and the handling of arms, and hence were welcome instructors in the camps of our young recruits, wherever they made their appearance. This fact is proved conclusively not only by the Rebellion Records but also by reliable private writings of the period.

At the first battle of Bull Run the First brigade of the Fifth division, composed exclusively of Schneider's men under command of Colonel Louis Blenker, standing in reserve on the heights of Centreville, covered the retreat of the routed Union army, and by its brave and determined conduct prevented the enemy from continuing the pursuit. The rebel commander, Joseph E. Johnston, in enumerating at the close of his report the reasons why his victorious army did not keep up the pursuit and move upon Washington, states as the first and foremost cause the following: "The apparent firmness of the United States troops at Centreville . . . which checked our pursuit."

During the whole year of 1861, owing to the inexperience of our troops and the untried character of our commanders, we hardly had a single substantial victory to record. We need not be surprised, therefore, at hearing General Don Carlos Buell say in his letter to the Commander-in-Chief, George B. McClellan, under date of December 23, 1861, about a spirited

little skirmish in which a portion of Colonel August Willich's Thirty-second Indiana regiment, all men from Schneider's army, under Lieutenant-Colonel von Trebra, was engaged, that "the little affair in front of Munfordsville was really one of the handsomest things of the season." The Rebellion Records show that on the 17th of December of that year, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the rebels attacked our pickets in front of the railroad bridge near Munfordsville, consisting of four companies of the Thirty-second Indiana regiment, in all 418 men. The rebel forces comprised one regiment of Texas rangers, two regiments of infantry, and one battery of six guns. Our men lost Lieutenant Sachs and eight enlisted men killed, and sixteen wounded. Buell writes that "the rebels ingloriously retreated," and on the 8th of February, 1862, he reports to Washington further concerning the skirmish, that "the gallantry displayed by the Thirty-second Indiana had been noticed in General Orders, of which he enclosed a copy to be filed, and that, Colonel Willich being at that time on other duty, the troops engaged were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel von Trebra, whose skill and gallantry on the field merited the distinction of the brevet rank of colonel."

The General Orders here referred to read as follows: "The general commanding takes pleasure in bringing to notice the gallant conduct of a portion of Colonel Willich's regiment, Thirty-second Indiana, at Rowlett's Station, in front of Munfordsville, on the 17th inst. Four companies of the regiment under Lieut.-Col. von Trebra on outpost duty were attacked by a column of the enemy, consisting of one regiment of cavalry, a battery of artillery, and two regiments of infantry. They defended themselves until reinforced by other companies of the regiment, and the fight continued with such effect that the enemy at length retreated precipitately. . . . The general tenders his thanks to the officers and soldiers of the regiment for their gallant and efficient conduct on this occasion. He commends it as a study and example to all other troops under

his command and enjoins them to emulate the discipline and instruction which insure such results. The name of 'Rowlett's Station' will be inscribed on the regimental colors of the Thirty-second Indiana Regiment."

In Van Horne's "History of the Army of the Cumberland" reference is made to this same little affair, "one of the handsomest things of the season," at greater length. Indeed, in the entire volume containing the foregoing reports and covering over a thousand pages, there is not a single regiment recorded which can boast of such splendid attestation of its military efficiency as is here given to these men from Schneider's army. This instance, therefore, shows again that Schneider, who repulsed an enemy about five times his superior in numbers, was quite a plucky fellow and not at all inclined when in action to retire to "Vinchester dventy miles avay." His little victory was of great strategic importance because it concerned the protection of the railroad bridge across the Green River, without which an advance of our army into central Kentucky would not have been possible.

About five weeks later, to-wit, on the 19th of January, 1862, General George H. Thomas fought the battle of Mill Springs and achieved for our armies the first signal victory of the war. He had with him six regiments, but only four of them, the Second Minnesota, the Tenth Indiana, the Fourth Kentucky, and the Ninth Ohio were actually engaged. Of these soldiers, the Ninth Ohio, organized in Cincinnati, were, like those of the Thirty-second Indiana, every mother's son of them, Schneider's men, although they had chosen the brave and chivalrous Robert McCook as their Colonel. But upon entering the field he was at once raised to the command of a brigade, so that the command of the regiment during the battle devolved upon Major Gustav Kammerling, one of Schneider's own men of the truest type. In his report McCook, the brigade commander, relates how, after several hours of hard fighting, the battle, until then undecided, was finally turned into victory for our side by the

Ninth Ohio's "charging the enemy's position with the bayonet and turning his left flank." "Every man," he says, "sprang to it with alacrity and vociferous cheering. The charge broke the enemy's flank and the whole line gave way in great confusion and turned into a perfect rout." General Thomas confirms this report as follows: "The Ninth Ohio charged the enemy on the right with bayonets fixed, turned their flank and drove them from the field, the whole line giving way and retreating in the utmost confusion." General Henry V. Boynton, the historian of the Army of the Cumberland, writes about Mill Springs, that "it was the bayonet charge of the Ninth Ohio which turned the fortunes of that day and contributed largely to making that battle the Confederate Bull Run of the West." All this goes to show that Schneider on that occasion was rather ahead of the others, and not at all "In Vinchester dventy miles avay."

Schneider's men of the Thirty-second Indiana regiment under Willich and von Trebra distinguished themselves again most conspicuously at Shiloh in McCook's division. Their brigade commander says that "they gave proof of skill and courage worthy the heroes of Rowlett's Station"; the division commander speaks of "their numerous conflicts and desperate charges"; and General Lew Wallace, who testifies that at one time "his position had become most critical, since isolation from the rest of the army seemed imminent," explains in his report how he was extricated from his perils as follows: "Fortunately, before the enemy could avail themselves of their advantage some fresh troops dashed against them and once more drove them back. For this favor my acknowledgements are especially due Colonel August Willich and his famous regiment."

On this same field, as well as in every other battle during the entire war, a great many other men of Schneider's army fought as bravely as Willich's boys, of whom only a few may be briefly mentioned here. There was, for instance, Lieutenant E. Brotzmann, of Mann's Missouri battery, who served

under General Stephen A. Hurlbut. In his report, the General, who had under him three batteries in all, distinguishes Brotzmann most conspicuously above the others by speaking of him as follows: "Mann's battery maintained its fire steadily, effectively, and with great rapidity, under the excellent handling of Lieutenant E. Brotzmann. . . . My own thanks have been personally tendered on the field of battle to First Lieutenant E. Brotzmann, commanding Mann's Battery, and to his command. This battery fought both days under my personal inspection. It was always ready, effective in execution, changing position promptly when required, and officers, men, and horses steady in action. Having lost one piece on Sunday, it was easy to distinguish the fire of this battery throughout Monday; in position first on General McClernand's right, then on his centre, then on the left, they everywhere fulfilled their duty. I especially recommend this officer for promotion. Captain Mann of his battery was unable to be in action."

The Ninth Illinois, commanded by Colonel Marsy, the Forty-third Illinois, under Colonel Raith and Lieutenant-Colonel Engelmann, the men under Lieutenant-Colonel John Gerber, of the Twenty-fourth Indiana, besides many others belonging to Schneider's great army, were on this same bloody field, and, according to the reports, all fought with distinguished valor. Raith and Gerber were both killed at the head of their commands, and as to the latter General Lew Wallace says in his report: "None died with more glory, yet many died and there was much glory."

This paper might be regarded as entirely too partial did it not contain a brief account of Schneider's conduct at Chancellorsville. Nearly one-half of the troops in the Eleventh corps under command of General O. O. Howard belonged to Schneider's great army. On the 2d of May, 1863, that corps occupied the right wing of the Army of the Potomac. It consisted of three divisions under Devens, Schurz, and Steinwehr respectively; the two latter were of Schneider's men, and of these

three Devens held the extreme right of the line. At about ten o'clock in the morning Howard received an order from Hooker to strengthen his right wing, apparently disregarded, and throughout the day he received warnings from Schurz, Schimmelpfennig, and other officers, that the enemy was massing a large army in his front and right flank, which resulted in no important change of disposition.

The pickets in front of Devens's division were wholly insufficient to protect the flank. The day was warm, our boys had stacked their arms, taken off their coats, and were playing cards and whiling away the time with other games. In this condition, wholly unwarned and unprepared, at six o'clock in the afternoon, in broad daylight, they met with a surprise from the enemy which is wholly unparalleled in the history of any war. From away in the flank and rear the deer, rabbits, and other game, scared from their hiding places, came rushing in large numbers from the woods; our teams and ambulances were fleeing from the same direction toward the front in a disordered huddle, thereby rendering every orderly allignment of our soldiers to meet an attack impossible. Right on the heels of this confused mass of forest animals, teams, and camp-followers came Stonewall Jackson's army in dense columns, pressing irresistibly onward and creating a fearful slaughter among our helpless men, who were mostly all shot in the back, not by any means while abandoning the field, but while facing in the direction in which they were given to understand by their commanders that they should look for the enemy. When the unexpected happens on the field of battle and the soldiers have not even a fair chance to make use of their arms, as was the case here, a panic is sure to break out among the bravest. There was an instantaneous break-up of Devens's division, his soldiers fleeing in the direction of Schurz's men and throwing the whole line into the wildest confusion. But even here, as we shall presently see from the reports, it was a brigade in the main made up of Schneider's own men under the gallant Adolph Buschbeck

which was most instrumental in checking temporarily the further advance of the enemy, and then gallantly offered to lead a bayonet charge.

As a result of this disaster the campaign of Chancellorsville failed and our army had to recross the Rappahannock. Some one or more had blundered grievously, and in order to shield the blunderers and yet find a cause for the defeat, it was made to appear that Schneider's men were alone to blame; that the "Dutch" had run, and that they and their whole race were cowards and cravens. Almost all the English-American papers of the country were filled for weeks with shameless attacks upon the Germans, and the worst of it was that many of these attacks came from anonymous scribblers who were connected with the very headquarters of the army. Schurz made a very full and exhaustive report, from which it appeared that during the day he repeatedly warned Howard of the movement of large bodies of the enemy's troops in the direction of our right flank, telling him that his flank was wholly unprotected and hanging in the air, and Theodore A. Dodge says in his book on the Chancellorsville Campaign that "Schurz's report is a careful summary of facts otherwise substantiated." Nevertheless, as this author says further, "the newspaper men took pleasure in their early letters in holding a German responsible for the panic," instead of telling the truth and censuring those who deserved it.

Both Schurz and Schimmelpfennig, the latter a brigade commander in Schurz's division, promptly and urgently applied for the appointment of a court of inquiry to determine whether any one of Schneider's army was to blame for the defeat of the corps, but no attention was paid to the application. Since then, however, some of the best military writers in the country, in their works on the Chancellorsville Campaign, have done full justice to Schneider, and they all agree that it was not the conduct of the men, but the incompetency of some of the officers in high command, which caused the disaster.

Thus Samuel P. Bates in his book on "The Battle of Chancellorsville" pronounces the view that the failure of the campaign was due to the men in the ranks to be "utterly void of just discrimination and at variance with the facts," and he continues: "The corps, as it there stood to receive the attack made upon it, was in the attitude of a pugilist with his hands pinioned when about to encounter an antagonist unbound and free to act. Could any equal body in a similar situation have longer stood the terrible onset coming upon it like an avalanche precipitated from an Alpine height? . . . General Howard had received from the commander-in-chief an explicit order early in the day directing him to put his corps in a position to meet a flank attack. His division commanders urged in the strongest terms the change required. . . . But he refused utterly to be counseled by them. . . . To General Schimmelpfennig, who was eager to find out what was going on in his front, he gave order to avoid bringing on an engagement, to stop reconnoitering, and to take the position assigned him." "What then," says Bates further, "must we conclude was the cause of the rapid giving way of the Eleventh corps and thus endangering the integrity of the whole army? Can it be put in milder form than that it was due to the criminal negligence of General Howard in not carrying out the orders of the general-in-chief?"

Theodore A. Dodge, to whom reference has already been made, says in his book on the Chancellorsville Campaign: "When the onset came it was impossible quickly to change front. Schurz's regiments were all hemmed in between the rifle-pits before them and the woods in their rear. . . . They were telescoped. Their defenses were rendered useless. The enemy was on both sides of and perpendicular to them. It is an open question whether at that time any two divisions of the army could have changed front and made a good defense under these circumstances."

Major-General Abner Doubleday, in his work on "Chan-

cellorsville and Gettysburg," writes as follows: "It is always convenient to have a scapegoat in case of disaster, and the German element in the Eleventh corps have been fiercely censured and their name become a by-word for giving way on this occasion. It is full time justice should be done by calling attention to the position of that corps. I assert that when a force is not deployed, but is struck suddenly and violently on its flank, resistance is *impracticable*. Not Napoleon's Old Guard, not the best and bravest troops that ever existed, could hold together in such a case."

"The disaster resulted from Howard's and Devens's utter disregard and inattention under warnings that came in from the front and flank all through the day. Horseman after horseman was sent to headquarters with the information that the enemy was heavily marching along our front and proceeding to our right; and last of all an officer reported the rebels massing for an attack. Howard scouted the report and insulted the informants, charging them with telling a story that was the offspring of their imagination or fears."

"The Germans were bitterly denounced for this catastrophe, I think very unjustly, for in the first place less than one-half of the Eleventh corps were Germans, and in the second place the troops that did form line and temporarily stopped Jackson's advance were Germans, principally Colonel Adolph Buschbeck's brigade of Steinwehr's division. . . . Buschbeck held a plank road for three-quarters of an hour with artillery on the right, losing one-third of his force. The enemy then folded around his flank and took him in reverse when further resistance became hopeless and his men retreated in good order to the rear of Sickles's line at Hazel Grove, where they supported the artillery and offered to lead a bayonet charge, if the official reports are to be believed. Warren says: 'He [Buschbeck] took charge of some batteries and formed them in line across the plank road without any infantry support whatever. In reference to this surprise Couch remarks that no troops could

have stood under such circumstances, and I fully agree with him.'" *

The cowardly slander of Schneider's men occasioned by the disaster of Chancellorsville seems to have created at the time a perfect "Schneiderophobia," not only in the press of the country, but also in the Army of the Potomac, for here and there we find in the reports of some of the higher officers innuendoes and baseless insinuations against Schneider, of which the following paragraph from the report of John C. Robinson, commanding the Second division of the First army corps, is a conspicuous example:

"At an early hour on Saturday morning (May 2) a German battery of light twelve-pounder guns was sent to me and placed in position with orders to hold it at all hazards. Then the heavy firing commenced on my left, and while I was *for a few moments* absent from the right, this battery was withdrawn from its position and in the most cowardly manner fled with the horses upon a run in the direction of our brigades at the U. S. Ford. I regret I do not know the commander's name, that he might meet the reward which his dastardly and treacherous conduct deserves."

What shall we say of the military zeal and efficiency of a division commander who, according to his own statement, has a battery with him during the entire day of a battle and does not make himself acquainted either with its official designation or with the name of its commanding officer? Having omitted this, how did he know at all that the battery was German? He says he was absent from his right wing only a few moments during which the alleged cowardly escape of the battery occurred, and yet he was unable to dispatch any one of his staff

* Since the reading of this paper Colonel Augustus Choate Hamlin of Bangor, Maine, late Medical Inspector U. S. Army and historian of the Eleventh army corps, has published an excellent book on the Battle of Chancellorsville. This author also places the blame where it properly belongs and bestows high praise upon the German troops in the Eleventh corps for their valor and patriotism.

or an orderly after it, in order to ascertain the name of the battery; he could not find any man in his whole division to give him the information for which his indignant spirit so much yearned, and could not learn anywhere in the whole army who sent the battery to him, where it came from early in the morning nor what became of it at night. The whole story bears the earmarks of a gross invention. It shows that this man's indignation was assumed, that he did not believe what he said and that he said it merely because he thought it was very popular at the time. Had such a thing really occurred, he would have had no trouble in getting the information he wanted. But if the subsequent Congressional investigation into this sad business revealed anything it was the very fact that at least Schneider's artillery in the Eleventh corps was particularly well served, for Dodge says in his book that "those general officers who most severely rebuked the conduct of the corps all say a word in favor of the service of the guns. Dilger (the celebrated German 'Leather Breeches,' known throughout the army), on the road just at Buschbeck's line, fired with his own hand from his last gun a round of canister when the Confederates were within a dozen yards." Concerning this investigation we should not overlook, however, how Major-General Doubleday characterizes it. He says: "The subsequent investigation by the Congressional committee on the conduct of the war was very much of a farce and necessarily unreliable; for so long as both Hooker and Howard were left in high command, it was absurd to suppose that subordinates would testify against them. Any officer that would do so would have soon found his military career brought to a close."

Another instance of the pusillanimous character displayed by some of the army officers toward Schneider's men is the following: John C. Lee, Colonel of the Fifty-fifth Ohio, and second in command of McLean's brigade in Devens's division, made up mainly of native Americans like the rest of the brigade, became engulfed in the confusion and he and his men, of course,

ran with the others. In closing his report, in which he explains the situation as he understands it, he says: "Allow me to insist that when the Eleventh corps is charged with cowardice on the 2d instant, as is common, the Second brigade, First division, should not be included. The men did and will fight when they have opportunity, but a rifle-pit is useless when the enemy is on the same side and in the rear of your line." This officer seems to have been perfectly willing to let the cruel charge of cowardice, which to the brave is worse than death, rest upon the corps at large if only his wee little brigade were excluded. Would he not have shown a more manly disposition and a more soldierly regard for his German-American comrades in arms had he pleaded the uselessness of a rifle-pit where the enemy is "on the same side and in the rear of your line," in favor of the entire corps, instead of confining the plea like a faint-hearted and conceited boy to his own brigade? These men acted as if no soldier of the Army of the Potomac had ever turned his back on the enemy before, and yet everybody knows the truth of what Dodge says in his book that "It was not the first, nor was it the last, panic in the Army of the Potomac." We may add, however, that hardly any one of the other panics was caused by such criminal carelessness on the part of our commanders as was this.

The prejudice which was created against Schneider's great army on account of the unmerited abuse and the base charge that his men were to blame for the defeat at Chancellorsville is deep-seated and far-reaching. We experience it among Grand Army men even at this date, as may appear from the following incident: At the banquet of this commandery in January, 1896, I had the pleasure to be seated at a table with a well-informed companion, a former commander of the Grand Army of this state, who had served in the Eleventh corps and fought at Chancellorsville. We naturally discussed the causes of the defeat of that corps and the first thing he said was, "That man Schurz should have been courtmartialed." When pressed

to give a reason for this he did not know, but it had never occurred to him that his remark might properly apply to Howard and Devens, and not at all to Schurz. There is not in any one of the three books from which I have quoted, nor in any one of the official reports relating to the battle, a single statement contained which in the least reflects upon Schurz. Schneider is deeply interested in Schurz, as he should be in a countryman who has won distinction; he has followed Schurz's career closely, and on his military escutcheon he has not been able to discover the slightest blotch. Everywhere and at all times during the war General Schurz is found to have been prompted only by a high sense of honor and a keen appreciation of duty.

The miserable penny-a-liners and their wicked backers in the army who were prompted by blind race-prejudice to vilify Schneider were the most unpatriotic wretches in the country; for that which our country most needed in the hour of her greatest peril was an efficient army, and as thoughtful men they should have known that nothing is so apt to demoralize the soldier in the ranks and to render him wholly worthless as to question his personal courage and to cast upon him the suspicion of cowardice. Nevertheless the men in Schneider's army, each and all of them, continued manfully to do their whole duty like true and patriotic soldiers of the Republic until the very end of the war.

It has been sometimes asserted that the disaster at Chancellorsville would have been averted had Sigel, one of Schneider's men, and until February 12, 1863, the commander of the Eleventh corps, remained in command. If that is true, so much the worse for Sigel. By the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, his command had been reduced, and, feeling himself slighted on that account, he retired. Several other officers during the war did the same thing for similar reasons. Schneider has no patience with that kind of patriotism which prompts men to think more of the value of their services than of the cause of their stricken country. Schneider thinks a good

deal of his people, and he feels it all the more keenly if, at a time when his country is sorely in need of a prompt manifestation of the noblest civic and soldierly virtues by all her citizens, any one of his men fails to live up to the highest standard of loyal and sincere submission to duty. Schneider insists, however, that in the Eleventh corps at Chancellorsville he stood his ground fully as well as any of the others and that his conduct was entirely consistent with his manhood and his soldierly duty.

The Eleventh corps fought with valor at Gettysburg. Several months later it joined the Army of the Cumberland. At Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge one part of it aided in the storming of the Mountain, while another, including Buschbeck's brigade, which was largely made up of men from Schneider's army, was sent to Sherman. As regards the former, the immortal Thomas writes to Hooker: "The bayonet charge of Howard's troops made up the side of a steep and difficult hill, completely routing and driving the enemy from his barricades on its tops . . . will rank with the most distinguished feats of arms of this war." And of Schneider's man Buschbeck and his brigade, Sherman has this to say in his report: "The brigade of Colonel Buschbeck belonging to the Eleventh corps, which was the first to come out of Chattanooga to my flank, fought at the Tunnel Hill, in connection with General Ewing's division, and displayed a courage almost amounting to rashness. Following the enemy almost to the Tunnel gorge, it lost many valuable lives," etc. All this is pretty good evidence that Schneider was not much out of the way at any of these places.

On the field of Chickamauga there rises a substantial and enduring monument for each troop that took part in that battle on the side of the Union. A superb mass of granite has been planted by the state of Ohio on Snodgrass Hill, not far from the headquarters of the imperial Thomas, to commemorate the splendid deeds of Schneider's Ninth Ohio, of Mill Springs fame, and we shall presently see that this regiment constituted one of the mightiest bulwarks of the "Rock of Chickamauga."

At some distance from that hill, there where the bloody combat commenced on the first morning, we find another monument erected in honor of a battery which tells the tale of one of the most heroic deeds of the war. This monument bears on one of its sides the inscription:

"Burnham's Battery H, 5th U. S. Artillery,"

and on the other the following:

"Fought on this ground morning September 19, 1863. Was captured by Liddell's Division and recaptured by Kammerling's 9th Ohio Vols."

Let us see how all this happened. On the first day our army was forced into battle without having a chance to form an unbroken line. The consequence was that a number of our troops became engaged with the enemy, while their flanks were entirely exposed. Among the first who were thus drawn into the fight were two brigades of Baird's division, one of them, King's, consisting of four regiments of regulars and Burnham's Battery H, Fifth U. S. Artillery. The enemy drove both brigades in confusion from the field and captured this battery. All at once Colonel Kammerling, with the Ninth Ohio, serving at that time in Brannan's division and having guarded an ammunition train during the night, appeared upon the scene of action. Seeing at a glance the panic that was spreading among our troops, he ordered his men to fix bayonets and charge without awaiting orders from any of his superior officers. With loud and enthusiastic hurrahs the regiment rushed boldly upon the enemy, swept them all, two whole brigades of them, from the field and recaptured the battery, with a loss of one-half of its men in killed and wounded. This brilliant feat, which at once restored confidence to our fleeing and demoralized troops, finds grateful appreciation in the reports of our commanders. General Baird says:

"Our troops behaved with gallantry and yielded only to overwhelming force. Assisted by my staff officers, Major Fitch, Captain Cary, and Captain Williams, I strove to restore confi-

dence to these men and induce them to make another stand, but it was only after they had passed far to the rear that I could do so. Complete destruction seemed inevitable. Four pieces of Colonel Scribner's battery were captured after firing sixty-four rounds, and the enemy, sweeping like a torrent, fell upon the regular brigade before it had got into position, took its battery, and after a struggle in which whole battalions were wiped out of existence, drove it back upon the line of General Brannan. We are indebted to the Ninth Ohio regiment of Brannan's division for recapturing this battery."

Van Derveer, the commander of the brigade in which the Ninth Ohio served, speaks of this charge in his report as follows: "As the enemy slackened his fire, Colonel Kammerling, chafing like a wounded tiger . . . ordered his men to charge. . . . Away they went, closely followed by the Eighty-seventh Indiana and the Seventeenth Ohio, the enemy falling back precipitately. The Ninth in this charge recaptured the guns of Gunther's battery [meaning Burnham's battery] Fifth Artillery, and held them."

While this charge was made Van Derveer's brigade was heavily attacked, and how much the commander, in order to sustain the fair fame of his troops, relied upon Schneider's presence to help him out everywhere will appear from the following passage in his report: "Having observed the enemy's great force as well as the persistency of his attack, I had sent messenger after messenger to bring up the Ninth Ohio, which had not yet returned from its charge made from my original right. At last, however, and when it seemed impossible for my brave men longer to withstand the impetuous advance of the enemy, the Ninth came gallantly up in time to take part in the final struggle, which resulted in his sullen withdrawal."

Later on the brigade became engaged again, and the ammunition of the men being exhausted they were obliged to charge. Van Derveer shows in his report how and by whom this was chiefly done, as follows: "Here again the Ninth Ohio made a

gallant charge down the hill into the midst of the enemy, scattering them like chaff, and then returning to their position on the hill."

In the same brigade, side by side with the Ninth, fought the Thirty-fifth Ohio under its gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Henry V. Boynton. As an eye-witness of Schneider's splendid fighting qualities General Boynton bears the following unselfish testimony published several years ago in one of the Cincinnati dailies:

"The first day at Chickamauga, coming up from guarding the trains at a moment when the fight was furious, without waiting for orders, the Ninth Ohio swept far beyond the Union front, and, charging two full brigades which had captured a regular battery, it drove off the enemy and retook the guns.

"The second day it charged in the morning with Van Derveer's brigade, to which it belonged, across the Kelly field full into the face of Breckenridge's advancing division, and, *outstripping the rest of the line, though all were advancing on a run*, it pushed on to the guns which had been supporting the Confederate advance, disabling the whole battery.

"In the afternoon it charged into position on Snodgrass Hill and three times in succession it cleared the slopes in front of it with its bayonets."

Van Horne, in his History of the Army of the Cumberland, says that the recapture of Burnham's battery by the Ninth Ohio was "an exceedingly gallant and brilliant charge," and General John B. Turchin in his book on Chickamauga calls it "an extraordinary dash." From all these testimonials it is evident that Schneider's heroism on this occasion created astonishment and admiration throughout the whole Army of the Cumberland. In the official reports of army and corps commanders it is not customary to make special mention of the deeds and exploits of smaller bodies of troops so long as they operate with a larger organism and are not detailed to perform some special service.

To bear testimony as to their share and their conduct in general maneuvers, campaigns, and battles is the special province of their immediate superiors. Hence, while we find in General Thomas's exhaustive report about the Fourteenth army corps in the Chickamauga campaign full and detailed statements of the movements and operations of his divisions and brigades, it contains no reference to smaller bodies not on detached service. As regards the Ninth Ohio he makes, however, a significant exception, the only one in the entire report, as appears from the passage in which he speaks of the divisions of Baird, Reynolds, Palmer, and Brannan, and of their share in the engagements on the first morning of the battle. The following is General Thomas's language: "Brannan's troops met the enemy in front as he was pursuing Baird's retiring brigades, driving the head of his column back and retaking the artillery which had been temporarily lost by Baird's brigades, the Ninth Ohio recovering Battery H, Fifth U. S. Artillery, at the point of the bayonet."

It seems, therefore, that General Thomas, too, had quite a good opinion of Schneider. But he expressed it in still stronger language than this, as will appear from the following. On the 20th of November, 1863, the great leader, now raised to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, addressed a communication to the Adjutant-General's office, in which he recommended eighteen officers, among them seven colonels, for promotion. Among the latter was Colonel Gustav Kammerling of Schneider's Ninth Ohio. In making his recommendations the commander of the army pointed out briefly in each case the particular merit of the officer upon which the recommendation was based; but in no case did he mention specifically the heroic deeds of the troops commanded by that officer as the result of conspicuous efficiency on his part. Colonel Kammerling's recommendation, however, differs from all the others because it is supported by special reference to the excellent character of his regiment as the result of his extraordinary military virtues. The following is General Thomas's language: "Colonel Gus-

tav Kammerling, Ninth Ohio infantry, as lieutenant-colonel, commanding the Ninth Ohio at the battle of Mill Springs, at the head of his regiment, charged the enemy's left with bayonets fixed, turned their left flank, and drove them from the field; and again at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, he led the Ninth Ohio in a charge upon an advancing column of the enemy, retaking Battery H, Fifth U. S. Artillery, at the point of the bayonet. Colonel Kammerling commands one of the best regiments in the service, the efficiency of which is due to his energy and capacity as a commander." Schneider challenges anybody to point out in the numerous reports of our glorious Thomas a single passage about any of his other regiments and its commander more laudatory than this.

Indeed, the fact stands out boldly and in the clearest light, that anent his most stupendous struggle the majestic chieftain of the Army of the Cumberland, which for efficiency and valor has never been excelled by any army in the world, has distinguished Schneider's Ninth Ohio and its colonel more conspicuously than any of his other regimental commanders and troops. This one leaf in the laurel wreath upon Schneider's brow will not wither so long as the name of General George H. Thomas has a place in the history of our country. For this reason alone Schneider may fitly and exultantly exclaim with the immortal Faust,

> "The traces cannot of mine earthly being
> In aeons perish, they are there."

But this is not the only unfading leaf in Schneider's wreath which was gathered at Chickamauga. We shall see that the heroic conduct of others belonging to his ranks, particularly that of August Willich and his troops, was no less beneficial to our country than that of the Ninth Ohio. Having been promptly made a brigadier-general after the battle of Shiloh, Willich commanded a brigade in Richard W. Johnson's division at Chickamauga. The official reports relating to him here show substantially as follows: Willich fought where he stood, not

yielding an inch of ground to the enemy at any time. He advanced and attacked whenever he found an opportunity, and on one occasion he took his old regiment, Schneider's Thirty-second Indiana, and with that alone drove back the enemy over a mile. He resisted successfully the most furious assaults of the rebel general Liddell, and, on the whole, maintained his position until between five and six o'clock in the afternoon of the second day. The order then came from Thomas directing the remaining divisions under Johnson, Reynolds, Palmer, and Baird, which had not become involved in the rout of the right wing at noon, to retreat. As is shown by Johnson's report, Willich took from the enemy during the two days of the battle five cannon and several hundred prisoners, and this appears all the more brilliant when we consider that the Army of the Cumberland came out of the battle with the loss of nearly five thousand prisoners, a large number of cannon, and thousands of small arms. The task of covering the retreat of the army on the evening of the second day devolved on Willich and his brigade, which was the last on the battlefield, and how splendidly he accomplished it is explained in the following passages taken from General Johnson's report:

"While the attack on my immediate front was progressing well, I received an order from Major-General Thomas for the withdrawal of the entire army, Reynolds first, then Palmer, and I was to follow the latter. . . . Reynolds and Palmer commenced the movement, followed by the heavy force of the enemy, thus exposing my right. I barely had time to send word to my command to save them from complete destruction. They, however, withdrew in good order. By having Willich in reserve he was enabled to engage the enemy in four different directions and *by his prompt movements he saved the troops from annihilation and capture.*

"At the time the order was received to withdraw he was engaged with the enemy immediately in the rear. I did not send him the order to withdraw, however, believing he was then

engaged. . . . He withdrew, however, in fine style, and with his brigade covered the retreat of the army. . . . He was always in the right place, and by his individual daring rendered the country great service. This gallant old veteran deserves promotion, and I hope he may receive it."

Do the Rebellion Records, filling more than a hundred large volumes, contain the name of another brigade commander who in any battle rendered our country services more heroic and at the same time more propitious than Schneider's man Willich did at Chickamauga? Our matchless leader, General Thomas, fully appreciating this man's splendid work, concurs in Johnson's recommendation for his promotion in the following brief but glowing terms: "For gallantry and efficiency in the battle of Chickamauga, where he most nobly sustained his reputation as a soldier."

At Missionary Ridge, Willich, in the first place, took Orchard Knob, which his division commander calls "a brilliant feat of arms," and at the storming of the Ridge he and his brigade were among the first who reached the summit. But in that brilliant charge there were scattered throughout the long line of our heroic boys in blue who scaled those almost inaccessible heights amid a shower of bullets, a great many men from Schneider's army, none lagging behind, but all advancing bravely with the others, and showing that with body and soul, here as elsewhere and everywhere, Schneider was a most enthusiastic defender of the cause of our glorious Union.

The Second Missouri, commanded by Colonel Bernhard Laiboldt, was another of Schneider's regiments. It distinguished itself in numerous battles in the West, including Chickamauga, where its colonel commanded a brigade. Phil Sheridan, his division commander, says of him in his official report that "He behaved with conspicuous gallantry," and therefore recommends him for promotion. In December, 1863, Laiboldt was ordered to escort a valuable supply train from Chattanooga to Knoxville, having with him as a guard only a small troop of convalescents.

On the road he was attacked by the enemy's cavalry, 1,500 strong, under Wheeler, the most distinguished and dreaded Confederate cavalry general in the West, but Laiboldt repulsed him with consummate skill and bravery. General Thomas, reporting the particulars of this skirmish, says about Laiboldt:

"He immediately formed his guard in line of battle on the south side of the river, succeeded in crossing all his train in safety, and then charged the astonished rebels, and drove them in confusion.

"I earnestly recommend Colonel Laiboldt for promotion for his executive ability and efficiency as a brigade commander of the Second division, Twentieth army corps."

During the Atlanta campaign General James B. Steadman had charge of the District of Etowah, established for the purpose of protecting the railroad communications of the army. The country all along the road from Chattanooga southward was seriously infested with guerrillas, who at times did great damage. On Sunday, August 14, 1864, Wheeler's hordes, split up in several detachments, dashed down upon the railroad at different places, tore up the track for half a mile north of Dalton, destroyed water-tanks and other property, captured a detachment of the Seventeenth Ohio under Captains Snodgrass and Craig, concerning which General Steadman says in his report that he is "Inclined to think the surrender was made without a pretext for its necessity," and smashed things generally. At about four o'clock in the afternoon they all concentrated on Dalton, an important position held by Colonel Laiboldt, who had with him his own regiment from Schneider's army and a few other detachments, in all 480 men. General Steadman reports that the force of the enemy which attacked Laiboldt was at least from 3,000 to 4,000 strong. Wheeler laid siege to the place, assaulted the pickets, and then, meeting with stern resistance, sent a flag of truce to Laiboldt with a communication of which the following is a copy:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY CORPS, ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
"Around DALTON, August 14, 1864.

"*Officer Commanding U. S. Forces, Dalton:*

"To prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood I have the honor to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the forces under your command at this garrison.

"Respectfully Yours, etc.
"Jos. WHEELER, Major-General Commanding."

To this Laiboldt returned the following soldierly and eloquent answer:

"*Officer Commanding Confederate Forces in front of Dalton:*

"I have been placed here to defend this post but not to surrender.

"B. LAIBOLDT,
"Colonel Second Missouri Volunteers, Commanding Post."

Thereupon Wheeler sent Laiboldt word that he would give him just sixty seconds to surrender, and if he did not his position would be taken by storm; to which Laiboldt replied that he, Wheeler, ought to know him well, because he, Laiboldt, had thrashed him soundly once before in East Tennessee, that he could do that again, and that this ought to end the parleying. But it did not, for the saucy rebel sent to Laiboldt another flag of truce saying he wanted to see him. "Then let him come and take me," replied Laiboldt. I copy this from Laiboldt's own report. It is the same answer which the heroic Spartan king Leonidas sent to Xerxes when called upon to give up his arms at Thermopylæ, — "Let him come and take them." Laiboldt was a plain German soldier, who had never made himself familiar with ancient history, but he was possessed of the soul of a hero, and such express themselves in words and deeds everywhere and at all times alike. At this last encounter Laiboldt also advised Wheeler that if he attempted to molest him again with a flag of truce it would be fired upon. Thereupon the fight began in all earnest. It lasted all night, and Wheeler sustained severe losses without gaining an inch of

ground, so that at five o'clock the next morning, upon the arrival of reinforcements from General Steadman, he retired, a wiser but much weaker foe. In the report to which reference has already been made General Steadman speaks of Laiboldt in connection with this skirmish as follows: "Colonel Laiboldt, Second Missouri volunteers, commanding Dalton, is entitled to special credit for his stubborn and spirited defense of the place previous to being reinforced."

General Thomas mentions the affair in his report with equal praise; and Sherman, in a letter to Burbridge commanding at Louisville, holds Laiboldt's conduct up as a model to imitate in case Wheeler should carry out his threatened raid into Kentucky. So here again Schneider proved himself to be the same intrepid and patriotic soldier as in all other instances.

In the Atlanta campaign the Third brigade of the Third division, Twentieth army corps, made up of the Twentieth Connecticut, the Thirty-third Massachusetts, the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth New York, the Fifty-fifth Ohio, the Seventy-third Ohio, and the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin regiments, was commanded by General James Wood. The Twenty-sixth Wisconsin was made up entirely of men from Schneider's army, organized in Milwaukee, and commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick C. Winkler, while our own companion, Colonel Francis Lackner, was its major.

In his official report of the part this brigade took in the campaign, the brigade commander, in the first place, bestows great praise upon Lieutenant-Colonel Winkler for the conspicuous skill and ability with which this officer, on the 15th of May, 1864, at Resaca, extricated his regiment from a most embarrassing position into which it had been thrown by the confusion created among the regiments from another brigade which ran over and through the line of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin. The brigade commander points out that but for Lieutenant-Colonel Winkler's efficiency the regiment would have been rendered wholly unserviceable as the result of the confusion. But this

regiment earned still greater honors, and that part which relates to its heroic conduct at Peach Tree Creek forms the brightest page in the brigade commander's whole report. It demonstrates again Schneider's high character and his splendid fighting qualities in a manner to render comment wholly unnecessary. Here is General Wood's own language:

"The men and officers of the brigade sustained their well-earned reputation for bravery and gallantry. Though the attack came upon them unexpectedly, they met it with cool determination and unflinching courage. Where all behaved so well it may be regarded as invidious to call attention to individuals, yet it seems to me that I cannot discharge my whole duty in this respect without pointing out for special commendation the conduct of the Twenty-sixth Wisconsin volunteer infantry and its brave and able commander. The position of this regiment in the line was such that the brunt of the attack on this brigade fell upon it. The brave, skilful, and determined manner in which it met this attack, rolled back the onset, pressed forward in a counter-charge and drove back the enemy could not be excelled by the troops in this or any other army and is worthy of the highest commendation and praise. It is to be hoped that such conduct will be held up as an example for others and will meet appropriate reward."

This splendid regiment, like the others from Schneider's army which I have mentioned, distinguished itself wherever it stood throughout the war. The report of General Schurz shows that at Chancellorsville it held its ground with desperate courage, and did not leave the field until the division commander himself, seeing that it was exposed to useless slaughter, expressly ordered it to retreat. At Gettysburg it fought with like heroism, and carrying its riddled banner with patriotic pride from there over the entire theatre of the war, always in the front, and never "in Vinchester dventy miles avay," it bore it aloft everywhere through the din and smoke of victorious combat.

The foregoing few instances of Schneider's valor are chiefly such as came to my own personal knowledge during the war. Did time and space permit they might be multiplied manifold, for it may be safely said of the great host of subordinate commanders and troops composing Schneider's army that they were as true as steel, and therefore enjoyed the highest confidence of our best leaders. Though their English speech was imperfect, their fighting and their loyalty could not be more perfect than they really were. The fact is that both the Ninth Ohio and the Thirty-second Indiana, as well as other troops of Schneider's army, were drilled and commanded by their officers in undefiled "high Dutch," and never learned the English drill at all. The very bugle-calls which summoned them to their brilliant and resistless attacks were German, unknown to the other troops, and the soul-stirring hurrahs with which they went into battle were unmistakable, deep, and sonorous Teutonic sounds. The excellent conduct of these two regiments alone shows sufficiently that, like the noble Steuben and the heroic Muhlenberg of Revolutionary fame, one can be just as loyal an American citizen and just as brave an American soldier in Luther's German language as in the King's English.

Besides Schneider's subordinate officers he also had men in our service higher in command, though in this limited paper we can only refer to a few of them by name. We all admire the accomplished and brilliant Osterhaus, who, having distinguished himself in Missouri, and having afterwards rendered invaluable aid to Grant, Sherman, and Thomas at Vicksburg and Chattanooga, finally led Logan's celebrated Fifteenth corps from Atlanta to the sea; we all honor the noble and chivalrous Weitzel of Port Hudson, Drewry's Bluff, Fort Fisher, and Richmond fame; the dashing and fearless Steinwehr, who won high distinction at Gettysburg and in the West, as well as other prominent officers from Schneider's army equally gallant and distinguished. This galaxy is made still brighter if we add to

it those splendid soldiers who, like the noble Heintzelman, the daring and picturesque Custer, and a number of others, though born on this soil, traced their parentage to Schneider's race. It may not be very significant, but it is nevertheless worthy of mention, that both Charleston, the hotbed of rebellion and treason, and Richmond, the capital of the Southern Confederacy, surrendered to commanders who belonged to Schneider's great army. Charleston was captured by Brigadier-General Schimmelpfennig, the commander of the Northern District, Department of the South, and Richmond by Major-General Weitzel, who led the Twenty-fifth army corps.

From all this it is evident that the Schneider in the ballad and the Schneider in our history are two entirely distinct individuals, and that the real Schneider, whose brother in the fatherland, marching triumphantly through the ages, has never shown the white feather to any foe, far from being "in Vinchester dventy miles avay," is especially distinguished for his soldierly bearing and for the unflinching fidelity which he evinced in the most sacred cause that ever inspired a free people. In every campaign and in every battle he marched nobly abreast with his equally brave companions in arms of American birth, and, in proud emulation of their valor, did his full share in the achievement of most glorious victories, wherever the efficiency of the armies and the skill of the leaders made this possible; nor did Schneider ever fail to charge the enemy single-handed whenever a fair opportunity presented itself; and many a time he swept him from the field with a matchless dash, crowning himself with imperishable glory. For these reasons, as well as for many others relating to the civil life of our nation, the magnificent Sumner might well say, as he did on the floor of the Senate of the United States: "The brave and pure German stock, which, even from that early day when first revealed to history in the sharp and clean-cut style of Tacitus, has preserved its original peculiarities untouched by change, showing that, though

the individual is mortal, the race is immortal. . . . We cannot forget the fatherland which out of its abundance has given to our Republic so many good heads, so many strong arms, with so much of virtue and intelligence, rejoicing in freedom and calling no man master."

The best informed and the truest sons of America all share this opinion about the Germans.

THE NEGRO IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

By ABIAL R. ABBOTT.

[Read October 11, 1888.]

ONE of the implied objects of this generation of the Loyal Legion is to prepare, as a legacy for the future, accurate sketches of the personal experience of those engaged in the War of the Rebellion; and no account can be either generous or just which does not consider the position and the conduct of the colored race during that period. Within three months after the first shot was fired, every black man, woman, and child throughout the Southern Confederacy firmly believed that freedom from bondage was to be the inevitable result of success to the Union arms. This was the secret of the uniform faithfulness, the watchful patience, and, when the time came, of the excellent soldierly qualities exhibited by the black man.

As we all remember, the Northern soldier, when he went to the front in 1861, had no definite idea that the pending conflict necessarily involved the liberation of the slave. The President had announced to the army that the real object of its service was to restore to the seceded states their constitutional relation to the Union. The Union must be preserved at all hazards, but the negro, the unwilling cause of the disturbance, was not regarded as a possible help in the accomplishment of that object. At first, the slightest suggestion that he would be employed as a soldier was met by ridicule. Indeed, large numbers in the Federal army then believed that the plantation slave, in the scheme of evolution, was only a few steps from the anthropoid ape; although it was not the fashion at that time to express this idea in so scientific a manner. Not until after

nearly two years of hard fighting was it determined to emancipate the slave and to place arms in his hands. Even then it was considered a debatable question whether or not he could be relied upon as having the patriotism and the courage to fight for the old flag and against his former master.

When put to the test the event proved that in this matter the President had made no mistake. His faith in the promise that success to the Union cause would fix his status as a freeman for all time, and his peculiar characteristics, the result partly of long years of servitude, furnished to the negro both a motive and a spur. Unquestioned obedience to authority had been instilled into his mind for generations; when he was well treated his friendship amounted to devotion. His attachment to the locality where he had been raised was exceptionally strong, making of him a Simon-pure American, with ideas of liberty of American origin. In his mental outfit he had considerable self-esteem coupled with a desire for the approval of others, enough to arouse him to action and to bring out his soldierly qualities when under the eye of the white man, whom he regarded as his superior in advantages as well as in intellect.

On the 1st of June, 1864, an expedition started from Memphis for some point in northern Mississippi to engage the attention of General Forrest, and, if a good opportunity offered, to attack his army and whip it. In this expedition there were two white brigades, one colored brigade, and a division of cavalry commanded by General Grierson. The First brigade was commanded by Colonel Wilkin, the Second by Colonel Hoge, and the colored brigade by Colonel Bouton. Colonel McMillen commanded the infantry division, and the whole force, numbering about 12,000 men, was under the command of General Sturgis. This colored brigade was composed of the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-ninth regiments of United States Colored Infantry, and Battery F of the Second United States Colored Artillery. The men were recruited from plantations in Tennessee and organized under the supervision of General Chetlain.

On the 10th of June the three brigades were marching along a road leading southeast from Ripley, Mississippi, to Guntown, a station on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. A little after noon, word was received that General Grierson with the cavalry had struck the enemy, apparently in large force, five miles in advance and beyond Brice's Crossroads. Hearing of this, the leading brigade (Hoge's) was hurried forward to the support of Grierson, making the last mile on the double-quick. They found Grierson fighting against heavy odds at the crossroads. Hoge's brigade went into action at once and held its ground, until the next brigade (Wilkin's) came up and took position, a part of it on the right and a part on the left of Hoge. This brigade had double-quicked the last mile and a half, with the thermometer standing at 100. Many of the men were left behind on the road, overcome by the heat, and some of them died of sunstroke. Here the fighting continued until five o'clock, when the two brigades were compelled to retreat. As they were falling back, they met the two colored regiments, whose turn it was to take the rear of the column on that day, coming to the front also on the double-quick, which rate of speed they had continued most of the way for the last two miles. The plan of retreat was to retire by successive lines, and with that end in view, the colored regiments were deployed into line across the Guntown road, and directed to hold the enemy in check as long as possible, in order to give the retiring column time to take up a new position in the rear. The Fifty-ninth was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Cowden, and the Fifty-fifth by Major E. M. Lowe. These two regiments had never been under fire before, but they held their ground until flanked on both sides, when they took a new position farther to the rear. They were drawn back five successive times, stubbornly fighting in each position, some of the time at close quarters with clubbed guns and the bayonet. Meanwhile Colonel Wilkin established a new line with his brigade two miles from the crossroads; and at sundown the colored

men formed on his right in the edge of a wood, with an open field in front. The enemy swarmed into that field, when a heavy fire was opened upon them from the woods, killing a large number. This checked the pursuit and ended the fighting for that day. The retreat was continued during the night, but in crossing the Hatchie bottom, twenty-five miles below Ripley, the wagon train got fast in the mud, blockading the road, and there the artillery was abandoned.

Attached to the first brigade was an Illinois battery commanded by Captain (now Major) John A. Fitch. As the troops were about to retire, Captain Fitch was directed to put his battery in position at the crossing of the two roads, to sweep the woods and the roads in his front with shell and canister, and to maintain the fire until the infantry were well under way.

The Captain obeyed, and continued firing until he discovered the enemy close to his left flank and moving toward his rear. To reach the spot where his battery stood he had crossed a bridge over a creek, two or three hundred yards in rear of his position, and while his guns were being limbered up the enemy got possession of that bridge. There was nothing then to do but to abandon the battery or to jump the creek with his guns. He started the battery at full speed straight at the creek west of the bridge, trusting to luck. The creek was about twenty feet wide, with perpendicular banks and three or four feet down to the mud and water. As the guns and caissons went down into the water the lead horses went up on the other side; and in their frantic efforts to pull out, the horses tore down the opposite bank, making an incline. Everything cleared the creek in good order but one gun, and that upset. The Captain sprang down into the water to assist the cannoneers, and, by heavy lifting, the gun was got out. Everybody and everything then scurried away across a cottonfield and into the woods,— everybody but the Captain. He had sprained his back lifting at the gun, and at first was unable to walk. When the men reached

the woods, they discovered the Captain slowly limping along, near to the creek and about a quarter of a mile away.

The "Johnnies" were coming on in swarms, firing rapidly at the woods, and he was considered as good as dead or a prisoner of war. But the colored boy who took care of the Captain's two private horses, seeing him near the creek, rode to him on a mad gallop with both horses, and helping him to mount, brought him in safety through that shower of bullets to the woods. It is needless to say that the presence of mind and bravery of that colored boy saved the Captain from a journey to Andersonville, if it did not save his life.

This boy was a Virginia slave, captured at Champion's Hill. At the time of that battle he was attending his master, John B. Page, whose name he took, and who was a captain in Loring's division of the Confederate army. At the end of the war, Major Fitch brought John to Chicago and sent him to school. He obtained a fair education, and he is now a cook in charge of a Pullman dining car on the Union Pacific Railroad. He married a respectable colored girl, owns a home and a couple of lots on the north side, has a number of children, and his eldest daughter is now a pupil in one of the Chicago high schools.

To return to the colored troops. The retreating army reached Ripley the morning after the battle, and there the negro regiments received an order from General Sturgis, informing them that they were to guard the rear on the retreat to Memphis. As Colonel Cowden and Major Lowe had been badly wounded the day before, the senior captains, Captain A. T. Reeves of the Fifty-fifth, and Captain James C. Foster of the Fifty-ninth, took command of those two regiments. Three roads led out of Ripley in the direction of Memphis. The second brigade, with General Sturgis and the cavalry, had already left the town, taking the road farthest south. Colonel Wilkin with his brigade was moving away on one of the other roads, but before the colored men could start, they were attacked by the enemy and exposed to a galling fire. They had only a few rounds of am-

munition left, and when that was exhausted they were obliged to repel this attack with a bayonet charge. Eye-witnesses say that this bayonet charge was made with a determined rush, driving back the rebels in great confusion, showing that the ex-slave from the plantation was fully equal in bravery and spirit to his congener, the Turk of Algeria.

After making this charge, the colored men were faced about, and to keep up appearances were deliberately marched away in line of battle. I have received a letter from Captain Foster giving a detailed account of the retreat from Ripley, and from this point I shall let him tell the story in his own words. "After going perhaps a half mile," says Captain Foster, "we found ourselves in a wood with a dense undergrowth. A halt was called and a consultation held between Captain Reeves and myself. A scout was sent out, who reported that we were within a hundred yards of a road filled with the troopers of Forrest, apparently ignorant of our whereabouts, and in eager pursuit of our forces, which had been gone for nearly an hour. Our situation seemed deplorable. We were seventy miles from our only hope of relief. Many of the men were barefoot. We had fought and marched for twenty-six hours, with only three hours' rest, and in that time had traversed a distance of fifty miles, down to the battlefield and back. There was not a ration or a cartridge in the two regiments. The men were silent and grim, but ready to follow their officers wherever they might lead. Captain Reeves and I failed to agree upon the route to pursue, he desiring to march through the woods parallel to the road taken by our troops, while I insisted upon striking due north with a view to reaching the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, where the men were acquainted with the country, and, if we were forced to disband, many would be able to reach Memphis. There was no time to waste in talk. Word was passed to the men to be silent as the grave, and to follow their officers. I started with the Fifty-ninth due north, Captain Reeves leading away the Fifty-fifth by the other route. There

was no straggling or disorder. Although we marched rapidly, a single halt and a front, with a little time to close up, would have formed a perfect line. About one o'clock we struck a road which turned out to be the one taken by Colonel Wilkin. We were surprised to find that this road had just been travelled by marching troops, but the guns and ammunition with which the road was thickly strewn told whose men had lately passed along. My men picked up the ammunition, and with it filled their cartridge boxes and pockets. This renewed our courage and gave us hope. I then tried to communicate with Captain Reeves, but failed to do so. We continued our march until dark, when we came up with Wilkin's brigade. I halted at the roadside and reported to Colonel Wilkin. I found him utterly discouraged, although he had not seen an enemy since leaving Ripley. He expressed regret that the colored troops had found him, as we could not hope to escape, Fort Pillow being fresh in his mind. I promptly offered to relieve him of our presence and declared my determination to proceed as best I could to Memphis. He had less than one hundred muskets left in his whole brigade, and when I told him that my men all had their guns and plenty of ammunition, he concluded that we would be a good thing to have between him and the enemy and ordered me into camp and to picket the entire camp, which I did. Colonel Wilkin was a brave man, as he proved only two weeks later by giving his life for his country; but he was not strong physically, and on this occasion fatigue and starvation had taken the pluck all out of him. At midnight the march was resumed and continued without incident until about noon, when the rear of the column was attacked, just before coming to Wolf River, by a regiment of cavalry. It was necessary to bring all the colored men into action in order to check the enemy, who was getting quite bold; but a few minutes was sufficient to send away this body of cavalry. After driving it back, I saw another body of cavalry coming down Wolf River to cut us off from the bridge, and I gave the command, 'Double-quick, march!'

when I heard exclamations from the men: 'I won't run!' 'I'll be damned if I run!' I at once gave the command, 'Common time, march!' The brigade of Colonel Wilkin had crossed the river and was marching away; but a detachment of half-breed Indians belonging to a Minnesota regiment, seeing our danger, posted themselves behind trees and bushes, and whacked the enemy, holding him in check until we had crossed the bridge and thrown the planks into the water."

Colonel Wilkin, speaking of this in his official report, says: "Our rear was charged upon by Buford's cavalry, but the imperturbable coolness and steadiness of the colored troops, under command of Captain Foster, kept the enemy in check and prevented confusion." Captain Foster says that, aside from these "won't run" exclamations, hardly a word was spoken by the negroes during the retreat. The enemy soon found means to cross Wolf River, and followed the column to the end, frequently skirmishing with the colored men, who marched in the rear. About 2 P. M. of the third day, between Germantown and White Station, they met a train of cars coming to their relief, having upon it a Missouri regiment. If these Missourians had been opposed to arming the negro up to this time they now took it all back, as they emptied their haversacks for the colored men, giving them everything.

Captain Reeves and his men did not fare so well. After evading the enemy for a time, they were forced to disband. Some of the officers and men finally reached Memphis. A number of the officers were captured and sent to Andersonville. Many of the men were never heard of after, although it is known that some were chased by the cavalry and by bloodhounds, and, as they were caught, promptly murdered.

It is not my purpose to criticise the generalship of the commander of that expedition, any further than to say that in my judgment a prudent general, after passing a swamp with his army (including a long wagon train) and with but one narrow road for retreat in case of disaster, would, when informed that

his cavalry had struck the enemy five miles in advance, have halted the column, gathered the troops well in hand, rested the men, called back the cavalry, and let the enemy do the heavy marching in the hot sun, if the battle was to be fought on that day. This was the first and only time that the veterans of Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg ever yielded to a panic.

A few days after the return to Memphis, one of the number which had followed Captain Reeves came in, mounted upon an emaciated horse, bareheaded, barefooted, and almost naked, with his gun burst at the muzzle. The men guyed him unmercifully on his appearance, the negro himself joining in the merriment. He was asked why he carried that gun, which would n't shoot. He said: What for you say dat gun won't shoot? Dat gun will shoot. Shot a bloodhound trailin' me dis mawnin' out dar in de woods." "But where did you get your ammunition?" "Foun' lots o' cattridges all 'long de road."

In the summer of 1862 Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus Hatry, an Ohio soldier wounded and taken prisoner near Cumberland Gap, was on his way to a Southern prison-pen. One night in central Alabama he escaped from the guard and concealed himself in a negro cabin. The negroes dressed his wound and fed him, and, watching their opportunity, passed him along northward, concealing him in the daytime and piloting him through the woods and by-paths at night. Hatry was unable to walk for the first few weeks; but he was of light weight, and when it was unsafe or inconvenient to press an old horse or a mule into their service the negroes toted him on their backs. The Confederates made a diligent search for their lost prisoner at the time, but the colored people and the old horses and the mules all along the route kept their own counsel, and at the end of about ten weeks Hatry was safely delivered within the Union lines in the State of Kentucky.

These faithful traits of the negroes, verging upon the pathetic, were frequently coupled with touches of humor, showing their appreciation of the comic and the grotesque. The day before

the battle of Shiloh, General Sherman came to our battery and proposed an exchange of horses, stating that his horse was not an easy rider. We cheerfully assented to the proposition, and told the General to take his choice of those in the battery. It turned out that the one he let us have was neither a beauty nor remarkably serviceable as a battery animal. In those days, and long after, General Sherman had a negro body-servant named Bustamente. His duties varied from personal attendance upon the General to running military errands. This so confused Bustamente's ideas that he considered himself a member of the General's staff. He brought to the battery that horse we were to take in exchange from the General. Bustamente's idea of his position would not admit of his acknowledging that his master would get the best of a bargain in a horse-trade; and he wished the men in the battery plainly to understand the distinguished honor of being allowed to dicker with "we-uns of de staff." "Dat hoss," he said, "am Mo'gan stock, sho's you bawn. He done come from de blue-grass region, seh. Lots of money done change hands on him, seh. He's mighty limba in de jints, seh." And we accepted that valuable reminiscence of old Kentucky, duly impressed.

As a staff officer, Bustemente was not a success. On the next day after the battle began he rapidly made tracks to the river and never stopped until he reached Paducah. A week or ten days afterwards, when things had become quiet up the Tennessee, he put in an appearance at Sherman's headquarters with a back-load of poultry. The General received him with a grim "Where have you been, you damned rascal?" To this Bustamente responded, with the gravity of Brother Gardner of the Lime Kiln Club: "Done been hunting up delicacies for de table, seh. 'Peahs to me dat de staff been libben uncommon poah, seh. Hed to go a mighty long way to fine some chickens, seh, and had to pay a pow'ful high price foh 'um, seh."

Our war records show that from first to last there were 179,000 negro soldiers in the Union army. Of this number about

37,000 were among the killed, wounded, and missing. About 150,000 more were employed in the engineering and quartermaster's departments. These soldiers participated in some of the most severely contested battles of the war. They were always ready to fight with the bayonet, whether in attack or in defense, proving, to the astonishment of the enemy and the surprise of their friends, that they had great personal courage. They took an active and creditable part at Olustee, Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, Petersburg, Nashville, Fort Wagner, and Newmarket Heights. At the latter place, Fort Harrison, an important position, was assaulted and taken by a column of negro troops, fighting wholly with the bayonet. On the next day they held the fort against a large force sent against them to take it back, beating off the enemy with heavy loss. Had the war continued another year, it is doubtful if the Confederates would have ventured to meet the negro with the bayonet in the open field. It is quite certain that they would not have dared to repeat the incident at Fort Pillow, for two reasons: first, because they had a mortal dread of being taken prisoner by him; and secondly, because experience had taught them the extreme folly of trifling with what might be called the "business end of a mule."

It is one of the peculiarities of the American that he has a decided objection to the bayonet except in case of urgent necessity; for the white American soldier is first and foremost a civilian, and has a civilian's detestation of cold steel. The negro of that period, however, in common with the Russian and the North African, developed into an absolutely cold-blooded soldier,— the best of material for the rank and file of a regular army. Centuries of development have evolved a peace-loving white American citizen of humanitarian habits, who will fight, if fight he must, pluckily and desperately; but he prefers the repeating rifle and the Gatling gun as the most civilized weapons in warfare. "A short shrift and a merry one" would always be the motto of such as he. And it is possible that a century from now he will be perfectly willing to see one long unbroken

line of sable warriors march out to settle his quarrels and defend his honor.

When mustered into the service the negro lifted up his right hand and swore to bear true faith and allegiance to the government and flag and to obey the orders of the President and the officers appointed over him. Superstitious by nature, and believing Abraham Lincoln to be the Moses of his race, this oath, which he could understand, assumed for him the solemnity of a creed. Gifted with an ear for music and rhythm, and exulting in the recognition of his manhood, emphasized and made patent by the uniform he was given to wear, he took up the battle hymns of the Republic and sang them, in camp and on the march, with the same unction and fervor that characterized his religious songs. At all times and under all circumstances, when called upon he obeyed orders, cheerfully and manfully standing up to the work; and if at any time while wearing the Federal uniform he disgraced it by cowardice, we have never heard of it. That he did not lift his hand against his master until he could do it in honorable warfare is to his everlasting credit.

When we had determined to free the negro and to arm him, and the other side had refused to do the same thing, we took half a million of able-bodied men from the cornfields of the South to be converted, if need be, into warriors for the Union; and from that moment, counting every other factor out of the problem, the doom of the Confederacy was sealed.

OUR COMMANDERS.

By JOHN S. WILCOX.

[Read September 14, 1893.]

A GENERAL concensus of opinion declares a noble people to be the best national product. Every great crisis brings into prominence the finest types of this product to meet the emergency of the time. Our Revolutionary sires, although bred under monarchical government, were, by their peculiar environment, in reality more nearly the product of self-government than of monarchy. The burning eloquence of the obscure Virginia lawyer, that electrified the colonists, and the bold enunciation of individual rights embraced in America's Declaration of Independence, that swept aside the time-entrenched sophistries of birthright prerogatives, and anchored at once upon the bed-rock of equal citizenship, were the natural product of an environment which had long demanded, in the isolated condition of the colonists, the utmost individual bravery and readiness of thought and act in protection of person and property; and when kingly usurpation passed further endurance a sturdy people presented brave and splendid leaders, admirably equipped to successfully meet the hazardous emergency of rebellion and revolution.

Washington and the group of statesmen and soldiers who were his compatriots, the product of American environment, established at the birth of our Republic a very lofty standard of American manhood. Three-quarters of a century of comparative peace followed, bringing to the front such eminent citizens as Madison, Story, Clay, and Webster, and in the long, enervating summertime of peace the people fell into a drowsy indifference to the steady encroachment of the theory and practice of African slavery, which, although entirely in opposition to and

subversive of the distinctly underlying doctrine of equal individual rights upon which the corner-stone of our government rested, attained such political power in the land that it dominated and controlled the party issues and governmental policies of the time. But upon Liberty's battlements, such sentinels as Garrison and Phillips and Sumner and Beecher kept sleepless vigil, and their warnings aroused the people. A sharp discussion of the relative authority of Nation and State and of the personal rights of man ensued. Political parties melted in the fierce heat of the debate and were disintegrated. New affiliations were formed, slavery's political power was broken, and above the turmoil of partisan strife arose the rugged personality of the people's tribune,—freedom's evangel—Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States. Alarmed, enraged, and vindictive, slavery assumed its old guise of nullification and secession. Its advocates denied and defied the National authority, and demanded to be let alone while they robbed the treasuries and seized the arsenals and forts of the Government. By leaders long trusted, a law-abiding people were told the Government had no legal right, under the Constitution, to save that Constitution from violent destruction. "The Constitution has placed in the hands of the general government many means of preserving the Union by conciliation and compromise, but nowhere has it given it the sword," was the language of Jeremiah Black, Attorney-General of the United States. Treason laughed in scornful defiance. Loyalty hesitated in amazement and doubt. A great patriotic, liberty-loving majority prostrated itself at the feet of a treasonable, slavery-worshipping minority and begged for peace. How abjectly senators and representatives besought perjured traitors to stay the hand of treason! And how derisive was the response, while in the protecting presence of a weak and vascilating executive the work of national despoilment went on. The heart sickens with shame as we recall the close of 1860 and the opening months of 1861. The matchless valor and courage of the loyal people of America

during the four succeeding years alone saves American manhood from the stigma of servile cowardice. Those years of unfaltering bravery demonstrate the highly honorable fact that the doubt and hesitation was but the pause of a peace-loving and law-abiding people, unwilling to believe war possible, or to take any course not strictly justified by law.

Happily, with the inauguration of President Lincoln, a change in public temper appeared. The entreaties for peace were not less urgent, but more dignified, and coupled with the clear avowal of an unalterable determination to preserve the Union. Calling the attention of the threatening malcontents to his solemn oath to preserve the Government and to enforce its laws, the great President closed his first inaugural address with this last persuasive appeal: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield, and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, over all this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature." Sublime sentiments, beautifully expressed. And standing to-night in the august presence of these survivors of a hundred desperately contested fields of battle, I declare that the brave, misguided men we fought were never hated by us as enemies. The great army of the Union ever held the spirit, and believed the prophecy of our President's lofty utterance.

The assurances and appeals of people and president were alike ineffectual, and the settled purpose of armed rebellion became apparent to all. And now events pregnant with momentous results followed in rapid succession. The first strategic movement in the mighty drama of war was to force the insurgents to begin actual, open hostilities. This was fully accomplished by sending the *Star of the West* with needed provisions to Major Anderson commanding Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor. With that thoughtless, dramatic bombast,

so characteristic of the old slavery leaders, the authorities and people of South Carolina covered themselves with the mantle of temporary glory, and eternal shame, by training the first gun upon the flag, and firing the first shot in the great slave-holders' rebellion whose sound echoed and re-echoed throughout the land until the broken shackles fell from the ankles of the last slave. What memories crowd the mind and what emotions stir the heart of every companion of our order, as the tragic events of the succeeding four years are passed in review. The people's prompt response to the President's call for troops at once dispelled all doubt of the nation's ability to put into the field a mighty host of armed men. In an incredibly short time half a million men were marshalled beneath the flag. Yet they lacked discipline, their courage was untried, and, still far more profound problem, they had no commanders of known capacity and demonstrated valor.

The brilliant victories, the unparalleled success, and the splendid triumphs of the French armies under the great Napoleon from Monte Notte to fateful Waterloo, which Victor Hugo pronounces "not a battle, but a change front of the universe"; and the disastrous defeats, the shameful flights, and the humiliating surrender of the armies of the same nation under Louis Napoleon from Sarrebruck to Sedan in that sad month of August, 1870, demonstrate the vast importance of capable leadership. You and I cannot but smile as we recall the novel experiences of transforming the uniformed host of 1861 into the disciplined armies of 1863. We soon learned that our battalions were filled with brave, resourceful men. But what a blind groping there was for capable commanders, from lieutenant to general! We entirely lacked the organized training of the standing armies of the Old World, where every officer and soldier was thoroughly familiar with the duties of his rank; and no brilliant achievement in battle, no feats of daring in war, had indicated any man's capacity for command. So, with a haphazard mixture of selection in town-meeting, of commissioning by gov-

ernors, and of national mustering, we selected the commanders of our splendid armies.

Looking back upon the method, or rather the want of method, under which the invincible armies of the Republic were officered, it occurs to me that "we went it blind," relying upon the motto of our silver dollar. Do you recall our eager search for a great, heroic leader whom we might almost deify, — of whom it would be sacrilegious to suggest a doubt? The greater part of our officers from West Point and the Mexican war was in the rebel ranks. General Wool was surely too old. General Scott was far past manhood's prime, yet there was serious talk of rallying around the old hero of Lundy's Lane and Cerro Gordo. Then a resemblance between our "Little Mac" and the famous "Little Corporal" of France was suggested, and at once the people recognized the longed-for hero. How faithfully and devotedly we worshipped at the shrine of our idolatry! He commanded the resources of the nation without question. He organized and thoroughly equipped a splendid army. He spent millions upon millions of dollars. He built earthworks and redoubts upon the most approved principles of military engineering. He skirmished and fought great battles up to the point of success, and then "skilfully withdrew behind the Rappahannock or the Monocacy" to again organize and equip his army.

Meanwhile, along the thousand mile battle front of the nation, the mighty struggle was going on, and all were learning by sad and bloody experience the horrid necessities of actual war; that men of blood and iron must come into command, and that in company and in regiment, in brigade and in army corps, the less competent must give way and the fittest must advance.

As early as the close of the year 1862 the Union army was under excellent discipline and command. I believe it a truth, becoming more apparent the more carefully the facts are studied, that the rank and file of our great and splendid armies were composed of the bravest and most resourceful men, — the cool-

est, steadiest, most intelligent, and most self-reliant troops that ever bore the banners of a great and holy cause to triumphant victory. And the officers who commanded this magnificent array, from lieutenant to general-in-chief, were distinguished in camp and march and garrison by an intelligent care of their troops, a manly and courteous bearing toward all with whom they came in contact, a freedom from the vices usually incident to camp life, and a generous and kindly treatment of citizens in the then hostile communities in which we served, that engendered the warmest friendship among comrades, and that left but little bitterness among enemies, and won much respect and good-will from the Southern people. What officer in this audience of brave men is not deeply conscious of the undying affection of the soldiers of his old command, and who among you cannot recall many evidences of the grateful regard of the people among whom you marched and fought and camped? In the storm and fury of battle, when the dread angel of destruction and death waved his dark banner above the contending hosts, and gathered great windrows of mangled and slain in the awful carnage, more calm and intrepid men, more dashing, daring, determined officers than these old commanders, never drew sword for liberty and law, for good government and peace.

Surrounded as I am to-night by a group of these splendid men, I recall the memory of a courtly old gentleman of great wealth and influence, once secretary of the Lone Star Republic and a close friend of General Sam Houston, its president, who invariably arose, uncovered, and greeted with profound respect every Union soldier of whatever rank who came into his presence. It was the instinctive homage of a great soul to unparalleled valor; the grateful acknowledgement by an intelligent gentleman of inestimable service rendered to himself and to his posterity, to his country and to humanity. Comrades of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, our welcome guests to-night (that splendid corps which can point to its many san-

guinary battles and truthfully declare it was never driven from the field), and companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, in like spirit I greet you with respect most profound, with gratitude unspeakable. To each of you pertains the high distinction of having been voluntary and honorable actors in the mightiest drama ever enacted upon the stage of human history, with the whole world for your audienec, where liberty and nationality contended in mortal combat with slavery and disunion, where the existence of a great Republic of the people, and the beckoning hope of freedom and equality in all lands, were the immortal prizes. And the result of your success is our magnificent nation, the inspiration of the world, and the leader of mankind toward the rapidly approaching realization of the dream of the ages,

> "When all war drums shall be muffled
> And all battle-flags be furled,
> In the parliament of man,
> The federation of the world."

Whatever fate befalls you in life's endeavor, you may each rightfully and proudly cherish in your silent thought this deathless memory as the fleet-footed years bear you rapidly toward the near twilight of mortality and the golden morning of eternal life. This fact, of the very costliest sacrifice offered, of the very highest duty nobly done, forever remains a part of the immortal life record of every brave and patriotic soldier of our great and loyal army.

Victor Hugo, in his wonderful description of Waterloo, puts into the mouth of Cambronne a most vile and obscene ejaculation when death to himself and his comrades was the certain result of a refusal to surrender: he calls the vulgarity sublime. Such an expression was beneath the thought of any officer of our army, and illustrates by comparison, or rather by contrast, the superiority both of our cause and its defenders. As we pass in mental review the line, regimental, brigade, and division officers whom we knew personally, and as we recall our corps

and army commanders, into what a splendid presence do we enter! You and I are too true in our love and admiration of these great men to think or speak of them with the calm moderation of the unprejudiced historian; but search as I may, with careful study and reflection, the history of man's achievement, and grouping all the traits of character essential in producing the loftiest type of patriotic manhood, the highest ideal of the Christian soldier, I find them, both as a class or as individuals, unapproachable.

Compare the motives prompting Hannibal, Alexander, Napoleon, and their most distinguished subordinates, with the impulses that actuated Grant, Sherman, Meade, and the brilliant group of officers with them. Measure the difference between commanding an army of serfs and subjects drafted with mathematical certainty as to numbers, and accustomed to the most servile obedience to orders, operating in a circumscribed area, billeted and foraging upon the peasantry through whose country they passed, simply by steady day marches over the finest highways in all the world; and the vast and intricate problems our generals met, of marshalling armies of intelligent, self-reliant volunteers, their uncertain numbers rising and falling with the flow and ebb of the patriotic sentiment of the country, their operations covering an area far exceeding the length and breadth of all Europe, and the enormous agencies of steam and electricity adding their numberless complications. Call to mind the thousands of miles of sea-coast to be guarded, and of navigable rivers that must be reopened for trade and commerce, and the movement of troops; the other thousands of miles of railway to be destroyed or rebuilt and equipped as the exigencies of war might demand; and the varied and far-reaching improvements that have been made in the arms and devices of war. Think of the network of legal complications involved in conducting an offensive war among rebelling citizens of a free republic, in defense of the common nationality, with every movement criticised and opposed by a strong minority, even in the loyal states;

with a free and powerful press employing hundreds of active and imaginative reporters giving to critic and enemy, by telegraph and steam, full description of every position and movement of the army; and you may realize something of the magnitude of the difficulties met and overcome by these commanders of ours. And let no one for a moment forget that, on interior and shorter lines, defending a cause they had blindly persuaded themselves to believe sacred and true, stood a mighty army of brave and determined men, splendidly officered, and backed by an enthusiastic people, filled with a warlike spirit, and determined to conquer or die.

Thus, comparing our leading generals with the most illustrious soldiers of history, we yield the palm to none, and place them in the very forefront of those whose mighty achievements have won immortal renown. And above and beyond all this, our old commanders were men of pure lives, of unsullied honor, and inspired by the most patriotic and unselfish ambition. Where in all history are linked cleaner hearts and purer lives than those of Grant and Sherman? The touching story of a confidence as complete, of a friendship as unselfish, warm, and true as that which knit the souls of David and Jonathan, is revealed in the study of the correspondence and efforts of these illustrious soldiers. How complete is the absence of personal ambition or individual aggrandizement, — how absolute is the dedication of every aspiration, thought, and effort to the one single purpose of crushing the rebel armies, restoring peace, and bringing the whole country again into quiet, honorable obedience to the constitution and laws of the nation. And this absence of selfish and unworthy motives, this entire consecration of every power to our country's service, and to the cause of freedom and humanity, which places our most famous commanders in the front rank, at the right of history's long procession of great men, was a distinguishing trait of the gallant and patriotic officers who served between them and the rank and file. I dare not speak a single name of all this host. The

limitations of time forbid my mentioning all, and to name some and pass others, whose hand-clasp we still feel and whose lofty bearing and heroic presence is a part of our daily thought and life, would indeed be unjust. And yet, along the dark and bloody trail of cruel war from Ball's Bluff and Wilson's Creek to Atlanta and Appomattox, in camp and march and battlefield, they rise in your memory and in mine, panoplied with the mystery of life and death, crowned with the halo of deathless immortality, our comrades, our companions, our friends,—

> "Four hundred thousand men, loyal, brave, and true,
> In tangled wood and mountain glen,
> On battlefield, in prison pen,
> Have died for me and you.
> Four hundred thousand, loyal, brave,
> Have made this ransomed land their grave,
> For me and you, dear friend, for me and you."

They were men worthy to do and die for America, men worthy the honor and reverence of the people of this happy Republic, men justly entitled to the exalted place they have attained in history.

Neither should our words of eulogy be confined to those of our old commanders who served in the "bullet department" of our vast armies. The less conspicuous, but exceedingly important branches of ordnance, commissary, transportation, pay, and medical service were equally well officered. When we reflect upon the enormous transactions of each of these departments, upon the vast quantities of property and the fabulous sums of money handled by each, and note the very few cases of defalcation or fraud that occurred, our exalted opinion of the disinterested patriotism and devoted loyalty of the officers in every department of our grand army of the Union is confirmed. For, as "The love of money is the root of all evil," and as the opportunity of gratifying that love was most frequent in these branches of the service, so it is a source of just pride, and some surprise, that so few of our officers assigned to duty in these departments yielded to the temptations which beset them. The

first quartermaster of my regiment, afterward promoted to the rank and duty of captain and commissary of subsistence, who handled over $26,000,000 in money and supplies, was mustered out and lived and died a poor man, honored, respected, and beloved by all who knew him; and his record was that of scores and hundreds holding similar rank and discharging similar duties. Neither should it be forgotten that the officers and men in these branches of the service were frequently placed in positions of great peril, and often distinguished themselves by voluntary participation in most sanguinary conflicts. So our tribute of praise is given with quick and constant pride to our old commanders in the mighty struggle for the perpetuity of the Union, and we confidently claim that the high standard of American manhood established by the heroes of '76 was fully maintained by their sons of '61.

I cannot close without suggesting for your serious contemplation this thought: that the brilliant achievements of our great army and its commanders in the field should not obscure the inestimable service they have rendered the country since the close of the war. The quarter of a century following the peace of Appomattox has been an era of marvellous development of all the resources of the nation, an era of unparalleled advancement along all the lines that elevate humanity materially, mentally, and morally, an era of abounding prosperity and comfort, and an era of national happiness and peace. During all that time, in local, state, and national affairs, our old commanders and comrades have ordained, adjudged, and executed the laws of the land. These laws were inspired by the same sense of lofty patriotism and love of country that prompted their authors to accept the perils and hardships of military service, and results have demonstrated their wisdom. Peace has its victories, important as those of war. And both in war and in peace, both as soldiers and as statesmen, our old commanders have served their country and generation well, and have earned and will receive the undying gratitude of generations yet to be.

In fancy I have often thought that if a composite picture of our old commanders could be taken, showing at once all the manly graces of their human forms, and expressing all the virtues of their noble souls, it would surely realize the mad prince of Denmark's extravagant praise of his kingly father:

> "See what a grace was seated on this brow;
> Hyperion curls, the front of Jove himself,
> An eye like Mars', to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man."

THE BOYS OF 1861 — AND THEIR BOYS.

By ROBERT W. McCLAUGHRY.

[Read June 10, 1897.]

TO me has been assigned the duty, at this most unique of all the meetings of the year, to talk to "the boys." The order assigning me to this duty did not clearly state which generation of "boys" was to be addressed, so I concluded — as many another fellow has done when in doubt — to compromise by addressing both generations.

The younger portion of this audience will, I am sure, excuse me for talking first about their fathers — the "boys of 1861"; understanding by that term all who took part on the Union side in the War of the Rebellion, from 1861 to 1865, but especially those who formed the volunteer forces of the nation.

We have listened to many excellent and eloquent papers during the past year, describing the campaigns, battles, marches, and sieges in which the "boys of 1861" took part, but I have as yet listened to no description of the boys themselves, or of that process of evolution by which they were gradually transformed into the veterans of 1865. Many of the young men of this day may be ready to believe — especially if they have attended some of our reunions — that their fathers were warriors from birth; that they sprang fully armed and disciplined into the contest which decided not only the future of this nation, but largely the future of humanity.

I do not know that it is possible to convey to the boys and young men present with us this evening such a portion of our self-consciousness as will enable them to understand how the white-haired "boys" who sit beside them were brought up steadily through the experiences of camp and field to the measure of the full stature of the American citizen-soldier. I have

noticed that it is easier for the young men and maidens in our institutions of learning to comprehend the nature and conditions of Roman and Egyptian slavery than it is to understand how their fathers and grandfathers, within the last half-century, beneath the flag of freedom and under the sanctions of the constitution and laws, bought and held and sold human beings as chattel property. In fact, we ourselves can scarcely believe, as we recall it, that it was not an ugly dream instead of a hideous fact, and it will not, therefore, be strange if our sons fail to thoroughly understand "in what a forge and what a heat" was shaped and tempered and refined and purified the Americanism of the "boys of 1861."

To thoroughly understand that, young men, you must have known the boy of 1861 as he existed before the war; you must have known him in the East, in homes where every fireside was redolent with memories of the Revolution and the later glories of 1812; where the grudging soil, the requirements of the shop, and the discipline of the school, all taught him the value and dignity of labor and the spirit and habit of application; where the discussions of the town meeting, of the newspapers, and even the congregational system of the village church, wrought into his soul the conviction that every man is equal to every other man in his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and a conscience unfettered.

And you must have known him after he removed to and became a citizen of that new America, where, in the pine woods or lumber camps of the great North and Northwest, or on the prairies or along the rivers of the great West, building the village or embryo city, turning the prairie sod, or felling the forests, he was breaking roads for the march of empire; and you must have gone with him into all the ventures and experiences of that frontier and pioneer life.

You must have known him as he attended the district school in the winter, varying the monotony of study with evenings of spelling-school or debate, or corn-huskings or coon-hunts. You

must have seen him at wrestling matches, or foot-races, or "town ball" games (baseball, football, and tennis were not then known, and bicycles had not been dreamed of), or occasional election day "shindies," as he measured strength with his neighbors and laid up for himself a store of muscle and endurance that was to stand him in good stead on many a long march and in many a hot encounter.

The weekly newspaper penetrated to his home. The daily had not been heard of in his locality. The *New York Tribune* and kindred publications found their way through the mails, carried on horseback, to almost uninhabited regions, while the *Congressional Globe*, filled with ponderous speeches of congressmen, formed a sort of political library for almost every township.

In these and other publications came discussions of the slavery question in its various phases, commencing in 1850 with the question of returning to their owners fugitive or escaped slaves who had fled to Northern states, increasing in intensity with the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and reaching a white heat in 1858 when Lincoln and Seward startled the country by laying down the doctrine of an "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery, and declaring that this government "could not permanently endure, half-slave and half-free,"— speaking in words that now read as much like prophecy as the visions of Daniel or Isaiah, but were then denounced by many honest men as firebrands of disunion.

Although he kept his ears wide open to these discussions and often took part in them, the boy of 1861 did not believe that they would lead to armed strife. He heard the threats that occasionally came up from the South, but he remembered that Jackson once put down rebellion with his "By the Eternal!" and as he for the most part believed implicitly in Jackson, even it is said to the extent of still voting for him in some localities, he assured himself that the name of Jackson alone would be

sufficient to "down" any rising spectre of secession or disunion. I doubt if one in ten of the boys of 1861 believed, even as late as December 1, 1860, that the Southerners were crazy enough to attempt actual secession, and inaugurate actual war.

But the excitement kept increasing as state after state went out, and when at last the shot against Sumter, like that at Concord Bridge, was "heard round the world," the boy of 1861 reluctantly came to the conclusion that the "arbitrament of arms" was ordered, and he was ready.

His first move was to proceed to the village green, where the Douglas and Lincoln flag-poles had stood since the last political campaign in silent rivalry; hewing them down, he proceeded to splice them into *one* pole, from which the flag of the Union should alone float thereafter. Not yet did slavery appear to him to cut much figure in the conflict. "Abolitionists," so-called, were as hateful to him, almost, as Secessionists, save that they had not taken arms against the government. But the first thing to be attended to was armed rebellion, and so the boy of 1861 answered the President's call.

To appreciate him properly you should have seen him when he put his name down on the enlistment paper for the three months' service, in the old Court House, or the schoolhouse, or the corner store — amid the cheers of his fellow-citizens and the envious blushes of all the pretty girls in the neighborhood. But not all his fellow-citizens cheered him on his enlistment. Here and there throughout the North sympathy with Secession was manifested, sometimes covertly, sometimes more or less openly, until the term "copperhead" came to fitly designate a class of enemies who, at certain periods of the war, gave the soldiers of the Union more anxiety than the armed foemen in their front; but with the coming of victory and the return of peace the "copperhead," like the "tory" of the Revolution, quickly vanished, and the name has, happily, become almost obsolete.

Little did the boy of 1861 think when signing that enlistment paper that each of those three months would lengthen into a year, and to their sum yet another year would be added, before he would see the end of the great war!

With what pride he stepped out upon the village green and was lined up with his comrades, in single rank formation, by some old fellow who had seen service in the Mexican War, and who, our hero supposed as he listened to his commands, had held at least the rank of general! How his sisters and his cousins and his aunts gathered around him, and gave him all sorts of advice as to the care of his health; how the ladies gathered into societies at once, and made red flannel shirts to answer as temporary uniforms for the new company, while the mothers prepared stores of bandages, lint, and Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and the country physicians gave daily lectures on the nature and treatment of gunshot wounds. The result proved that the mothers were wiser than the doctors, for more of the first enlisted men fell before green apples, green corn, and unripe watermelons than by the bullets of the foe.

To appreciate that boy of 1861 further you must have seen him as night closed in on that day of enlistment, and he slipped away from father and mother and sister, through the back gate and across-lots to the home of his best girl — his "Annie Laurie" or his "Mary Jane"; and as he sat with her beneath the lilac bush in the front yard, or strayed with her along the lane in the twilight or the moonlight,— or if there was n't any light they managed to find each other, — telling her solemnly that, now he has enlisted and is "going for a soldier," if she thinks any more of that other fellow than she does of him, it is the time to say so, before he shall lie dead upon the battle-field. How that head came over on his shoulder, and those curls down around his face, as she confidentially admitted that she never did think much of that other fellow anyway, and that she always knew he was a hero and born to be a great general before the war was over!

Boys, if you do n't believe that I am substantially describing thousands of scenes that occurred in 1861, ask your mothers about it when you go home to-night.

And now he starts for the camp, with the freshness and awkwardness of inexperience upon him, loaded with blankets and boots, and all the "impedimenta" deemed necessary for his comfort by the entire neighborhood from which he comes; and having never, in thousands of instances, seen a cannon more formidable than the old mill shaft used in Fourth of July celebrations, or a sabre, or a musket with bayonet attachment, he takes his place in artillery or infantry or cavalry service, without the least idea as to which arm of the service he is best adapted, fixed in but *one* purpose, that of doing and suffering to save the Union and defend the Flag. But that boy is yet, within the next four years, to give lessons to the trained veterans of Europe in cool, unflinching, intelligent courage, and to make the glories of Arcola and Austerlitz and Waterloo pale before Shiloh and Vicksburg and Gettysburg and Stone's River and Chickamauga and the Wilderness and Five Forks and Atlanta and Franklin and Nashville, and the hundred fields where American soldiers proved their right to be counted among the bravest of the brave.

To further appreciate the boy of 1861 you must have seen him when he surveyed, for the first time, his quarters in camp, and was for the first time turned over to the tender mercies of that most exasperating and yet most useful institution of the early army, The German Drill Sergeant. As he stood lined up with the awkward squad in that old field near the camp, without arms, to go through the "setting-up exercise," how he trembled at the approach of that superior being and wondered whether he was a major-general or only a brigadier!

You must have heard the tones of the sergeant as he roared out "Eyes vront!" "Toes oud!" "Leetle finger mit de seam de bantaloons!" "Vy shtand you like some —— hay-shtack? — you neffer make a soldier!" You must have followed him

through all the agonies and contortions of that dreadful day, and have gone with him that night to his slumbers, while ever and anon, through the wild delirium of his dreams, came the face and gesture of that drill sergeant, and his dread command, "Eyes vront! Eyes vront!"

And when, the next morning, he comes out from beneath his blankets, stiff and sore and discouraged, and tells his captain that he does not feel well and believes he will not drill to-day, the captain tells him that *he* cannot help him; that there is an institution in camp called "sick-call," to which all ailing soldiers must repair, in order to be excused from drill; and to sick-call he goes, — *once*, but he resolves that if the Lord will thereafter spare his life on any kind of terms whatever he will live it out in some way, or seek an early death in battle, rather than again face that terrible doctor and his more terrible hospital steward, with his pills, compared to which grapeshot would seem to be a luxury; and so back to drill he goes, reflecting seriously upon the question whether, after all, African slavery, where the master has a monied interest in his chattel, is not preferable to German slavery, where the master has only a vested right to make his victim's life a burden. But if you watch him closely you will find that day by day he becomes more accustomed to this servitude; that day by day he comes to understand more clearly the method of the drill, if not its ultimate object; until finally he can detect a smile of approbation on the grim sergeant's face, as he places a gun in his hands and assigns him to his place in company maneuvers. Now comes the drill in the manual, the loadings and firings, bayonet and skirmish drill, and all the battalion and regimental movements. With the drill in firing comes the strong desire to do some actual shooting at a real instead of an imaginary foe.

I cannot better illustrate this than by giving an incident in the history of an Illinois regiment whose colonel, known and loved by us all, rose to the rank of major-general in the service, and has since the war, as governor and senator, always honored

Illinois as she has honored him; and who now, in his retirement, is rich in the affectionate esteem of our whole people. His regiment lay at Cairo. He was ordered to take it over to Bird's Point, Missouri, for practice in the manual of arms and in loading and firing. Blank cartridges were furnished for practice. Those who remember the drill-ground at Bird's Point will recollect how the dead weeds stood up tall and slim and dense all around it, like a solid wall. After a few days' practice the colonel came to General Grant and said, "General, I can't take my boys over there to practice any more unless you will furnish us with some *real* cartridges. For two days past they have attacked those —— —— weeds and there they stand, as erect and sassy and defiant as ever. Another day of such warfare will demoralize my regiment, and I appeal to you to give me for to-morrow's practice something to shoot that has death in it!" The level-headed commander said, "Colonel, I think there is something in your idea. You shall have ball cartridges to-morrow." And he got them. Next evening, on his return, he thus reported: "General, there is not a —— weed left standing in front of my command to-day. Now you may turn us loose on the Southern Confederacy as quick as you please, and we will give a good account of ourselves."

And now to the new soldier life comes more smoothly, though still not without its hard places and discouragements, such as guard and picket duty and detail work; but the day comes at last when he appears in dress parade and finds that he can bring his musket to "order" without smashing his toes, and therefore he is sure the time has come to have his photograph taken to send home. I would like to ask the young men present if any of them have ever seen that photograph? If not, when you go home from this meeting ask your mother to show it to you, and she will delve to the bottom of an old trunk or desk and bring out to you a picture of a young man standing at "parade rest," with the light of battle in his eye, and an ostrich feather in his hat. That was her "boy of 1861."

These pictures not only remind your mothers of scenes long past which stirred their hearts as they will never again be stirred, but they serve an excellent practical purpose even in this later day. For example, I know a young man, a son of a boy of 1861, who concluded a few years ago that he would join the National Guard. He gained his parents' consent, and visions of promotion began to float through his mind. He was examined, accepted, and put through the drill for several evenings. Coming home one night, utterly discouraged and broken-hearted, he said to his mother, "I can never make a soldier such as Papa made"; and she, of course, asked why. "Oh," he said, "I am too clumsy and awkward and green-looking." His mother said never a word, but, going to a desk full of keepsakes, brought out a photograph such as I have described, and placing it before him said, "Charlie, you need never be discouraged. That is a picture of your papa when he had been a few months in the army." The young man took heart again and went ahead.

But this was the "vealy" period of his service. Gradually the habits of obedience, of promptness, and steadfast application become more natural; his uniform fits him better; his feet and hands seem less in his way than before. One evening at dress parade he hears an order read assigning his command to —— brigade —— division —— army corps, and ordering three days' cooked rations prepared. The next morning he finds himself marching with his regiment away from the old camp of instruction down to a steamboat landing, or to a railroad station where a train of cars lies waiting, and soon he is on the road to Dixie, leaving the country that he soon after learns to refer to with affectionate reverence as "God's Country!"

What an experience it is for him, as down the river on that old transport or along the interminable miles of railroad in his cattle car, he speeds toward and across Mason and Dixon's line to the rendezvous, where Sherman or Grant or Thomas or Buell or McClellan are organizing forces "to re-possess the

forts, places, and property which had been seized from the Union," as the President's call had put it. How long the journey seems, and how pleased he is when the wheezy steamer ties up a while for wood, or the train stops for water, and he is permitted to go ashore and stretch his legs, and *admire* the animals or fowls resident in the vicinity.

But at last the destination is reached, and one morning he finds himself in camp with his command on Southern soil, well back from the steamboat landing, in the timber. Away out to the right and left he sees the white tents going up, indicating that other brigades and divisions are coming in, while back toward the landing, quartermaster's stores, commissary stores, and ordnance stores are being piled mountain-high, while batteries of artillery appear, pass, and disappear through the timber as if by magic. He now begins to understand that he is in an enemy's country, and finds it perfectly easy to keep his eyes open while on picket — though as yet he has seen no enemy. If he finds himself sometimes involuntarily inquiring of himself whether he is likely to be a little nervous when he does see an enemy, he dismisses that question promptly as unworthy of an answer by a soldier.

In a few days his camp is pushed a little farther to the front, and he sees a more extended line of encampment than he has ever seen before. His letters to "Annie Laurie," as well as to his father and mother, give glowing accounts of this pomp and circumstance of war, especially after his division has passed in review before the major-general commanding. And the evening after he and his fellows have drawn forty rounds of cartridges apiece he submits to his father, confidentially, some mathematical calculations, showing what a tremendous hole will have been made in the Southern Confederacy when his regiment alone has emptied 40,000 cartridges into it, to say nothing of the other regiments of the command. While to quiet Annie's fears, he writes that statistics show (so he heard the surgeon say the other day) that sixteen pounds of lead are

fired for every man killed in battle, and that he has learned from a reliable source that the Confederacy is very short of lead.

And now he catches glimpses and gathers information of movements of cavalry going on in front of our lines, which, the wise men of the camp say, betoken a force of the enemy not far off. In fact, reports have drifted through the camp for some days that the enemy is in large force in the vicinity, and evidently in fighting mood.

One day his whole brigade is suddenly ordered under arms and sets out in the direction that he has seen the cavalry take days before. Away through the timber, across the clearings, through old fields they march, until they finally halt near a deserted cabin, which seems to be a sort of headquarters, as he notices a general officer occupying it, with aids and orderlies rapidly coming and going. While his command rests in place, there comes from over the hill, in the distance, the sound of firearms, — the sharp crack of the carbine, mingled with the heavier note of the Belgian or Enfield. Some cavalrymen come back hanging heavily in their saddles. His line is brought to attention and ordered forward. The noise in front increases, and the sounds fill him with a new and strange sensation. As he analyzes it, after he returns to camp that night, he decides that it is a sense of *awe*, but had in it no taint of *fear*.

As he nears the crest of the hill, with his heart in immediate proximity to his throat, there dashes past a section of a battery, and soon the notes of the bulldogs steady his nerves wonderfully. The noise of musketry speedily diminishes, and as his command reaches the scene he is somewhat disappointed, and yet relieved, to find that the enemy has disappeared. As they march back to camp he learns that his own and other commands have been out on a "reconnoissance in force," and what he heard and has come so near seeing was a skirmish, or an "affair," chiefly with cavalry.

Similar movements now become frequent. Another recon-

noissance gives him his first sight of a soldier killed in action. The cavalry comes in demoralized. Heavy artillery firing is heard in front. One evening the regimental commanders are hastily summoned to brigade headquarters, and upon their return the field staff are summoned to regimental headquarters. Pretty soon those little wizards of the camp, the orderlies, begin to flit about with mysterious messages and airs of the greatest importance. The company officers come around and quietly, but carefully, inspect knapsack, haversack, musket, and cartridge-box, and give orders about rations. The detail for picket duty is doubled, and as night comes on there settles down upon the camp that indefinable quiet that cannot be described but can never be forgotten. The noisy "blowhard," who has been hunting a fight ever since he left home, is no longer in evidence. Around all the campfires and in all the tents, if they have any, the work of writing letters goes on until a late hour; and still later, around the smouldering embers, comrades can be seen in earnest conversation; here father and son (for both in many cases were boys of '61), and there near neighbors, are discussing the possibilities of the morrow, and making agreements accordingly.

Soon the morrow comes,— the morrow big with fate for the boy of 1861. The day which is to set for him forever the high seal of character, or stamp him as unworthy the name of American. The hasty breakfast disposed of, he is soon in his place, and the regiment is marching in column of companies through the timber in the direction from which the sound of strife had come the evening before. He passes ambulances that seem to be waiting for business. He sees upon a log the surgeon's instruments and rolls of bandages. He carries a solemn face in that march, perhaps a pale face, perhaps a face that shows the instinct of self-preservation in strong development; but there is no sign of fear in it, save the fear that he may not acquit himself according to his own high standard.

Now they reach the edge of the timber, the leading com-

panies deploy as skirmishers, and he discovers another line of skirmishers in the shadow of yonder timber, and soon makes out that they are clad in gray and butternut; and as they open fire, he concludes with Major Stillman, of Indian fame, that they are "no friends of his." As the skirmishing grows heavier the "spat," "spat" of the bullets is heard as they fall around him, while he stands in that trying moment of suspense, waiting for orders. With the occasional expression of pain from the lips of a comrade that tells its own story, there is borne in upon him the awful realization that the war is actually on and he is actually in it. Now come the quick sharp orders which move the regiment to the front in line of battle. The skirmish line comes back, and he sees a heavier line of gray and butternut before him; he hears that terrible yell, which can never be forgotten; he catches a glimpse to right and left of puffs of smoke, heavier than musket smoke, and the screech of a shell tells him that the "Johnnies" are getting batteries into position. All the past of his life seems to pass in review before him, as it is said to present itself to a drowning man. I have no doubt that, if time permitted, the numberless instances when he had cheated at marbles or in swapping knives, or had played hookey, stood vividly before the mind of many an innocent-looking veteran here present at such a moment as it has never done before or since.

But the patter of musketry deepens to a crash; the yell comes nearer and louder. He hears the voice of his commander, calling him to fight for the Flag and the Union. All within him that is manly responds to the call. He ceases to regard what is going on about him and gives himself to the work before him.

Now the good work of the German drill sergeant is made manifest, and the boy of 1861 blesses his memory, as he loads and fires with the accuracy and steadiness born of drill, and, from the force of discipline, keeps his place in line without being panic-stricken. He takes no note of time; but an hour or two

later, as he stands over yonder in the timber, from which the rebel yell and the rebel lines have vanished, and wipes the sweat from his brow and the grime from his musket, he cannot realize, nor has he since been able to realize, how, within that supreme hour of his life, he has been transformed by a new birth from a *citizen* to a *soldier*, aye, perhaps to a *hero* of the Republic. But it was so. And afterwards, for four long years, he marches and bivouacs and fights until his soldier life comes to be to him a second nature. And when peace comes at last, though he hails it with joy, he lays aside that musket and cartridge-box, or that sabre, almost with a sigh of regret.

During these years he may have worn, in turn, the chevrons, the bars, the leaves, and perhaps the eagle and star of command, but at their close he is the boy of 1861 still. Applied to him the words of the poet are eminently true, that

"The thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

He has lived an age since he put his name down on that enlistment paper.

Behind him are the confused noise and garments rolled in blood of the battlefield. Before him is his country — saved, it is true, from the assaults of armed treason, but still to be reunited, disenthralled, regenerated, enlarged, and perpetuated through the blessed ministries of Peace!

To this new warfare he feels himself called, as truly as he was called by duty to the field of arms. To put the iron of liberty into the blood of the nation; to give us a definition of citizenship which shall mean something; to incorporate into our constitution and laws the principles for which he fought; to care for the widow and orphan of the fallen; to rebuild the waste places that the war had made, and to so treat the brave men who had fought valiantly in a most mistaken cause that they shall voluntarily abandon it as a lost cause indeed, — these were some of the duties that presented themselves to the boys of 1861 at the close of the conflict, and have pressed upon them ever since.

In meeting these duties, the boys of 1861 have often been misunderstood, misrepresented, and maligned, but with steadfast step and faces to the front they have marched along these lines for a third of a century since the noise of battle ceased. And when, a few months ago, the Supreme Court of the United states, composed in part of those who were once our foes, engraved by a unanimous decision, as by a steel point on a great rock, the following doctrine, not only upon the records of the nation but upon the general mind as well, — "*We hold that the government of the United States is one having jurisdiction over every foot of soil within its territory, and acting directly upon each citizen; that while it is a government of enumerated powers, it has, within the limits of those powers, all the attributes of sovereignty*"; — I say, when the boy of 1861 read that decision, and saw garnered within it the fruit of all he had fought for, he might well say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

So much for the boys of 1861, — what about their boys? Of them little need be said. Proud of their ancestry, they are already making proof of their right to be proud of their own achievements, and in all the avenues of human endeavor they are here to speak for themselves. They will not be found wanting when the nation needs them, either in peace or war. And wherever the fight is on against corruption and wrong, whether in high or low places, the nation needs them now.

We welcome you, young men, to this gathering. We say to you in the language of the gladiators of old, "*Morituri salutamus!*" We who are about to die, salute you. We welcome you to our places. We leave to you our badges and pins and insignia.

We leave a record full of errors and imperfections that we would gladly erase, claiming only that in whatever else we have failed, we have been faithful to the cause of Liberty and Union. We leave to you the Flag, "without a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured."

We believe that "as arrows in the hand of a mighty man," so will you ever be found in the cause of your country; and that, with broader vision than your fathers enjoyed, you will lead, not only our own, but all nations, grandly forward to the perfect realization of the reign of Peace,

"When the common sense of most shall hold each fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law."

REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

By OLIVER W. NIXON.

[Read May 5, 1886.]

THE history of the first year of the war in Missouri is not an exciting account of battles, but it is a part of the history of the great conflict, a kind of preparatory field educating the heads and legs of men who afterwards stormed mountain heights, and planted the old flag in the face of the enemy, and swept on to the gulf and around to the ocean, the grandest army the world has ever seen.

At the outbreak of the war no one doubted how the extreme states of the South would act, or what would be the attitude of the great states of the North; but the anxiety of the President and the authorities was great as to just the position the border states would take in the conflict.

To the President's first call for troops in 1861, the governor of Kentucky curtly replied that "Kentucky would furnish no men for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister states of the South." But the people of Kentucky, upon the election of Congressmen, called for a special session in July, elected a large delegation of Union men, and thus gave the loyal people hope. This created profound disgust in the South, and the entire Southern press teemed with invectives against Kentuckians and threatened dire retribution to the commerce of the state when the South had whipped the Northern hordes into submission. They declared they would trade with open enemies rather than with neutrals in such a contest. In the mean time a Federal force had been sent to Camp Dick Robinson in Kentucky. The governor, in a letter to the President, vigorously protested against this and demanded its removal. The President promptly refused. The South, anxious to break into

the neutrality of Kentucky, soon after occupied Columbus, Hickman, and Chalk Bluffs, and that practically settled the question at issue in Kentucky.

The condition of Missouri was much the same, only that the South had received more encouragement that Missouri would give them large aid in the contest. Her politicians and leading men were almost to a man with the South, in sympathy. The newly elected governor, Claiborn Jackson, who took the oath of office January 4, 1861, in his inaugural declared that "Missouri must stand by the slave states." A convention was called, and while the people refused to ally themselves with the Confederacy, like Kentucky, they resolved that no Federal forces should be organized in Missouri, and those now upon the soil should be withdrawn. In the mean time the secession leaders all over the state were busy in preparation. Orators were at every crossroads and schoolhouse, and the governor, ostensibly to keep the peace and really to organize an army for secession, went on enrolling the state guard. By his order the United States arsenal at Liberty was seized, and its arms taken, and word passed along the line that he would do the same with the arsenal at St. Louis.

Soon after his inauguration, the governor took into his counsels General Frost, who at once saw the importance of being able to control the United States arsenal located at St. Louis. He soon came to an understanding with Major Bell, who commanded the St. Louis arsenal. In a letter dated January, he tells the governor, "I have just returned from the arsenal, and I found Major Bell everything that you and I could desire. He assured me that he considered that Missouri had, when the time comes, a right to claim it as being on her soil." General Scott, however, became suspicious of Major Bell and superseded him by the appointment of Major Hagner, a graduate of West Point, to the command.

Early in February, 1861, Captain Nathaniel Lyon was ordered to St. Louis, with his company of regulars from Fort

Scott. He soon discovered that Major Hagner was no more to be trusted than was Major Bell, as his associates and sympathies were all upon the side of the governor and the disaffected spirits of Missouri. Lyon's confidant and main dependence at this trying period was the Hon. F. P. Blair. Blair wrote letters and made several fruitless visits to Washington, endeavoring to impress President Buchanan and General Scott with the danger to the arsenal, and begging for a firm Union man to be sent to the post. They turned a deaf ear to the requests. The day Lincoln was inaugurated President, the secessionists tried their best to bring on a conflict in the streets of St. Louis, and thus gain an excuse to carry out their project of seizing the arsenal. But Captain Lyon wisely avoided it.

Through the agency of Blair, Captain Lyon was put in command of the arsenal, nine days after the inauguration of Lincoln, and at once began to make active preparations for its defense. In this he was constantly hindered by the over-officiousness of the commander of the department, General Harney, who at that time, seemed to think that his mission in Missouri was to make and keep the peace by conceding everything that was asked by bolting and half-rebellious Missourians. On April 6, the government at Washington gave Captain Lyon supreme command of the arsenal, and soon after promoted him to be brigadier-general, and gave him command of the department, removing General Harney to another field of labor. At this time a large force of state guards were in camp near St. Louis, while, through the aid of F. P. Blair and Franz Sigel, 5,000 Union troops, mainly loyal Germans, had been enrolled in and about St. Louis. These were called "Home Guards" in distinction from the disloyal "State Guards." Hearing that it was the intention to arm these state guards from the arsenal, and still desirous of avoiding an open conflict, General Lyon, on the 16th of April, sent a messenger in haste to Governor Yates asking him to make a requisition through the authorities at Washington upon the St. Louis arsenal for 10,000 stands of

arms, and also to hold for service in Missouri six new regiments of Illinois troops then nearly ready for service. The order came, but the secessionists were watchful, and when the arms were brought out for shipment they were seized by the state guard, and the party dispersed amid great rejoicing. It turned out that this was only a ruse, as a lot of old and useless arms were at first brought out; but this left the course clear, and the 10,000 stands of good arms were that night loaded on a steamer and safely conveyed to the capital of Illinois. General Lyon soon after resolved to break up the camp of state guards near St. Louis, and at the head of his own and Sigel's forces marched out to their camp followed by a hooting mob. General Frost made no open resistance, but vacated his camp.

There were men prominent in Missouri who yet hoped to avert war, and for this purpose they asked consent for a safe conduct of Governor Jackson and General Price to St. Louis for a conference. General Lyon consented, provided that F. P. Blair should be present and do the talking with these wily politicians. They met at the Planter's House in St. Louis, the 12th of June. Lyon introduced the subject by stating that the case of the government would be presented by Colonel Blair. But it is related that inside of thirty minutes General Lyon was conducting the debate, and held his own and was master of the field. After the conference had lasted five hours, and the Governor had presented his demands, General Lyon arose abruptly, and without any apparent excitement, except the flash of his eye, said: "Rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my government shall not enlist troops when and where it please, or move troops at will, in or out or through the state; rather than allow the State of Missouri for an instant to dictate to my government in any matter, however unimportant, I would see you and you [pointing to Price and Jackson] and every man in the state dead and buried." Turning to the Governor, he said: "This means war. In an hour one of my officers will call for you and conduct you out

of my lines." Without another word, with his sword clanking at his heels, he departed.

The Governor, upon reaching Jefferson City, issued his "proclamation for 50,000 men to drive the Federal invaders from the state." General Lyon did not leave him long to muster them in, but moved upon Jefferson City, and the Governor as promptly moved out, burning the fine Morceau and other bridges behind him as he fled with his troops to Booneville. Upon reaching the capital, General Lyon turned statesman and at once organized a provisional government and called upon all loyal men of the state to rally to the old flag. Having placed affairs in good shape he marched his army in pursuit of the Governor and his army, and thrashed him handsomely at Booneville.

Such is a brief sketch of the man, patriot, soldier, and statesman, Nathaniel G. Lyon, who held Missouri in the early months of the war, against her disloyal governor backed by her leading politicians and a howling mob. Had he not afterwards, and before his death, earned honor upon the field, for his earlier work General Lyon deserves enduring memory in the hearts of all loyal men.

During the last week in July, General J. C. Fremont was placed in command of Illinois and all the territory west of the Mississippi River and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico. Perhaps no man called to a department of service at that trying period brought with him a more enthusiastic constituency from the loyal men of the Great West than did General Fremont. His life and adventures had not only made his name a household word, honored and loved, but there was a romance connected with it that stirred the blood, especially of the young men.

With all this prestige, however, it is safe to say he did not find his new field of labor as inviting as it was large. Lyon, Sigel, and Sturgis were confronting largely superior forces in the West, while General Pope at the head of 7,000 men was

doing loyal work, breaking up rebel camps and dispersing the recruits being collected from all portions of northern Missouri. The rebel General Pillow was entrenched at New Madrid with 20,000 men. Hardee occupied Greenville, on the St. Frances, with 5,000 men. Jeff Thompson was at Camp Hunter, and almost ubiquitous, while General Price and Governor Jackson were mustering in disloyal Missourians by the thousand. This briefly was the situation. Lyon soon after laid down his brave life at Wilson's Creek. The generals experienced in the conflict in Missouri were too busy in their several fields to be called in for consultation, and General Fremont's staff were not, as a rule, wise advisers. He issued a proclamation declaring Missouri under martial law. The closing sentence of this proclamation, declaring the slaves confiscated and free, of all men taken in arms against the government, or proved to be its open enemies, created great excitement all over the nation. But the President wisely and speedily suspended this clause, not because it was wrong in principle, but because it violated an Act of Congress. Another clause of this proclamation fired the heart and ire of General J. W. Thompson, who issued a counterblast, in which he declared that for every soldier of the Confederacy court-martialed and shot under Fremont's order, he would personally hang, draw, and quarter a Union man in retaliation.

My regiment, the Thirty-ninth Ohio Volunteers, after a siege at Benton Barracks, was ordered to General Pope's command in northern Missouri. His entire force was scattered over a wide district in companies and battalions. First impressions are likely to be enduring, and I shall never forget our first night attack. We knew we were in the enemy's country, and had taken all soldierly precautions, and we believed our pickets knew the gravity of the occasion and would be vigilant. The night was inky black and a rain had softened the Missouri soil. About midnight, or a little after, *boom! boom!* went the guns of the pickets away off on the left, and in a short time the

pickets came in on the jump. The long roll was sounded, but the men already had their guns and forty rounds, and were ready. The surgeon got his instruments and bandages in easy reach, skirmishers were thrown out, prayers were uttered, and when the enemy did not come, our brave boys began to feel after him. It is only necessary to say, after a fair occupancy of the field, it was found that, regardless of all the usages of war, a big, black steer had charged through the picket lines. The thing that bored the pickets worse was, that both of them were brag shots, who could knock an apple just like William Tell, and all that; and yet that steer, as was shown the next morning, did not receive a scratch.

Word reached General Pope that Colonel Mulligan, in command of the fort at Lexington, was besieged by the combined forces of Generals Price and Harris, and was greatly in need of help. Colonel Mulligan had a force reported at 2,500 men, while the besieging army was numbered at from 25,000 to 30,000. In the fort at Lexington there were stores of great value, besides a large amount of specie. General Pope ordered General Sturgis to take six companies each of the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Ohio, and reinforce Colonel Mulligan if possible. Reliable information said the rebel forces were all on the opposite side of the river, and the guns of the fort fully protected the ferry, so that we could cross.

Leaving the cars at Utica, some forty miles distant from Lexington, we were detained all night impressing wagons into the service. Our boys were delighted at the prospect of a fight, and had a jolly night of it. An old rebel had a yard full of beehives close by the camp, and the boys raided that yard during the night, and the next morning the air was full of mad bees, to say nothing of a mad rebel. He came to headquarters and made a grievous complaint that a loyal Union man should be thus abused. The General had to appear savage, and ordered all the men in line as for dress parade. He walked down the line without asking any questions; when he found honey on the

long beard in unmistakable quantities, he placed the party under arrest. He gathered from the columns in this way upwards of one hundred men. The old Missourian, who expected to see them promptly shot, expressed his delight. But they were all soon ordered to fall in, and we began our march to Lexington, and it was the last heard of the honey.

Before night we began to hear the sound of heavy guns. We rested a few hours, and pushed on. Early in the morning I was riding at the head of the column with General Sturgis, listening to the roar of the battle, and we were speculating upon our chances of crossing the river and reaching the fort without a hard fight, when an old gray-haired colored man emerged from a cornfield, and with his hat in his hand bowed and said, "Ginral, don't go down dar," pointing to the narrow road that turned at right angles down through the bottom to the river and to Lexington, four miles away. "Don't go, dey's captured de ferry, and dey knows you is comin,' an' five thousand on 'em's hid in de woods by de river to kill ye; don't go down dar, Ginral." We got off our horses, and the men continued their march. The General said, "Uncle, what instrument do you play on best?" "Ginral," said the old man solemnly, "I plays on no instrument; I'se a member of de Church of de Lord." Looking up the road where the men had begun filing down into the narrow bottom road, the old man, almost in tears, said again, "Ginral, don't go down dar!" Sturgis saw he was dealing with a truthful man, and ordered the bugler to call a halt, and passed the order to counter-march and continue the road parallel with the river. The officers were told the situation, but the men had been retreating ten miles before they began to understand it. We marched twenty-five miles before resting. We rested until about one o'clock at night, when General Sturgis, who was expecting an attack from the rear, shook me awake and called my attention to a continuous barking of dogs for miles along the opposite side of the river, remarking, "The devils are marching to the ferry, some ten miles above,

to head us off." Our column was at once put in motion, and we marched twenty-one miles to breakfast, tearing up a bridge in our rear over a deep creek, over which no cannon or cavalry could pass. So we did not relieve Mulligan, but were glad to get away ourselves. We afterwards learned that the old colored man told the truth in every particular, and few of us would have escaped. The large haul of valuables by the capture of the fort at Lexington almost made the rebels of northern Missouri feel as if they had about ended the war. It inspired them with new courage.

We went into camp at Kansas City, and prepared to join the grand army under General Fremont at Springfield. While on our road to Springfield we received orders to hurry forward, and made a forced march during one night, and found that we were in the rear of General Jim Lane and his Kansas Jayhawkers, and learned some of his methods of treating Missouri rebels. The night was dark, and whenever he came to a fence he piled up rails and fired them to light up the line of march. Along about three o'clock in the morning we found his column stopped, the wagons standing in the road and horses and mules all gone. Upon inquiry we learned that it was a large plantation of a rebel general who had done a good deal of mischief over in Kansas during their border troubles, and Jim and the boys could not think of passing without turning their stock into his growing fields at least one night, and enjoying the fires from his burning rails. At Springfield our little army met the grand army under Fremont, composed of five divisions under Generals Pope, Hunter, Sigel, Asboth, and McKnistry, — Sigel's column reached Springfield first. He was preceded by Colonel Zagonyi in command of Fremont's bodyguard of 100 picked men. There was a rebel regiment at Springfield that beat a hasty retreat, but was followed by the intrepid Zagonyi and his 100 men without waiting or calling for assistance of the thousands marching just in his rear. He charged through the town on a run. The rebel force went about two and a half miles, halted

in a thick wood, and waited the attack. Crane Creek is a small stream crossed by a bridge, then fields on each side with high worm fences, and beyond this thick woods where the rebel force was in waiting. As Zagonyi charged up this lane, between the fields, he was met by a cross-fire of the regiment, which killed and wounded a number of his men. He retreated to the creek, threw down the fences upon both sides, deployed his men right and left, and charged the concealed enemy in the woods. It was death to the body-guard and fun to the rebel regiment. Before Sigel arrived the rebels were in full retreat without receiving a scratch. The act was heralded through the land as a great act of heroism. Those looking at the ground, and all the circumstances, marked it as a courageous act, but a foolish sacrifice of brave men without reason. He could have been aided by 1,000 cavalry, and captured the party, had he shown as much good sense as he did courage. "Zagonyi's brilliant charge" loses something of its glory under the full light of the facts. At least, these were the opinions of his wounded men who fell under my care for treatment.

Soon after our arrival what was known as "Reliable Unionists" on foot, on horseback, and in wagons, began pouring into our lines, all telling the same story that General Price and a great army were coming. General Fremont had come out to fight, and he honestly believed that General Price was near at hand and would give him battle. He called his generals to headquarters for counsel, and asked their opinions upon the plan of battle. The discussion grew somewhat warm, when one suggested that "it might be best, before deciding upon a plan of battle, to know whether there was any enemy to fight." While the matters pertaining to the expected fight were being canvassed, about ten o'clock at night, the courier arrived with the dispatches announcing the removal of General Fremont and the appointment of General Hunter to the command. The newspapers of that time characterized the removal of General Fremont, just as he was preparing for a great battle, as a gross

injustice and a great blunder. But the real facts are, he was in no danger.

The next day, with a single battalion of cavalry, I visited the old battle-ground of Lyon at Wilson's Creek, and, with an orderly only, rode for miles over the country where it was represented Price's army was gathered. I talked with the people who lived there, and they united in the assertion that there had not been a rebel company in all that region since Lyon's battle. We found a number of bodies unburied from the former battle and gave them sepulchre, which was the object of our visit.

The battle of Wilson's Creek was one of the most hotly contested fights of the first year of the war, and was remarkable for two things: one, for the number of its officers who afterwards became distinguished, and the other from the fact that the Union army was not annihilated by the greatly superior force of the enemy. That it was allowed to withdraw without pursuit was doubtless because of the savage fight made under Sturgis after the death of Lyon, and the orderly method with which he withdrew the troops from the field. Of the captains and majors and colonels who fought the battle at Wilson's Creek under Lyon, seven afterwards became major-generals and thirteen brigadier-generals in the Union army, namely: Schofield, Stanley, Steele, Sigel, Granger, Osterhaus, and Heron became major-generals; while Sturgis, Carr, Plummer, Mitchell, Sweney, Totten, Gilbert, and Clayton became brigadiers. Sturgis's vigorous fight and well-managed retreat at Wilson's Creek richly earned him even higher honors than he afterwards received.

When General Hunter, by scouting in every direction, knew that there was no rebel army nearer than Neosha, seventy miles distant, and that it was not in condition to stand and fight if attacked, he began his retreat about the last week in October. Just previous to this the rebel legislature assembled at Neosho had passed an ordinance of secession. General Price was there and fired one hundred guns, and issued his famous proc-

lamation, which was expected to fire the Missouri heart. He goes on in this to state his previous demands upon the patriots of Missouri for 50,000 men, and their failure to respond. He says, "had 50,000 men flocked to our standard with their shotguns in their hands, there would be no Federal hirelings in the state to pollute our soil. Where are those 50,000 men? Come to us, brave sons of the Missouri Valley. I, at least, will never see the chains fastened upon my country. I will ask for six and a half feet of Missouri soil in which to repose before I will see my people enslaved. Come on, my brave 50,000 heroes," etc., etc.

The main army moved back toward St. Louis, while General Sturgis's command marched leisurely toward the north. It was the grandest country upon the globe for the march of an army. The roads were level and fine. The water was good. The weather was delightful, being neither hot nor cold. The peaches were ripe in the orchards, the persimmons were ripe along the roadsides, and the spring chickens were ripe on a thousand roosts, while millions of wild geese flew up from the fields as we passed. It was indeed a veritable land flowing with milk and honey. We were in no hurry, and no jollier little army ever picnicked and bivouacked in an enemy's country. The color bearers let the flag float, and our two or three fine bands took turns in playing patriotic airs. The people were intensely rebel, and occasionally the officers invited themselves out to tea in some especially inviting mansion. I recollect one evening we camped three-fourths of a mile from a splendid old mansion, the residence of Dr. Jacobs. We sent word that a dozen of us would, if it was convenient to them, call and take supper. We were always polite about such matters. The word came back to come. The supper was elegant, the Doctor was politic and amiable, but Mrs. Jacobs was the snappiest little rebel we had ever met. She boasted that she was from "Massasip," and was not ashamed of it. She knew that our army was out to free the niggers, but she "had a hundred, most

of them given her by her father, and they were as likely niggers as was in Missouri, and you un's could not hire one of them to leave, either. They knew when they were well off," etc. We did not get through with supper until long after dark, and when we started back to camp we had to go half a mile along the road, through a field where the corn had been cut and put up in shocks, and I think it safe to say, there was one of Mrs. Jacobs's niggers behind every third shock, who begged for the privilege of going along with us.

As showing how completely the colored population understood the situation and deceived their masters, I will relate another incident of the march. We did not have a good camping place and made a Sunday march. While passing a fine plantation, the planter, his wife, children, and slaves came down the avenue and stood looking at the troops as they marched by. As I rode up I spoke to a bright-looking mulatto man who seemed to be the overseer, and said, "I have some sick men, and I would like to buy three or four of those fat sheep" (which were grazing in the pasture near by). He spoke up promptly, and loud enough for his master to hear, and I saw he was pleased: "Massar would n't sell de likes of yo un's dose sheep." "What," said I, "master?" Turning to Colonel Gilbert's darky, a bright colored man, I said: "John, come here. A man here says he has got a master that owns him." "What," says John, "you say he owns you like a hoss? Ha! ha! I never heerd of such a thing," and the black people hung down their heads, and we went on to camp about four miles distant. That night about eleven o'clock Major Lathrop came to my tent and called me. I supposed someone was sick, dressed and hurried out, and there the boys had drawn up in line all the field hands of the plantation we had passed, and their spokesman was the darky I had thoughtlessly joked. Each of them was armed with a stout stick, and a handkerchief containing a few clothes, and they asserted they had only been waiting for the Union soldiers to come along. The spokesman argued, while

the whole line stood with heads uncovered and in silence. He said: "We wants to jine ye. We will wash yo' close, cook yo' suppahs, drive yo' hosses, and do everything." I explained to him the rules that had been issued to the army, and that their master would come right along the next day and carry them back. I said: "Boys, go back home and be a little patient, for the time is coming when you will not only be allowed to cook suppers and drive teams, but you will be asked to carry guns and do some shooting." I never shall forget the quick response, while the whites of their eyes shone in the moonlight: "Massar, how long 'fore you tink dat mought be?" I replied, "Not long; take my advice and wait; it will come, and I think soon." They gathered in a knot and talked for ten minutes or more, bade us good-night, but concluded to take their chances for freedom and moved off down the road in the direction the army was to march. Two days after, the most of them were seen by a part of the command tied two and two, and on their way back to the old plantation.

I think I may here express a profound respect for the black man, without offending a single soldier of the old Union army. He was at all times, and amid all surrounding, loyal in heart to every wearer of the blue. He would give the best he had, and never hesitated, even at the peril of his own life, either to give information, or, amid the darkness, to guide any poor fugitive fleeing from the dead lines or the prison pen. Knowing fully the aims of their rebel masters, yet these men entrusted their wives and children and daughters to the black man's keeping, and in this all history shows no equal of the largeness of the humanity of the black man. If any loyal defender of the old flag ever forgets the negro, or ever ceases to do what he can for his elevation, he will fail in a great duty.

This entire campaign in northern Missouri was war in poetry and song, and set to music. There were just enough rebels lying around loose to make things a little spicy. We had all the good things of life to eat. Every company had a

four or six mule wagon, headquarters another, while the surgeon had at his command four four-mule ambulances. We lived in Sibley tents, with a tent for a big cook-stove, and toasted our friends when they called on us with as fine old Ingelheimer as ever was made upon the banks of the Rhine. The surgeon's call of "Come and get your quinine" was made every morning; but the boys, full of life, made but little response, and those that did, often were compelled to listen to Major (afterwards General) Noyes's stereotyped prescription, "Doctor, he is bad; give him two pills and a powder, and continue it every ten minutes until death ensues." How often the boys, during the years after, referred to the Missouri campaign, and amid their hunger and thirst and discomfort upon the march, and in the prison pens, remembered its luxuries.

Our command went into winter quarters at Syracuse, making constant forays upon the little squads of rebels who tried to make mischief. The spring of 1862 had only been ushered in, when we were again on the march to join General Pope's command, then organizing at St. Louis, known as the "Army of the Mississippi." The objective point of this army was against New Madrid, on the Missouri side of the river, some ten miles below Island Number 10. Both these points were strongly fortified, the river blockaded and all points above threatened. General Pope landed his forces at Commerce, some forty miles above New Madrid. On the 28th of February, his force, numbering 10,000 men, began to flounder through the mud upon their march, leaving most of their baggage behind to await transportation. The army was in three divisions, under the commands of General D. S. Stanley, General Schuyler Hamilton, and General J. M. Palmer, the cavalry under Colonel Gordon Granger, and the artillery under the command of Major Lathrop. After reinforcements were received, swelling the command of active men to 22,800, General Payne was assigned to a division, and other changes made.

The reports of the siege and capture of New Madrid have

been so fully written that I will only skim over the field and recite a few incidents and reminiscences of a contest which, although not attended with great loss of life, was in its results of great importance to the cause of the Union. Our army approached the lines of pickets in the rear of New Madrid upon the morning of March 3. The general commanding was aware of the fact that he had no guns of sufficient calibre to silence the heavy guns in the rebel forts. He was also satisfied that if he stormed and captured the two forts, it would be with a large destruction of the lives of his men, and when captured the nine gunboats in the river would make the forts uninhabitable. So he toyed with the enemy day after day, more to practice the men than with the hope of doing him any special damage. While waiting for the siege guns; but seeing the river full of sailing crafts landing men and provisions at New Madrid and upon the Tennessee shore, General Pope resolved to put a stop to that, and on the night of the 5th of March he sent Colonel Plummer with 3,000 men and two ten-pound Parrotts and two thirteen-pound English rifled guns, to Point Pleasant, located nine miles below New Madrid. He had a double purpose in this,— one, to cut off the vessels bringing stores and recruits to New Madrid and Island Number 10, and another to capture or disperse the rebel legislature of Missouri, located at Point Pleasant, and then in session.

Colonel Plummer had some sharp skirmishing, but captured the town and a large amount of supplies, and sent a broadside or two after the legislature, the members of which were being conveyed in boats and skiffs to the opposite side of the river. Colonel Plummer found that transports could still land above the great slough or lake on the opposite side, out of reach of his guns, and send men and supplies overland to the island and to the fort. General Pope thereupon sent down two heavy guns, twentyfour-pounders, and four hundred men with ropes pulled these through the woods and fields to Riddle's Point, four miles lower down. They were well entrenched before

they were discovered by the rebel gunboats, and under the command of our Colonel W. L. Barnum they did a good and effective work from that time until the final capture; not a transport dared show itself, and several of the gunboats were seriously disabled. Later on, one of these twentyfour-pounders, under Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, was placed still a mile and a half lower down and opposite Tiptonville. Had it not been for this wise precaution, the enemy after the evacuation would all have easily escaped upon the transports. I am reminded of one military order which the boys supposed came from headquarters, upon the arrival at New Madrid, which created a good deal of fun. It was that "Private property must be respected, and in gathering firewood for the use of the troops only the top rail must be taken." One of the old soldiers of the command says to me as I write, that this order was literally obeyed, and in an hour there was not a rail fence in sight on the great farm where the troops encamped.

On the night of the 12th of March, after nine days of waiting, and after almost herculean labors of horses and men, the siege guns, under command of Colonel Bissell, were pulled through the mud of the Mississippi bottoms, and during the darkness were placed in position about eight hundred yards distant from the main forts of New Madrid. At daylight, with men safely entrenched to protect the guns from an assault, they opened upon the enemy. The sixteen guns of the upper fort promptly responded, and were soon followed by the seven guns in the lower fort, aided by half a dozen gunboats in the river. I had placed one-half the surgeons at the hospital in the rear, and accompanied the other half to the field. I had frequently felt a desire to know just how a fellow felt when bombs and balls were flying around thick. I was sitting on my horse about one hundred yards from the siege guns when they opened up, and I had experience inside of thirty minutes. A bombshell cracked a little too close to my head, and I got off my horse suddenly, and have had but one ear ever since, and that not

over good. In an open field upon our left, solid shot rolled and ricochetted. A company of the Twenty-seventh Ohio was marching across this space when a solid shot was seen rolling slowly across the field. The boys thought when it reached them they could jump over it unharmed, but they were not experienced in such things and failed to be quick enough. It took the right leg in front and the left leg of the man in the rear, passed entirely across the field, through a fence, and shivered a young sapling. A company of reserves were lying flat on their bellies, having scooped out holes in the sand until their backs were on a level with the surface. A ricochetting ball came dancing and bounding across the field and lighted squarely on the blanket folded on the back of the soldier, bursted his canteen and scattered his haversack and rations in every direction. It was ten minutes before the little Dutchman could be pursuaded that his whole internal viscera had not been scattered around, and that he was not hurt. One shell thrown from the lower battery struck squarely in the muzzle of one of our siege guns, bursting it and killing one man and wounding eight. Last summer I was seated in my office when a gentleman came in, and introduced himself as Major W. H. Toler, of Los Angeles, California. Something that I had written attracted his attention, and in talking over matters, he told me he was captain of the lower battery at New Madrid and sighted the gun and threw the shell that burst our gun. He gave me this history: The shell was thrown by one of our guns, struck near him, buried in the soft ground, and the fuse went out. One of his men dug it out, mended the fuse, and he threw it back, with the disastrous consequences mentioned.

The firing during the day was almost incessant, and the activity of the movement of the Union troops which had driven the enemy into their forts evidently made the commander of New Madrid expect a night charge. At any rate, that night, aided by their gunboats and barges, during a storm, they made a hasty evacuation of the fort to the opposite side of the river,

where they planted batteries along the shore. At daylight the Union army occupied the deserted fort, which had evidently been left in haste. The Confederates attempted to spike their guns, but they were nearly all ready for service inside of two hours. Pots were on the fire with provisions, knapsacks lay about, keepsakes hung in the tents and bunks. There were tents enough in store for several thousand men, hundreds of boxes of musket cartridges, and two magazines well stored with fixed ammunition, and any amount of small arms, such as shot-guns, old muskets and rifles, together with three hundred horses and mules. The main fort was built out of sacks of shelled corn, against which were thrown heavy embankments of dirt. Excepting the cannon and fixed ammunition and horses, the captured stores did Uncle Sam little good. They were all stored in a great warehouse, perhaps a hundred feet long, which stood back from the river eighty or a hundred feet. The heavy cannonading had evidently loosened the sand, and a few nights after an acre or more of the bank went in, carrying about one-half of the warehouse, and sending to the bottom of the river the rebel relics.

Having captured the fort and cut off all communication with Island Number 10, General Pope's great anxiety was to cross the river. The day of the capture of New Madrid, March 14, Commodore Foote, with his gunboats and mortars, moved down the river, and on the 16th opened fire on Island Number 10. He had eight ironclad boats and ten mortar boats lashed to steamers. These mortar boats anchored out of reach of the rebel guns and threw their shells three and one-half miles. This bombardment began the 16th of March and was kept up night and day until the 7th of April, with small loss of life. The evacuation of New Madrid enabled General McCown to plant batteries along the shore, as well as to reinforce the Island.

General Pope chafed with anxiety to cross the river, and pleaded with Commodore Foote to run the blockade with some of his gunboats, and when he refused General Pope gave orders

to Colonel J. W. Bissell to survey the bayou stretching from above New Madrid through the woods in the direction of Island Number 10. He found two bayous which he could connect by cutting a canal five hundred yards long. The work was ordered done at once. A large force was put to sawing off trees four feet under the water. These trees were large, and required removing from the track, over a distance of five miles. The enterprise caused many criticisms, and, especially up at the fleet, a good deal of merriment. But on the evening of April 30, the first big barge came in sight of New Madrid, and was soon followed by others, with some light-draft steam vessels, all of which were kept hidden behind the woods, out of sight of the rebel batteries on the Tennessee shore. General Pope arranged to take three of his largest barges, fasten them securely together, protect their sides by every means in his power, and to mount three heavy guns in the centre, and resolved to tow it as near the shore batteries as possible, anchor it, and compel the evacuation of the water batteries of the enemy, so that his troops could land. In the mean time he sent the following dispatch:

"NEW MADRID, March 27, 1862.

"MAJ.-GENERAL HALLECK:

"Your dispatch received. Will take Island Number 10 within a week. Trust me. As Commodore Foote is unable to reduce the fort at the Island, and is unwilling to run his gunboats past it, I would suggest that as they belong to the United States, that he be directed to remove his crew from two of them and turn the boats over to me. I will bring them here, but I can get along without them.

"JOHN POPE, Maj.-Gen."

March 30, when Commodore Foote found that the Army of the Mississippi would attempt the crossing of the river whether he aided it or not, he consented to have a couple of his boats sacrificed in the attempt to run the blockade, and April 4 the gunboat *Carondelet* came through safely. One can imagine the anxiety of our army in plain hearing of the terrific

roar of cannon, and of our joy when the *Carondelet* hove in sight at New Madrid. On the night of the 6th, the *Pittsburg* followed the *Carondelet*, and reached New Madrid in good shape. These gunboats were of great service in silencing the batteries on the Tennessee shore. The rebel commander had still no knowledge of our canal and our barges hid in the woods, and did not dream of our facilities at hand for crossing the river. At midnight of April 8, the bulk of General Pope's army was across the river and placed so as to effectually cut off the retreat of the enemy. General McCown, seeing his case hopeless, surrendered his entire force during the night of the 9th to General Payne, without a battle. The order was issued that the rebel forces should stack arms and march in at six o'clock in the morning. Six o'clock came, and seven was announced, with no sign of the surrendered forces, when two or three busy-bodies came in and informed General Pope that the rebels were escaping over Reel Foot Lake, which stretched away in our rear some four miles distant. This information, backed by the fact that they had not marched in as ordered, was taken as truth; and General Pope issued hurried orders to General Payne to take two divisions and make all haste to the designated spot and open up upon the fleeing enemy. General Payne had been gone over half an hour when General McCown's chief-of-staff came in and reported that the Confederates were all ready to march in, but were awaiting orders. He had not fully understood the orders and arrangements made during the night. General Pope was now thoroughly alarmed. He knew General Payne liked nothing better than such a mission, and the probabilities were that he would do considerable shooting and receive explanations afterwards. All the General's staff, by request, except myself, had gone with General Payne, and the General ordered me to mount the first horse I could reach and run him for life until I overhauled General Payne and recalled him. I made the best time ever made through the mud of the Mississippi bottoms, and overhauled the

command when they were a little more than half way. They would have struck the extreme right wing of the Confederate forces, and just what would have happened is not to be written. Undoubtedly many of them did escape during the night, being thoroughly acquainted with the country. The forces of General McCown, which marched in, numbered 6,700 men with 273 field and company officers. Besides these there were a large number of sick, scattered in barns, huts, and schoolhouses, that I visited, and by order of General Pope paroled, together with all the medical staff of the command.

While there was no great slaughter of men upon either side to attract the attention of the country, it is but fair to say that the capture of New Madrid and the opening up of the Mississippi River was a grand accomplishment. During the siege, lasting from the 3d of March until the 8th of April, General Pope made no single mistake. He could have stormed the fort at New Madrid and captured it the first week of his arrival with the cost of perhaps a thousand of his brave men. But he did not, and the results proved his wisdom and exhibited his humanity, which no general of the United States army held to a larger degree than General Pope. There were not more than two men upon his staff that believed in the success of the canal enterprise; but he did from the outset and would listen to no doubters. The transfer of an army such as that across an angry river, during its spring flood, in the presence of an enemy, and without the cost of a single life, is of itself worthy of special mention.

A little incident at this ferry impressed my mind vividly. Two divisions of the army had gone over, and General Pope and his staff and a company of cavalry were loaded upon a big, broad-horn flatboat, and had just pushed out, when from a bend in the river came down the current a wicked-looking craft, which we could not make out, only we knew it was rebel. We could see the guns, but no gunners; as it passed our shore

batteries above, every one of them opened out a broadside, but it gave no response. It passed within 150 feet of us, and proved to be the hulk of a large steamboat, which had been towed from New Orleans and had been used as a shore battery and wharf boat at Island Number 10. It had mounted a number of guns of large calibre. It ran upon the bar below the fort, and was captured.

I was ordered to take the rebel officers to prison at Camp Chase, Columbus, Ohio. General Pope instructed me to talk with the field officers while going up the river, and if in my judgment they could be trusted, to take their parole and allow the guard to return to the army from Cairo. I found them a jolly lot, and among them ex-congressmen, ex-judges, and men who had been prominent in all the professions. The field officers promised to stand by me in preserving discipline, and to a man they fulfilled their word to the letter, and amid the most trying circumstances. Our train was a special of five cars, packed full. Having lost our time, we were run on switches, and detained hour after hour. This gave the disloyal copperhead element, then rampant in Southern Illinois and in places along the O. & M. R. R. in Indiana, the opportunity they desired, and they came about the cars in droves and openly counselled the prisoners to leave, as they were among friends. It is sufficient to say the Confederate prisoners were much broader and more manly men than their advisers in Illinois and Indiana. Our worst enemies were the saloons along the track in the towns where our train was halted for hours at a time. At every stopping, my associate, Captain Crittenden, would take one side and I the other, and we would close every saloon within reach. At one time a quantity of liquor was smuggled into the forward car, and it took firm work, which showed the good mettle of the Confederate field officers, to prevent a mutiny. In due time the prisoners were all landed at the prison, except two lost on the route, one of whom came on the next

train and delivered himself up to the prison officials. As it was not exactly in the line of duty of a medical director, I did not let my travelling Confederates know that I was only in the habit of sawing off legs after the other fellows had mangled them. I caught my command upon my return at Pittsburg Landing in Tennessee, and thus ended my first year of campaigning in Missouri.

A LEAF FROM ARMY LIFE.

By W. A. JENKINS.

[Read December 8, 1887.]

JUST twenty-four years and a few months have passed since, at this very hour at night, a small army of Federal soldiers, numbering scarcely thirty-five hundred men for duty, was bivouacked in the far South upon the banks of the greatest river on this continent.

The time all over the North, as you will remember, was one of universal and supreme anxiety, not unmixed with gravest fear. We were in the very midst of a gigantic rebellion. A mighty republic had been rent asunder, and from the Potomac to the Gulf, and the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, there was one vast theatre of war. The combatants on one side were fighting bravely and with desperate determination to render the separation of the sections final, while those on the other — equally brave, possessing much the greater resource both in men and means — were as fully determined that they would contribute of both to their very utmost limit for the perpetuation of National unity.

It was almost the very darkest period ever yet reached in the history of our country. The Richmond campaign of the previous year had ended most unfortunately for the Union cause. Antietam, following some months later,— although claimed at the time as a great Union victory,— history now tells was not much more than a drawn battle, while Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in their disastrous results, not only gave fresh encouragement to the malcontents at home, but correspondingly depressed the spirits of even the most sanguine lovers of the Union.

Money was literally being poured out by the treasury at Wash-

ington at the rate of three million dollars per diem, and thousands of ordinarily good and intelligent citizens all over the Northern States were found daily giving open expression to their utter disbelief in the final success of the Union cause, the ability of the Government to pay its bonded debt, or ever redeem its circulating notes,— and every reverse, whether slight or serious to the Federal arms, was followed by periods of doubt, of gloom, and despondency.

This little army I have just mentioned, encumbered as it was with its five or six hundred invalid comrades, had been under arms for nearly a week, in daily and almost hourly anticipation of an attack, completely surrounded as they were on all save the river side by a brave, confident, and well-armed force of over twelve thousand Confederate soldiers.

I have said they were a confident force, for their commander, Lieutenant-General Holmes, had issued to them a general order in which the following language was used: "The invader has been driven from every point in Arkansas save one,— Helena. We go to retake it!" And as our companion, General Strong, has been frequently heard to say on this floor, "it was a handsome boast."

General Holmes had with him Major-General Sterling Price of Missouri, and also seven generals of brigade, among whom were General Parsons, General Marmaduke, General Fagan, and General McRae. His army was composed of eight brigades, made up from thirty-seven different regiments, and had been concentrated at a point called Spring Creek, some fifteen miles distant, and every hour had only confirmed the reports of his gradual advance. For several days no citizens from the country had been allowed to come near our lines, while those already on the inside were quiet, reserved, and extremely reticent.

On the Federal side, Major-General B. M. Prentiss, who so bravely held the "Hornets' Nest" at Shiloh, was in command of what was then known as the Department or District

of Eastern Arkansas,—although I must say that at this particular time Helena comprised about all there was of the department subject to his orders. Brigadier-General F. Salomon of the Thirteenth division, Thirteenth army corps, was in charge of the defenses of Helena, and, in the absence of General Ross, in immediate command of the troops. Colonel W. F. McLean, of the Forty-third Indiana Infantry, had been assigned to the defense of the left flank, Colonel Samuel A. Rice of the Thirty-third Iowa infantry was given the right centre, while Colonel Powell Clayton of the Fifth Kansas cavalry was placed in command of the right wing.

A battle line had been formed on the bluffs or ridges adjoining and immediately west of the town, extending from north to south, where substantial breastworks had been thrown up and rifle-pits dug; and four outlying batteries, designated respectively from right to left, as A, B, C, and D, had been established at commanding positions along the hills. In fact, no defensive measures within our means had been neglected that a wise caution could suggest, for there was not a man in the whole command, from the private to the general officer, who did not fully comprehend his danger and understand how critical his position really was. No reserve force was near at hand to be thrown into the action at a decisive moment, no line of retreat had been provided for or left open. On the contrary, a broad and impassable river was behind,—a formidable and eager enemy, in largely superior numbers, was in front. And how well the men understood that for them success in the impending struggle meant safety and honor, while on the other hand defeat meant a rebel prison or worse! History has already given you the answer.

And now on this beautiful Southern summer's night of July 3, 1863, all felt that the supreme moment was near at hand in which a battle could not much longer be delayed. The men were in their uniforms, with their arms at their side. The horses, both cavalry and artillery, were saddled and harnessed, waiting

for an instant mount, while the light artillery and heavy guns in the batteries were all shotted and ready for the fuse. During the day our outposts had been driven in and forced back almost to the skirmish line, and officers and men both realized that the morning's dawn would probably prove the harbinger of a conflict that, of very necessity, would prove hazardous to all and might be fatal to many.

I know that nearly all of you present to-night can imagine the various thoughts and conflicting emotions that occupied and moved the hearts of that little army, in the almost absolute knowledge of the nearness of the coming struggle, and what remembrances of home, with all its loved associations, must have filled their minds.

There had been an unusual commingling of the various commands throughout the evening, and now friends were busy saying their last words for the night, and comrades were exchanging messages with one another in case of serious accident happening to either. And so the encampment gradually quieted down into silence and rest,— if not to slumber.

A small group of officers, issuing from a headquarters tent, paused ere separating, struck by the almost indescribable loveliness of the scene around them. The night was beautiful beyond compare, the moon and stars being most luminous in the deep blue of that Southern sky. On the one side the majestic river swept silently by, rolling its resistless tide to the sea. On the other there rose in the dark background the densely wooded hills, called Crowley's Ridge, while the houses of the town and the once white tents of nearly four thousand soldiers were spread out over the narrow plain between. Toward dawn a dense fog gathered, and rising, settled slowly over the crest of the hills that paralleled this broad river only a short three-quarters of a mile away.

At about half-past three o'clock in the morning a sound was heard that caused everyone to spring instantly to his feet. It was the deep sullen boom of the signal gun from Fort Curtis,

telling us in unmistakable terms that the enemy was making his attack and that the conflict had commenced. The soldiers rapidly and silently fell into line and were marched to their positions at the breastworks, in the rifle-pits, or at the front, as may have been assigned them. The light batteries were run out and everything got in readiness to take position as necessity might require. The cavalry were moved out into the open ground and formed in line; where, being annoyed by the enemy's shells, and seeing how useless were the horses, they were sent to the protection of the river bank, while the companies went to the front as skirmishers and sharpshooters, or to the support of the guns. Everything had been anticipated, and all was orderly and without confusion.

And now the sharp volleys of musketry, with which the action commenced, deepened into a steady, continuous, and rolling fire, and, the smoke and fog having lifted, two of the Confederate batteries were discovered in position on our right. The firing now became general along the whole line, and thus, for five long hours, under a blazing, burning July sun, the battle lasted.

The crashing shot, the hissing, screaming shells, the sharp unpleasant singing of the minie balls, with the wild hurrahs of the combatants on either side at some success, fancied or real, — these sounds, familiar to most of you here to-night, were broken only at intervals, which, though short in themselves, seemed almost an age to us.

In our immediate front the Confederates seemed to cover every ridge and swarm in every ravine. Although they had been driven back several times at different points along the line, appearances now seemed to indicate that they were about massing their forces for the purpose of making a more determined, and, if possible, more successful effort, than any they had yet made. And we were not deceived. Very soon McRae's and Parsons's brigades were seen coming forward, apparently regardless of the severe and concentrated fire to which they were exposed, and

although twice they hesitated and faltered, yet, finally charging with a valor and desperation seldom equalled, they drove us back, and broke through our line, carrying Battery C at the point of the bayonet.

They now divided their force, one portion threatening Fort Curtis, while the other, to reach Battery D,— their next objective point,— had to cross a deep ravine in an oblique direction, and, in attempting to do so, found itself subject to a deadly enfilading fire from the rifle-pits.

Their gallant leader, finding himself unsupported and his men falling all around him, now realized, when too late, that to go forward was destruction, while to retreat over the ridge was impossible; and so, waving a white handkerchief on his sword's point, in token of surrender, nearly one thousand officers and men laid down their arms and became prisoners of war.

The transport *Tycoon*, arriving at about this juncture from some point lower down the river, was signalled to land. The prisoners, in charge of Major Edward Wright of the Twenty-fourth Iowa infantry, were taken on board, and she steamed safely out on her way to Memphis. The unique spectacle was thus presented of a regiment of prisoners taken in action, and safely placed beyond the reach of recapture, ere the final result of that action became known.

That last desperate charge of the enemy proved to be the decisive moment of the battle. The issue was in doubt no longer, for the Confederates, having lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners over one-fifth of their entire army, kept up just enough firing and show of force to protect their retreat, which now commenced under shelter of the thick woods that covered the hills in their rear. As for us, had we even been aware that they were retiring beaten and disheartened, we were too much exhausted and too few in numbers to think for a moment of following.

The scene of the conflict was now a sad one indeed. The bodies of nearly five hundred as brave soldiers as ever faced a foe lying scattered over the field, their faces blackened under the fierce, scorching rays of the sun, was a sight never to be forgotten while life lasts. Peace to the brave,— let us hope they sleep well. The battle was over, the victory was won, the day was ours. That was glory enough for us for one day, for it was the Fourth of July, our country's natal day.

I should here like to say a few words regarding two officers, General Powell Clayton of Kansas, and General Samuel A. Rice of Iowa, whose conspicuous gallantry on this occasion elicited the very warmest commendations from the general in command.

General Clayton, in my opinion, was the most accomplished officer Kansas sent to the war, and I knew them all. He was educated at a military school, and had chosen the profession of a civil engineer. An ardent lover of his country, he was one of the first to volunteer in defense of the Union. He was a captain in the First Kansas at the battle of Wilson's Creek, where the lamented General Lyon fell, and he there distinguished himself by an act of great personal daring, which for cool and audacious bravery in the near presence of the enemy had scarcely its parallel during the whole war. It was for this that he received the colonelcy of the Fifth cavalry. Of fine presence, martial bearing, and undaunted personal courage, in action he was quick to perceive and prompt to avail himself of every advantage. He led a brigade of cavalry and was one of the foremost at the taking of Little Rock; and, by his brilliant defense of Pine Bluff in the following October, where he successfully resisted the enemy, who attacked him suddenly in almost overwhelming numbers, he not only gained his general's star, but showed that he was the very ideal of a soldier.

General Samuel A. Rice, of Iowa, was a highly valued friend whom I had known intimately long years before the war. He

also commanded a brigade in the Little Rock campaign, and was with General Steele at the occupation of Camden on the Ouachita. Accompanying the army on its return march to Little Rock,— made necessary by General Banks's retreat from Red River, — and while gallantly leading his brigade at the battle of Jenkins's Ferry, at the crossing of the Saline, where he virtually saved General Steele's army from rout, he received a severe wound in the foot and ankle, which, though not considered especially dangerous at the time, eventually had a fatal termination. In his death his country lost one of her ablest defenders, the State of Iowa one of her most distinguished sons. Had he lived, there was no station within her gift to which he might not have aspired, and none that he could not have filled worthily. Esteemed and respected by his brother officers, beloved by his men, he was possessed of as brave a spirit as ever led a regiment in battle, of as noble a heart as ever throbbed in a soldier's breast.

Had the Battle of Helena occurred at almost any other period during the war, it would have been heralded far and wide all over the land, for what it really was, —a splendid victory. The annals of modern warfare furnish but few instances in which one army, when attacked by another of almost four times its strength, not only defeats that army, but kills, wounds, and captures from it a number equalling five-sevenths of its own available fighting force, besides taking two regimental colors and over two thousand stand of arms. This splendid result was achieved with a loss in killed and wounded of less than 220 men, while the rebel loss was greater than that suffered by the Federal army under General McDowell in the far-famed and justly-celebrated battle of Bull Run.

But there are few, perhaps, that have ever even heard of the battle of Helena, and fewer still who have read its history; for, on the evening preceding its occurrence, a thousand wires had flashed all over the civilized world the result of that awful

struggle at Cemetery Ridge, on the bloody field of Gettysburg, to be supplemented on the following day — our nation's birthday — by the splendid story of Vicksburg's fall. Amid the long universal acclaim of joy that swept all over the North, in anticipation of the results that might justly be expected to follow from two such important and glorious events, slight wonder indeed was it that Helena was forgotten.

MY SIXTY DAYS IN HADES.

IN HADES, NOT IN HELL, — ANDERSONVILLE WAS HELL.

BY HENRY H. BELFIELD.

[Read January 14, 1897.]

IN attempting to relate his personal experiences, a man must necessarily use freely the objectionable first personal pronoun; but I trust that I shall not make the impression on you that was made on the mind of the little son of a veteran who had the habit, as all veterans have, of "fighting his battles o'er again." After a particularly thrilling narrative, in which he probably used, as I shall use in this paper, the words I, my, and me, he was asked by the boy: "Papa, could you not find anybody to help you put down the rebellion?"

To state fully how and why I entered Hades would demand a description of the McCook raid, a full account of which is not included in the scope of this paper. But a few facts connected with that ill-fated expedition may not be void of interest. I say "ill-fated" expedition, since I think it so regarded generally, — certainly by those whom it lodged in Charleston and Andersonville, and by the comrades and friends of the brave men whose lives were sacrificed with no result. It is true that General McCook in his official report pronounces it a "brilliant success," and in this judgment he is certainly correct if one considers simply the fulfilment of his orders.

The state of affairs in front of Atlanta during the latter part of July, 1864, is well known to you all. Sherman had destroyed the Augusta Railroad, cutting Hood's communications east. If the Atlanta and Macon Railroad could be damaged to such an extent as to interfere seriously with supplying the rebel army in Atlanta, the evacuation of that city might be rendered necessary. It was probably with the hope of accomplishing such a

result that General Sherman issued Special Field Orders No. 42, Military Division of the Mississippi, July 25, 1864: —

"General McCook's and Colonel Harrison's cavalry will move rapidly on Fayetteville and the railroad beyond, breaking it up if possible. . . . The railroad when reached must be substantially destroyed for a space of from two to five miles, telegraph wires pulled down as far as possible, and hid in water or destroyed. The cavalry will, unless otherwise ordered, move out at daybreak of Wednesday, the 27th inst., and, having accomplished this work, will return to their proper flanks of the army."

In his official report General McCook says: "I have the honor to report that I obeyed the order implicitly, and accomplished all that it contemplated or directed. . . . A brief summary of results is as follows: Two and a half miles of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad and telegraph destroyed near Palmetto; the same amount of Macon and Western Railroad, and five miles of telegraph destroyed at Lovejoy's Station; 1,160 wagons burned; 2,000 mules killed or disabled; 1,000 bales of cotton destroyed; 1,000 sacks of corn, 300 sacks of flour, and large quantities of bacon and tobacco, 72 commissioned officers, and 350 other prisoners captured. I regard the raid as a brilliant success."

That this injury to the Macon Railroad had no effect in hastening the evacuation of Atlanta, and that, therefore, the raid caused a useless destruction of life, should not be blamed upon McCook, but should be charged to the account of the higher authority whose orders McCook executed successfully. Nor can any discredit attach to the troops; their fighting was superb, heroic. At one time less than a hundred men charged a rebel brigade composed of three regiments of Texas cavalry; and on two other occasions the brave boys calmly and deliberately sacrificed themselves to save their comrades. On the 9th of August, the Fourth Kentucky cavalry, one of the more fortunate regiments, was commanded by a lieutenant, seventeen

of its twenty-four officers having been lost in the raid. My own regiment started on the raid with twenty-five officers and 292 men, of whom only three officers and seventeen men returned to our lines. The disaster came when the work assigned — the destruction of the railroads — had been accomplished; and was due partly, I think, to lack of generalship on the part of the commander, and partly to circumstances wholly unexpected and beyond control. If the junction of Stoneman and McCook had been effected, as was contemplated by General McCook, the result might have been different; even when we were beset by the combined forces of Wheeler, Jackson, Ross, Roddy, and other rebel generals, if the man who, earlier in the war, was a major in one of the regiments that took part in the expedition, had been with us, and had been in chief command, this paper would possibly never have been written; but, at the time of which I am writing, that erstwhile major of the Second Michigan cavalry was Major-General Philip H. Sheridan.

On the twenty-seventh day of July the First division of cavalry, M. D. M., with a part of Colonel Harrison's brigade, in all about 3,500 men, all commanded by Brigadier-General E. M. McCook, crossed to the west bank of the Chattahoochee, and, marching down stream, re-crossed the river at Riverton. General McCook wrote to Colonel Dayton, General Sherman's adjutant-general, at nine o'clock of the evening of the 27th, that the command had made a march of twenty-six miles; that he had waited six hours for the pontoons; and that, as the mules were unable to bring the pontoons, he had sent cavalry to help the mules. About dusk of the 28th we reached Palmetto Station, on the West Point and Atlanta Railroad, and destroyed several miles of track and telegraph, with other property. Marching all night, we reached Fayetteville at daylight of the 29th, both brigades having captured rebel wagon-trains and guards. Resting three hours, we pushed on, and at 8 A. M. struck the Macon and Western Railroad near Lovejoy's Station, and destroyed several miles of track. Then came the fatal

delay that brought disaster to the expedition. Had the command rested a few hours after the work of destruction, and then begun its return, it would in all probability have succeeded in obeying the last part of General Sherman's orders,— to return to the proper flank of the army before Atlanta. But General McCook waited till late in the afternoon in the vain hope of effecting a junction with General Stoneman, who had led an expedition around the enemy's right flank, as we had passed around his left. General McCook expected to join Stoneman. That he had reason to expect a junction with Stoneman is seen from a dispatch of General Sherman to General Halleck, dated August 9, in which he says: "The plan was for him [McCook] to meet General Stoneman at Lovejoy's; but he did not meet him." Let us see what General Stoneman's orders were. On the 26th of July, General Sherman sent a dispatch to General Halleck as follows:

"Stoneman has orders to reach the railway about Griffin. I have also consented that Stoneman (after he has executed this part of his plan), if he finds it feasible, may, with his division proper, go to Macon and attempt the release of all our officers prisoners there, and then to Andersonville, to release the 20,000 of our men prisoners there. This is probably more than he can accomplish, but it is worthy of a determined effort." *

* The following is an extract from General Sherman's "Memoirs." "The cavalry was assembled in two strong divisions; that of McCook (including the brigade of Harrison, which had been brought in from Opelika by General Rousseau) numbered about 3,500 effective cavalry, and was posted to our right rear, at Turner's Ferry, where we had a good pontoon bridge; and to our left rear, at and about Decatur, were the two cavalry divisions of Stoneman, 2,500, and Garrard, 4,000, united for the time and occasion under the command of Major-General George Stoneman, a cavalry officer of high repute. My plan of action was to move the Army of the Tennessee to the right rapidly and boldly against the railroad below Atlanta, and at the same time to send all the cavalry around by the right and left to make a lodgment on the Macon road about Jonesboro.

"All the orders were given, and the morning of the 27th was fixed for commencing the movement. On the 26th I received from General Stoneman a note asking permission (after having accomplished his orders to

On the same day General Sherman wrote to General Stoneman: "I promise to keep the rebel army busy, so that you shall have nothing to contend with but the cavalry; and if you can bring back to the army any or all of those prisoners of war, it will be an achievement that will entitle you and your command to the love and admiration of the whole country." But General Stoneman had been captured early on the 29th within two miles of *Macon*, whither he had gone in his Quixotic endeavor to liberate our officers there. Macon is at least eighty miles from Lovejoy's, where McCook wasted much precious time waiting for Stoneman, long after Stoneman had surrendered.

General Stoneman attributed his defeat and capture to the ignominious flight of a certain brigade, and says: "I feel better satisfied with myself to be a prisoner of war, much as I hate it, than to be amongst those who owe their escape to considerations of self-preservation." He did not, apparently, endorse the philosophy contained in the well-known lines,

> "He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day."

General Stoneman's report bears this sarcastic endorsement of General Sherman: "Received and respectfully forwarded to the Adjutant-General of the Army, as General Stoneman's explanation of the result of his movement on Macon." Let me dispose of General Stoneman by saying that while a prisoner at Macon I did not see him; and at Charleston I saw him but once. In the Charleston prison he occupied a room or rooms which I think had been the quarters of the superintendent of

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break up the railroad at Jonesboro) to go on to Macon to rescue our prisoners of war known to be held there; and then to push on to Andersonville, where was the great depot of Union prisoners, in which were penned at one time as many as 23,000 of our men, badly fed and harshly treated. I wrote him an answer consenting substantially to his proposition, only modifying it by requiring him to send back General Garrard's division to its position on our left flank after he had broken up the railroad at Jonesboro. Promptly, and on time, all got off."

the prison. In this he secluded himself, and never mingled with those who bore no stars on their shoulders. Whether this seclusion was due to mortification at his capture, or to a morose disposition, I never knew. My only interview with General Stoneman was about three months prior to the raid, when I had been sent with orders from General Sherman to find General Stoneman and his command, who seemed to be lost, and to conduct them into our lines. I had ridden at daybreak on a May morning, between his pickets, into his sleeping camp, and had presented myself unannounced at his tent. Although I had been dispatched on this errand after a hard day's work, and had then been in the saddle ten consecutive hours without rest or food, and, having abandoned the roads in order to escape the enemy's scouting parties, had made my way over a rough country to his camp, I received from him nothing but reproof for having disturbed his slumbers at such an early hour. Neither a morsel of hardtack nor a mouthful of coffee was offered to me or to my two wearied orderlies.

To return to the McCook raid. A short time after the retrograde movement of our brigade had begun, we found that Jackson's division of rebel cavalry, consisting of three regiments of Texans, had occupied the road between our brigade — now in the rear — and the rest of the command. The Eighth Iowa instantly charged in column. But after the charge had been ordered, General Croxton detached the two rear battalions and threw them into line, leaving Colonel Dorr and only one battalion, perhaps eighty men, to charge a brigade. Of this charge General Croxton, who witnessed it, wrote, "With the advance battalion of his regiment, Colonel Dorr dashed against the head of the enemy's column, and drove it back in confusion." This was done with the loss of two officers and twenty men killed and wounded, Colonel Dorr, who headed the charge, being shot through the side. Moving by the left flank, we rejoined the other brigade, and marched through swamps and over rough roads toward Newnan. Here we unexpectedly came upon

Roddy's dismounted cavalry, making, with Wheeler's cavalry, fully 8,000 men. A number of charges and counter-charges took place, the enemy's lines being repeatedly broken, and his efforts to capture our battery defeated. In one of our charges an officer of the Eighth Iowa captured the rebel General Hume, but was himself captured before he could bring his prisoner into our lines. In this charge three officers and seventeen men of the Eighth were separated from their regiment, the enemy closing in between them and their comrades. Finding themselves in the rear of the enemy's lines, they wisely headed for the Chattahoochee River, and of the 317 members of the Eighth Iowa that started on the raid, were the only men that returned to the Union lines. It seemed to me that if prompt advantage had been taken of our successes in breaking the enemy's lines, the command might have escaped in fair condition.

About 5 P. M. on the 30th General McCook concluded to abandon his artillery, ambulances, and wounded. Riding back to the brow of the hill on which the Eighth Iowa was, he asked Colonel Dorr if he could hold the hill and protect the retreat. The Colonel replied that he could, and at once gave the necessary orders. It was a trying moment, but not a man flinched, although it was evident that it meant certain capture. As I put the men in line, I counted them,—just one hundred. We held the hill till dark, and then, attempting to follow our comrades, found ourselves completely surrounded. The men were exhausted from want of sleep and food, having had three days and three nights of marching and fighting. Many were wounded, and the ammunition was exhausted. Many of the men, their horses having fallen in the march, were mounted on mules, of which we had captured a large number. Mules are unmanageable under fire, as some of us had found by experience. Completely surrounded as we were by an overwhelming force, it would have been murder to have continued the fight, and the regiment reluctantly surrendered. Some of us, however, not relishing the idea of a rebel prison, abandoned our horses and "took

to the woods," hoping to escape on foot in the darkness. But in whatever direction we moved we were challenged by rebel pickets; and, after seeking an outlet all night, we were picked up at daybreak only to be jeered at by our friends for not taking a night's sleep on the ground when it was offered us. That part of the command that escaped crossed the river at various points, and returned to our lines in a sadly demoralized condition.

On the morning of July 31, 1864, the prisoners were marched to Newnan, a few miles distant, and the enlisted men confined in a cotton warehouse. We were objects of much interest to the people of that part of Georgia, who had never before seen Yankees, living or dead. There were, of my regiment, twenty-two commissioned officers, excluding Assistant-Surgeon Warren, who remained with the enlisted men to care for their wounds. There were the colonel, a major, the adjutant, the commissary, the quartermaster, seven captains, and ten lieutenants. We were soon separated from the enlisted men, but not until the adjutant had made a list of casualties as far as could be ascertained. This list, addressed to the adjutant-general of Iowa, the rebels kindly promised to send to the Union lines; and they kept their promise. The list, however, did not reach the dismounted part of my regiment, who had been left in the rear. A report of my death soon found itself to camp, which rumor led to the division of that portion of my wardrobe and other effects which had been left behind. When I returned to my regiment, in November, I found that my estate had been administered without due process of law, every article having been appropriated. On the whole we were well treated; and after bidding farewell to the men, which was not done without tears on both sides, the officers resolved to make the best of our condition, and not yield to despondency. As we stood on the platform, awaiting the arrival of the train of box-cars to convey us to Macon, we gave a free concert, the programme consisting entirely of patriotic songs. I remember particularly that "Down with the traitor, up with the star,"

was rendered with great unction. The crowd surrounding us not only manifested no symptoms of anger, but applauded. Seeing that they were interested, and not having had our hunger satisfied for several days, we declined to continue our musical exercises until we were supplied with food. In this way we procured some cold victuals.

I think we did not impress them with our personal appearance. At least, I can speak for myself. My shirt, shoulder-straps, and a part of my blouse had disappeared. A dirty rebel hat which I had taken in exchange for my own, was worn on one extremity, and a poor pair of boots, for which I had given my own and $125 in Confederate money, on the other. Blanket, overcoat, arms, spurs, were the spoils of the victors, with nothing in exchange.

Before being consigned to the stockade, at Macon, we were assembled in a yard which was separated from an adjoining yard by a high fence. The only communication between these yards was through a small house. Through this house we were passed one by one. When in the house, each officer was closely examined. In the hope of finding valuable information in the shape of orders, the adjutant-general of the First brigade and the writer were subjected to a rigid examination. But as I had anticipated something of the kind, I saved my gold watch and a few dollars in greenbacks. An officer who had lately drawn $400 was given in exchange for it a receipt signed by a rebel officer.

When we were ushered into the bull-pen at Macon, there arose from its inmates the cry "fresh fish, fresh fish." My joy at the prospect of a hearty meal of fish was short-lived, for it was soon succeeded by the knowledge that I was myself a *fresh fish*.

The "bull-pen," or stockade, at Macon, in which the prisoners were confined, was a rectangular enclosure surrounded by a wall of logs placed on end in a trench. On the outside of this wall, a few feet below its summit and extending around

its four sides, was the walk for the guards, who thus had a good view of the interior of the prison. On each of three of the four sides of the rectangle, also outside, was a platform on which was mounted a twelve-pounder loaded with canister. These platforms also served as galleries from which the ladies and gentlemen of Macon could inspect the caged animals below them. Afternoon was the part of the day in which we were particularly favored with the presence (if presence it might be called) of the ladies. Within the palisade, and six feet from it, was a low picket fence. This was the dead line.

In the Macon prison we were furnished with some rough sheds, which protected us from sun and rain. We slept on the ground. Our food, as I remember it, was chiefly or wholly corn-meal. Water was supplied by a little stream which flowed through the lower (southern) part of the enclosure. The officers of my regiment at first attempted to mess together; and we unanimously elected a cook for the mess. This unanimously elected cook soon found that to cook in one Dutch oven cornbread sufficient to appease the appetites of twenty-two men who had nothing to do but to eat, consumed all his time; and, good-natured as he was, he resigned the position in the afternoon of the first day. We then separated into squads of four or five, and each squad, procuring a Dutch oven for itself, went to housekeeping. My recollection of my first few days in the Macon prison is almost a blank. So thoroughly exhausted was I that, the excitement of capture being over, I did little but sleep. But we soon recovered from the fatigue of the raid. We were well treated,— that is, we were let alone, and supplied with cornmeal, water, and fuel. We were not permitted to go out of the stockade on any pretext. An occasional arrival of "fresh fish" supplied us with news of the progress of our arms. We soon began to consider how to get out; and there were rumors that a tunnel, which had been begun, was soon to be opened. But this plan was frustrated, for, in a few days, we were marched out of the bull-pen and put into box-cars, to be

taken to Charleston, "to be exchanged," we were told. This fiction that we were sent to Charleston to be exchanged was imposed upon us in order, I thought then, and think now, to prevent attempts to escape.

At Augusta we were unloaded and permitted to stretch our legs. As a special favor I was allowed to go into the city to purchase some food under charge of a single guard. I visited store after store, trying in vain to give my guard the slip. When my true intention finally dawned on the intellect of my brother in gray, he marched me back to the train, ignominiously, at the point of the bayonet.

Arrived in Charleston, we were marched through deserted, grass-grown streets to the City Workhouse, then used as a prison for Union officers. It was a stone building, built on three sides of a quadrangle, the fourth side being a brick wall. The windows had iron gratings, and rebel guards kept constant watch within and without the enclosure. The building was located in that part of the city within the range of the Union batteries placed on Morris Island, from which shells were thrown day and night. The prison itself showed marks of one shell, which, passing through the roof, had gone into and down a chimney without exploding. Many of the buildings in the vicinity, we noticed to our great delight, were badly shattered. The object of placing prisoners of war under the fire of our own troops was to compel the cessation of the bombardment. Thousands of shells were thrown into the city, many exploding in the vicinity of the prison. But though a shell would occasionally burst so near as to scatter its fragments in the enclosure, I never heard from the prisoners any expressions except those of satisfaction and joy. The merriest time in prison was one day when a shell had set fire to a house on the other side of the street, and directly opposite to the prison, when we watched with great interest, and abundant advice, the work of the fire department in their efforts to extinguish the flames. With the addition of the prisoners from Macon, the Union

officers in the workhouse prison numbered six hundred. We were divided into six squads of one hundred each, each squad being subdivided into messes. The writer belonged to Squad 1, Mess 1.

We had been turned loose in the prison. There was no registering in the hotel register, nor assignment of rooms by the much-abused hotel clerk. The most active secured the best location not already appropriated. I obtained a cell on the second floor, the south side of the prison, and slept on a pine board about eighteen inches in width. I did not, on leaving my cell, lock the door, for two reasons: I had no property to be stolen, and there was no door.

Of course, the first thought was how to get out; and I soon found my way to the roof, from which I hoped to study the topography of the city. But a few bullets from the guards below soon warned me that I was on forbidden ground. The idea of escape was uppermost in our thoughts; but none of the many schemes devised were successful.

Our condition was by no means as bad as it might have been, and could not, for a moment, be compared with the inhuman treatment of our enlisted men at Andersonville. We were within stone walls and under a slate roof, with permission to cook our food, to wash our clothes, and to exercise in the prison yard. Our rations were principally meal, flour, mouldy rice, beans (largely worms), with an occasional issue of sweet potatoes, salt pork, or fresh beef. Water was supplied from a well. I have said that the beans were largely worms; but we were not in a condition to make fine distinctions, or to waste any portion of our rations. The amount of food issued was never sufficient fully to appease hunger, and I, for one, was hungry during my entire captivity. When we entered the Charleston prison we found a baker's oven in the yard; but as this was insufficient for the increased number of prisoners, we at once built another. In these ovens we baked our meat and potatoes, the rice and beans being boiled in camp-fashion. An old hand-mill enabled

us to grind some of the rice into flour, which we made into cakes.

The amount of fuel furnished by the prison authorities was by no means equal to the demand, and the doors and partitions of the workhouse being of dry pitch-pine, heated our ovens beautifully.

As no one of us had more than one suit of clothes, and that suit in many cases incomplete, the washing had to be done one piece at a time.

At about eight o'clock every morning roll was called. This consisted of having us fall into six lines of one hundred men each. We were then counted by the prison clerk, and, if we were "all present or accounted for," were dismissed. But here was a never-failing opportunity for the fun-loving Yankees to bother their jailors. By slipping a few men from one rank to another it was very easy to increase or decrease, apparently, the normal six hundred, to the great annoyance of the prison officials. Sometimes the fun would be prolonged till the rising wrath of the prisoners at being compelled to be counted repeatedly warned the jokers that they had gone far enough.

This was not the only amusement, however. The most common game was cards. Some carved into ornaments or toys the bone issued with the beef. In fact, the bone was the most valuable part of the beef. One officer, who had been eighteen months in Libby before he was transferred to Charleston, had twelve or fifteen specimens of carving in bone, which showed great skill and many hours of patient work, reminding one of Chinese and Japanese work in ivory. The demand for books was great — the supply extremely small. The writer had classes in Latin and algebra (the ruling passion was strong in Hades), the slate roof furnishing slates and pencils. Of course, there was some musical talent, and singing, especially in the evening, was not uncommon. On one occasion we exerted ourselves to the utmost of our musical abilities. Late one afternoon the prison yard adjoining, at that time vacant, was

occupied by some of the Andersonville prisoners who were being moved to Florence. I never saw human beings in such distress. Their scant clothing was ragged and dirty, their faces were scorched by the sun and covered with dust, and their piercing eyes showed their desperate condition. Many had been wounded, and their wounds neglected. We shared our scanty rations with them, and far into the night cheered them as best we could with patriotic songs. A description of the treatment of the Andersonville prisoners, written on tissue paper and placed in the boot-heel of an exchanged prisoner who stayed with us over night, was sent to President Lincoln. In a few days it appeared in the Charleston papers. Many incidents might be given to illustrate the spirit of the prisoners. It is sufficient to say that I do not remember hearing any complaint or lamentation. There was one determination — to endure our confinement with cheerfulness; and one earnest desire — not to see home and friends so much, as again to take our places in the army of the Union. And the bitterness of our situation consisted, not in the inconveniences to which we were subject; not in any feeling of disgrace at being prisoners, for this was the fortune of war for which we were not responsible; but in our inability, for the time, to do our full share in destroying the government symbolized by the hated rebel rag that waved over us. *This* was purgatory.

There were about five hundred Union citizens in Charleston formed into a Union league. Colonel Dorr, who had been severely wounded, was, a few days after our arrival in Charleston, taken to a hospital. Here, with the assistance of the hospital staff, he planned an escape. Unfortunately for him he was ordered back to prison a few hours before the appointed time; but this gave to the colonel of a New York regiment, also in the hospital, the opportunity of which Colonel Dorr was thus deprived. The plan succeeded and the New York colonel was kindly cared for at the residence of a Union man. However, going upon the street drunk, in his uniform, he was at

once captured and sent, not to a hospital, but to a prison. Colonel Dorr's indignation was great, especially because he himself never touched liquor.

We occasionally saw the Charleston papers, particularly if they contained any news unfavorable to our arms. One day, I suppose about September 1, the rebels were in great glee over the abandonment, by Sherman, of the siege of Atlanta. The Union army had retreated, they said, only Thomas's corps being left to guard the bridge. We told them they would soon hear from Sherman where they least expected him; and our predictions proved to be true, for the evacuation of Atlanta soon followed.

During the latter part of my sojourn in Charleston, about one-half of the six hundred officers occupied the adjoining prison yard. Late one night, September 27, a commotion in this neighboring prison attracted our attention. We found that a rebel officer was reading the names of 250 Union prisoners who were to be removed the next morning, for exchange. I fancied I heard my own name called. Was it possible that I was, so soon, to have a chance to take the field again? My excitement increased, and I found it difficult to preserve even the semblance of calmness. About eleven o'clock the list was read in our prison yard; and among the 250 names were those of most of the twenty-two officers of my regiment, including my Colonel's name and my own. Most of the remainder of the night was consumed in cooking what little food we had, since we were to have nothing more issued to us. About seven o'clock the next morning the officers whose names had been called the night before were instructed to pass out of the building in single file, a prison official sitting at the door checking our names on the list in his hands. The Yankee intellect at once comprehended the possibilities afforded by this method, and six officers whose names were not on the list passed out of the building into the street, each man giving the name of an officer named in the exchanged list. When we were all in the street, and drawn up in line, we were ordered to step

two paces to the front as our names were called, in order that the number might be verified. When a new line was thus partially formed, the six refugees stepped, at different times, into the front line. The deception was not detected. We were then marched to the cars and taken, via Savannah, to Augusta. Here we were unloaded and formed into a column of fours to be marched to another station. Before the order to march was given, the rebel officials, who seemed to be somewhat suspicious, counted us, as we stood in column. By making six of our ranks contain five instead of four, placing a small man on the off side, and having him slip forward at the proper moment, the rebels were again deceived. But the severest trial of our skill in smuggling our companions awaited us at Macon. Here we passed the night in our old stockade, and in the morning each officer was called by name, responded by saying "Here," and marched up to and out of the gate at which was a number of rebel officers. It seems almost incredible, but the six officers succeeded in passing this ordeal. The trick was so transparent that I trembled. It was essentially the same that had been practiced at Charleston. When Captain Burns of my regiment was called, Captain Walden, whose name was not on the list in the hands of the gate-keepers, responded and passed through the gate. In a few minutes, I shouted so as to be heard by the officials, "Captain Burns, you old fool, your name has been called. Why don't you go?" Captain Burns, looking much surprised, immediately ran to the gate and, apologizing for his lack of promptness, passed out. And so with the others.

When we reached a point within thirty-two miles of Atlanta, we found evidences of the devastating Yankee. The railroad had been destroyed and we were to march the twenty-six miles to Rough and Ready. Two days and one ambulance were allotted to this march. On reaching Jonesboro, on the evening of the first day, we were met by an army of fleas; the dust seemed alive with them. Here we were marched into a church

that had been used as a hospital. Colonel Dorr and myself took possession of the pulpit platform, on which, after sweeping it clear of fleas, we spent the night, — I will not say we slept. The prospect of freedom and the attacks of the fleas were more potent than the wooing of the drowsy god. We expected to meet in the afternoon the rebel officers for whom we were to be exchanged; and, fearing a scrutiny more searching than any previous one, the six refugees, as we approached the station where we were to meet the train from Atlanta, quietly dropped out of the column, and executed a flank movement. They all reached Atlanta in safety, some before we did, others not till the next day. But this precaution was needless, since there was no further count or roll-call.

The train met us at Rough and Ready, six miles from Atlanta. I shall not attempt to describe our feelings on seeing "Old Glory" once more.

We were greatly impressed with the appearance of the rebel officers with whom we were supposed, by the high contracting powers, to have an equal "value in exchange." They were clean, well-dressed, and most of them carried satchels containing toilet articles and extra clothing. We were dirty, in rags, and our rags were all we possessed. They seemed to have been guests of a first-class hotel; we looked like a very poor lot of tramps.

On reaching Atlanta we were marched to headquarters, and were addressed briefly by General Sherman. Then a bath, clean underclothes, and a square meal.

Hood's attack on our communications gave me the opportunity of having a personal interview with General George H. Thomas. It was an interview which I shall never forget, and for which I shall ever be grateful to General Hood.

My expected leave of absence not reaching me, I was ordered to await it at Nashville. Waiting impatiently for a paper that most likely had been destroyed by the enemy; and the landlord of the hotel also waiting impatiently for the five dollars a day,

which I had promised but not yet paid, I made a bold resolution. One Sunday morning I said to my companions in distress, "I am going to see General Thomas." This remark was greeted with a shout of laughter. A ragged lieutenant making a call on the major-general commanding the department! But I went. The adjutant-general heard my request to see the General. Scanning me with an amused expression of countenance, he replied that he doubted whether the General would see me; but he stepped into an inner room, and soon reappeared saying "The General will see you." I soon stood in the presence of the great man whom I had admired, but was now to love. Briefly I told my story: an exchanged prisoner, without money, I desired a leave of absence that I might get some money, see my parents, and return to my regiment. Had I been his own son he could not have treated me with more kind consideration. He asked me about my wounded colonel, who had already gone north; inquired how the rebels had treated us, etc., and then said: "When do you wish to leave Nashville?" I replied, "General, the next train leaves at one o'clock." "Leave your name with my adjutant-general, and call again at eleven o'clock." I thanked him and said: "But, General, there are five other officers of my regiment in the same unhappy condition." In the same gentle voice he replied: "Leave their names with my adjutant-general."

At eleven o'clock six officers presented themselves at the department headquarters, and received their leaves of absence; a few minutes later they had received two months' pay, the first pay for eight months; and at one o'clock, bronzed and ragged, but supremely happy, they turned their faces toward God's country.

THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.

By ROBERT C. HALL.

[Read March 10, 1898.]

ALTHOUGH we are a comparatively young nation, the Stars and Stripes may claim antiquity among national flags. They are older than the flag of Great Britain, which was established in 1801; than the French tri-color, which was decreed in 1794; than the flag of the German Empire, which dates from 1870; than the flag of Spain, which was decreed in 1785; than the flag of Italy, which was established in 1848; than that of Sweden and Norway, which was decreed in 1817; than the flag of Portugal, which was adopted in 1815; than the recent flags of the Empires of China and Japan, and of all the South American states, which have, in general, been modeled from our own.

The flags used by the American colonies before they declared their independence of Great Britain would naturally have been the flag of England, but this was not the invariable rule. Several flags, differing more or less from the ensigns of that kingdom, were at times in use, but they are not now objects of our inquiries.

It is not positively ascertained that any flags were carried by the minute men and militia who fought at Lexington and Concord, or by the colonial troops in the battle of Bunker Hill. It is certain that none were captured from them by the British. In Trumbull's painting of this battle, it is true, a flag is represented as hoisted at the redoubt; but this cannot be considered authoritative, in view of contemporary accounts and the recollections of old soldiers. But for some months after the beginning of the siege of Boston, what is known as the Pine Tree Flag was in common, but by no means universal, use in the

besieging army, and on the floating batteries in the Charles River, and the vessels of the infant navy. This flag was of white bunting having in the centre, on one side, a green pine tree, and on the other side the motto, "Appeal to Heaven." It was under this flag that in January, 1776, Commodore Tucker, while commanding a small schooner, captured a British transport having on board stores and troops destined for General Gage's force in Boston. But, although there are recorded in the history of those days many instances of the use of the Pine Tree Flag between October, 1775, and July, 1776, it was never in a proper sense a national flag.

The necessity for a common flag seems not to have been thought of until Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Thomas Lynch, of South Carolina, and Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, visited Washington's camp, at Cambridge, in October, 1775, as a committee from Congress to consult with him and with others "touching the most effectual method of continuing, supporting, and regulating a continental army." They considered, also, the subject of a flag, and the result of their conference was the adoption of a flag in which the English colors, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, red on a blue ground, were placed in the upper quarter, next the staff, to represent the still-recognized sovereignity of England, while thirteen stripes, alternately red and white, were emblematic of the union of the thirteen colonies against England's tyranny and oppression. The new striped flag was first hoisted on the 2d of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge, receiving a salute of thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. But it was only a suggestion, for its use was seemingly not required. A squadron of five vessels, commanded by Commodore Hopkins, sailed under this flag from Philadelphia, and on March 2, 1776, made a descent on the island of New Providence, capturing the town of Nassau, with the governor, and one hundred cannon and a large quantity of other military stores. This flag, too, was triumphantly carried into Boston on the afternoon of March 17,

1776, by a detachment under the command of Colonel Ebenezer Learned, of the Third regiment of Continental infantry. And it remained the quasi-Continental colors during the disastrous battle of Long Island, the evacuation of New York, the momentary success at Harlem Heights, the British repulse at White Plains, the crushing loss of Forts Washington and Lee, the dreary retreat through the Jerseys, and the brilliant strokes at Trenton and Princeton.

In the mean time Congress had declared the independence of the colonies. But although the declaration was published to the world on the 4th of July, 1776, it was not until Saturday, June 14, 1777, that Congress "Resolved, — That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This date, then, is the birthday of our Stars and Stripes, and on it is based their rightful claim to antiquity among national flags.

There has been much ingenious but not very profitable speculation as to the origin of the flag. The Resolve was printed in the newspapers in August, but was not officially promulgated under the signature of the Secretary of Congress, at Philadelphia, until the 3d of September. No record has been found of the discussions which must have preceded its adoption, nor do we know to whom we are indebted for the beautiful and inspiring combination of stars and stripes. It does not appear from the records whether it was the suggestion of an individual, or of a committee, or who presented the Resolve. It seems probable that it emanated from the Marine Committee, and this, indeed, is the tradition. Of the many theories as to the flag's origin, none are found to be wholly satisfactory in this, the one hundred and twentieth year after its adoption.

It is claimed that a Mrs. John Ross, an upholsterer, who lived on Arch Street, Philadelphia, was the maker of the first flag combining the stars and stripes. Her descendants assert that a committee of Congress, accompanied by General Wash-

ington, who was in Philadelphia in June, 1776, called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing, which, at her suggestion, was re-drawn by General Washington with pencil, in her back parlor, and that the flag thus designed was adopted by Congress a year later.

The first military incident connected with the new flag occurred on the 2d of August, 1777, when the British Lieutenant-Colonel Barry St. Leger began the siege of Fort Schuyler, where the town of Rome, Oneida County, New York, now stands. The garrison, being without a flag, hastily devised one. Bits of scarlet cloth were put together to make the red, shirts were cut up to form the white, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of a cloak contributed by one of the captains of the garrison. Under this novel, extemporized flag, 750 brave men, commanded by Colonel Peter Gansevoort, of New York, sustained a siege of twenty-one days by an undetermined number of Indians, British regular soldiers, Canadians, and Tories. But it seems well authenticated that the Stars and Stripes as we now see them, except as to the number of the stars, were first unfurled at the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, eight days after they were officially promulgated at Philadelphia. This was the flag that saw the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and which, with Washington, entered New York City at one o'clock on the afternoon of November 25, 1783, close upon the heels of the departing British.

By the year 1794, Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted into the Union, and in January a bill was introduced into the Senate to increase the number of stars and of stripes to fifteen. It promptly passed the Senate, but in the House of Representatives met with much opposition and contemptuous ridicule. The bill was finally passed and approved January 13, 1794, to take effect May 1, 1795. The flag with fifteen stars and fifteen stripes remained the national flag for twenty-three years, until 1818. To it, in the War of 1812, the British frigates *Guer-*

riere, *Macedonian*, and *Java* struck their colors; with it, Perry, only ten years older than the flag itself, rode, triumphant, on Lake Erie; and Pakenham, with his seasoned soldiers, went down before it at New Orleans.

In 1799, the revenue flag was created by Congress, and in pursuance of the act, the Secretary of the Treasury ordered on August 1 of that year that "the ensign and pennant directed by the President under the Act of March 2, 1799, consist of sixteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white, the union of the ensign bearing the arms of the United States; in dark blue on a white field." The sixteen stripes represented the number of states then in the Union, and the ensign has since undergone no change. This is the flag habitually displayed over the custom houses and other buildings and on the revenue cutters pertaining to the Treasury Department. In 1871, the revenue pennant was altered by substituting thirteen blue stars for the eagle in the union.

Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, and Indiana were successively admitted as states, and a change in the national flag seemed desirable. Accordingly, after the admission of the nineteenth state, Indiana, December 11, 1816, the Honorable Peter H. Wendover, of New York, offered in the House a resolution "that a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the flag of the United States." Such a committee was thereupon appointed; and while it had the matter under consideration, Mr. Wendover called for advice upon Captain Samuel Chester Reid, a sailing master in the navy, who had made his name a memorable one in United States history by his defense of the privateer brig *General Armstrong*. This ship, carrying seven guns and ninety men, successfully resisted the attack of a British squadron of three sail, carrying 136 guns and more than 2,000 men, in one of the most remarkable naval battles on record, in the harbor of Fayal, in the Azores, September 26 and 27, 1814. Captain Reid recommended that the number of stripes be reduced to thirteen, to represent the

original states, that the number of stars be increased to the number of all the states, and that an additional star be added for each new state admitted. A bill was introduced conformable to this suggestion, but, through pressure of other business before Congress, was not acted upon. On the 16th of December, 1817, after the reassembling of Congress, Mr. Wendover again introduced his resolution, and a bill substantially the same as its predecessor was passed by the House of Representatives, March 24, 1818, with but two or three dissenting votes, and by the Senate, unanimously. It was approved by the President, James Monroe, Saturday, April 4, 1818. Its title had been changed in the House, and the exact text of the law is as follows:

"*An Act to establish the Flag of the United States:*

"SECTION 1.— Be it enacted, etc.: That, from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white, in a blue field.

"SEC. 2. — And be it further enacted: That, on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July then next succeeding such admission.

"Approved, April 4, 1818."

The twentieth state, Mississippi, had been admitted since the bill was originally introduced, but the first state to be admitted after its approval, the one which gave its twenty-first star to the flag, was the state of Illinois.

Although the law designated the fourth day of the next July as the date of the official adoption of the flag, Captain Reid had generously completed one, and it was hoisted on Congress Hall at 2 P. M. Monday, April 13, 1818. But it was not until February 24, 1866, that a strictly American flag, made from American bunting, was hoisted over the capitol at Washington, our flags before that date having been of bunting made in England. The national flags now hoisted at forts or camps and on the

shipping of the navy are made of bunting of American manufacture.

There are seven red and six white stripes on the flag, the red being at top and bottom. The union is placed in the upper quarter, next to the staff, and extends to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top, and is one-third the length of the flag. There was formerly great lack of uniformity in the arrangement of the stars in the union, but in the flag now used they are grouped in six horizontal rows, the first, third, and fifth rows having eight stars each, and the second, fourth, and sixth having each seven stars, making the required total of forty-five.

It is sometimes mentioned as singular that the stars on our flag are five-pointed, while our coins have on them stars with six points. In the heraldic language of England stars are six-pointed, while in that of France, Germany, and Holland they have five points only, and the designer of our early coins followed the English custom, while the designer of our flag followed that of the Continent.

Every military post occupied by troops is provided with three flags, one of which is flying every day. What is known as the garrison flag is twenty feet wide and thirty-six feet long, and is hoisted only on holidays and important occasions; the post flag measures ten by twenty feet, and habitually flies in pleasant weather; and the storm flag is four feet two inches wide and eight feet long, and is hoisted when the weather is windy or stormy. This last flag is also used to designate recruiting stations.

The flag at military posts is hoisted by a non-commissioned officer and two privates of the guard immediately after the gun is fired in the morning, usually at five o'clock in the summer and six o'clock in the winter months. It is lowered by a like party when the gun is fired at sunset, and this is done with some form. The garrison is paraded, and stands at attention while the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," and the lowering of the flag is so regulated that, as the band finishes the air, the

flag reaches the bottom of the staff. The garrison then disperses and the flag is neatly folded and carried to the guard-house, where it is carefully kept until again needed.

Each regiment in the army has two flags, which are known as the colors; one the national color, the Stars and Stripes, and the other the regimental color. Both are of silk. Another national color, of bunting, known as the service color, is also furnished each regiment, to be used at drills and on ordinary marches. Each of these colors, except for the cavalry, is four feet four inches wide and five feet six inches long, and is fastened to a pike which is nine feet in length. The cavalry colors, which are called standards, are somewhat smaller and the pike a little longer. The colors and standards are carried by non-commissioned officers who have been distinguished for meritorious conduct and for soldierly bearing. The national color has embroidered on its centre stripe — in silver for the engineers, in white silk for the infantry, and in yellow silk for the artillery and cavalry — the number and name of the regiment to which it belongs. The regimental color is scarlet for the engineers and artillery, blue for the infantry, and yellow for the cavalry; and it has embroidered on it for the engineers, in silver, a castle, with the letters "U. S." above it, and the word "Engineers" below it; for the infantry and cavalry, the coat of arms of the United States, and below the eagle a red scroll on which is embroidered the number and name of the regiment, in white for the infantry and yellow for the cavalry; for the artillery, two cannon, crossed, with the letters "U. S." above them, and below them the number and name of the regiment, in scarlet letters on a yellow scroll. The silken national colors are carried in battle and on occasions of ceremony. The regimental colors are also carried in battle, but not at ceremonies unless the whole regiment is present. The names of battles in which a regiment has been distinguished for good conduct are engraved on silver rings which are fastened to the pike.

Officers and enlisted men passing the national color render

the prescribed salute. With no arms in hand the salute is made by uncovering.

Each troop of cavalry and each light battery of artillery is provided with a guidon, which is a swallow-tailed flag, three feet five inches long and two feet three inches wide. Those for the cavalry are of two horizontal stripes, each one-half the width of the flag, the upper stripe red, with the number of the regiment on it in white, and the lower white, with the letter of the troop in red. Those for the light batteries are of scarlet, bearing in the centre two crossed cannon, with the number of the regiment above, and the letter of the battery below them, all in yellow.

The distinctive mark of a ship of the navy in commission is a flag, or pennant, at the masthead of the main. The National Ensign on a ship of the navy at anchor is hoisted at 8 A. M. and kept flying until sunset, if the weather permits, and is also hoisted whenever a ship comes to anchor or gets under way. When it is to be hoisted, the field musicians and the band are required to be present. The music gives three rolls and three flourishes. At the third roll the ensign is started from the deck, hoisted slowly to the peak, or truck, and while it is ascending, the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner." When the ensign leaves the deck all the sentinels salute, and remain in that position until the band ceases to play. All officers and men during the same time stand facing the ensign and salute it when it reaches the truck or peak. The same form is followed at sunset, when the ensign is lowered, except that the rolls and flourishes are given before the ensign is started down; the band plays "Hail Columbia" while it is descending, and the officers and men salute it as it touches the deck. Like ceremonies are observed, as closely as possible, at all our naval stations. Every officer and man on reaching the quarter-deck of a ship, or on leaving it to go over the side, salutes the national ensign.

On the 4th of July and the 22d of February every ship of

the navy in commission, and not under way, dresses ship at 8 A. M., and, weather permitting, remains dressed until sunset.

At no military post and on no ship of the navy is the flag permitted to be dipped, except in return for such a compliment.

As a sign of distress, the world over, the national flag is displayed with the union down, and a sign of mourning equally universal is a flag flying at half-mast.

Our flag was first saluted by a foreign power February 14, 1778, at Quiberon Bay, France, when the French Admiral, La Motte Piquet, saluted the flag of the *Ranger*, commanded by Captain Paul Jones.

It first appeared on the great lakes in 1797, on a short-lived schooner which was in that year launched at Erie, Pennsylvania.

It first appeared in Chicago in 1804, when the troops arrived to construct Fort Dearborn.

It was carried to latitude 83 degrees 24 minutes north, on May 13, 1882, by Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, of the Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, its farthest north.

It was carried to latitude 70 degrees 14 minutes south, on March 24, 1839, by Lieutenant William M. Walker, of the navy, its farthest south.

It was first carried around the world on the ship *Columbia*, which sailed from Boston, September 30, 1787, and returned to that post by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, August 10, 1790. And, it is interesting to note, it was this same good ship *Columbia*, which, on the 11th of May, 1792, under the same commander, Robert Gray, entered the mouth of the great river in the northwest and gave it its name.

The addition of the twenty-eighth star, for Texas, was speedily followed by the war with Mexico, and before that war had made much progress the twenty-ninth star had been added to represent Iowa. It was the flag of twenty-eight stars which was so gallantly upheld against odds of four to one on the glorious field of Buena Vista by Hardin's and Bissell's Illinois

regiments; and it was the flag of twenty-nine stars which was borne by General Scott on his triumphant march from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico.

The outbreak of the Rebellion found thirty-four stars in the union of the flag. This was the constellation which shone on Grant at Fort Donelson, while at Appomattox two additional stars, thirty-six in all, smiled approval, we may believe, on the prowess of the same favored son of Illinois.

When, in 1794, it was proposed to add two additional stars to the flag, for Vermont and Kentucky, it was objected that within fifteen years we might be obliged, by such a rule, to have a flag with twenty stars. Although it was not until twenty-three years later that so many states were in the Union, no one probably would have then ventured to predict that forty-five stars would be in the constellation, one hundred years after the Secretary of the Treasury proclaimed the revenue flag with its sixteen vertical stripes.

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